

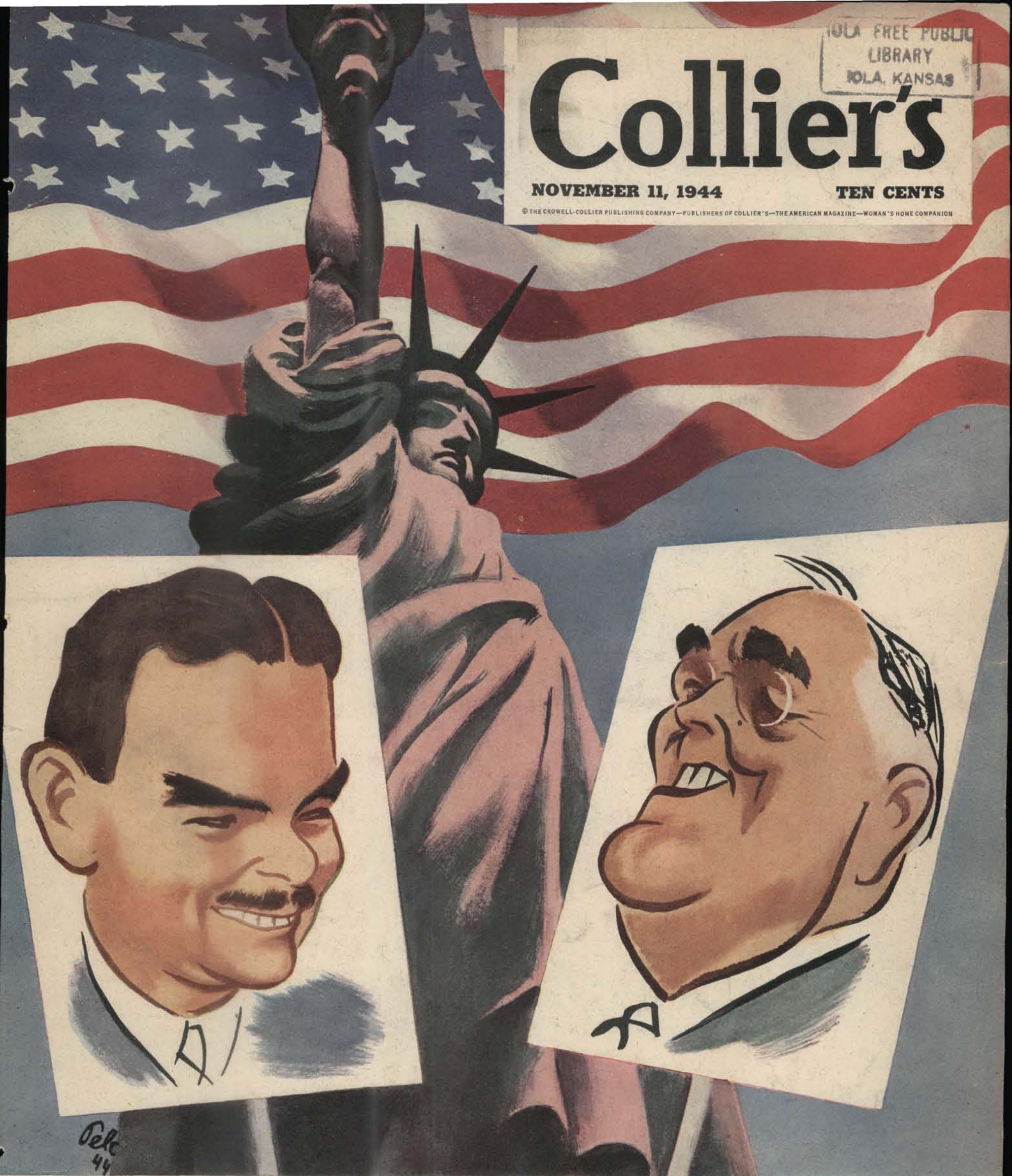
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Collier's

NOVEMBER 11, 1944

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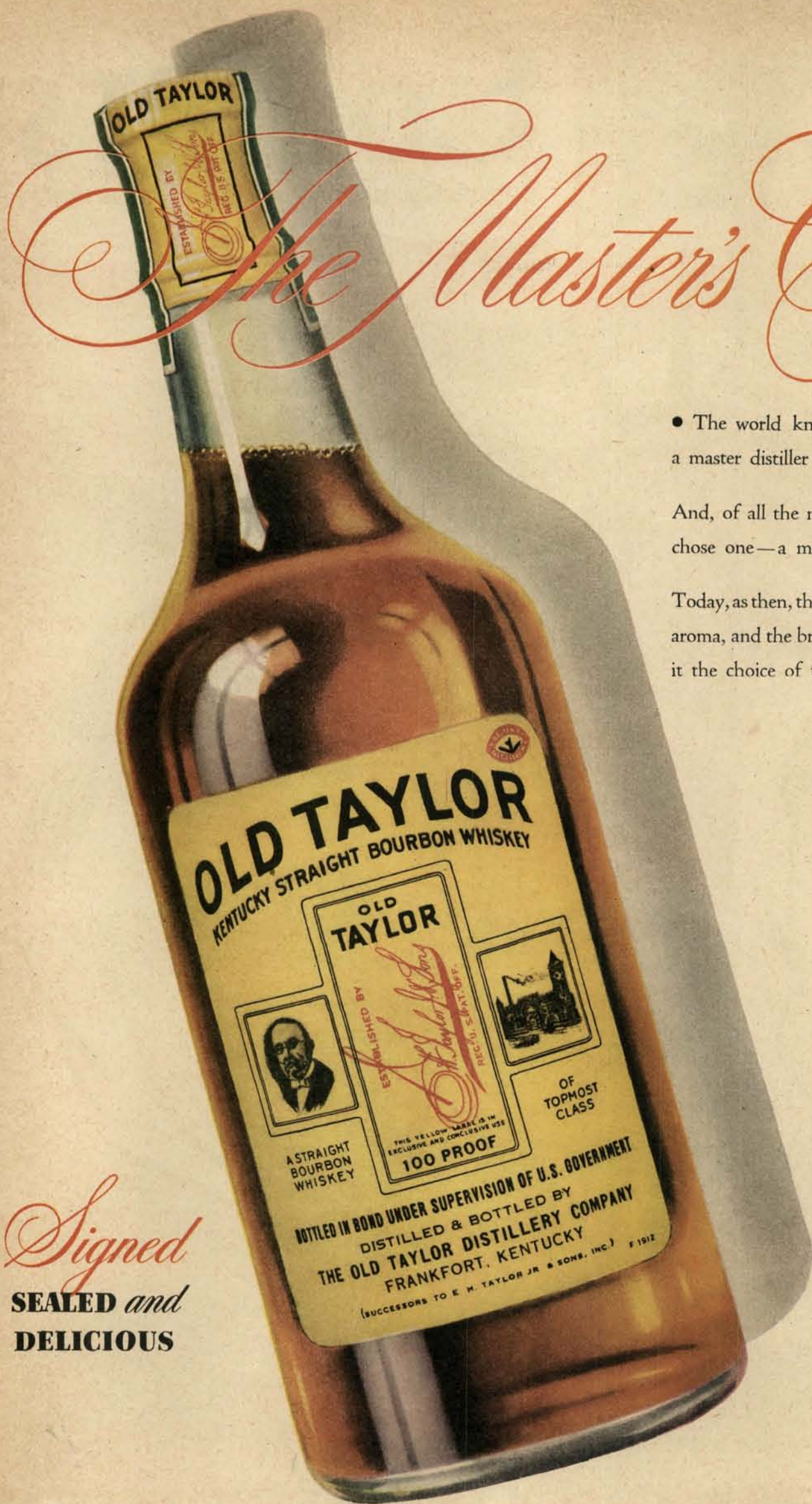


BEGINNING AN ASTOUNDING STORY OF THE CRUISER MARBLEHEAD

The Ship that Wouldn't Sink

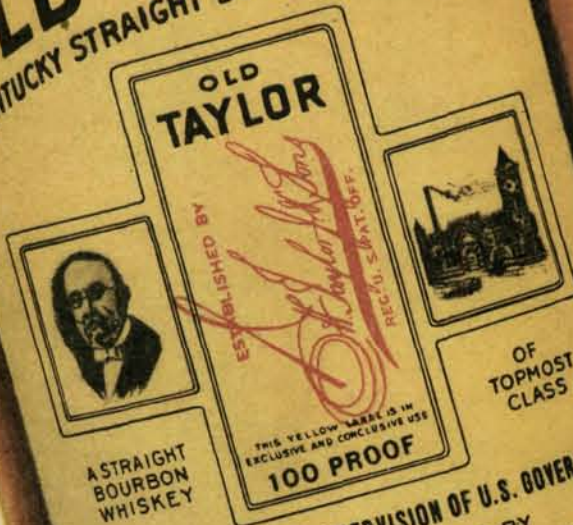
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Signed
**SEALED and
DELICIOUS**

OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY



BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR. & SONS, INC.) F 1912

OF
TOPMOST
CLASS



This fine old distillery is today the home of **OLD TAYLOR** whiskey—and has been since 1887. Not a single drop of any other whiskey has ever come from this distillery.

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

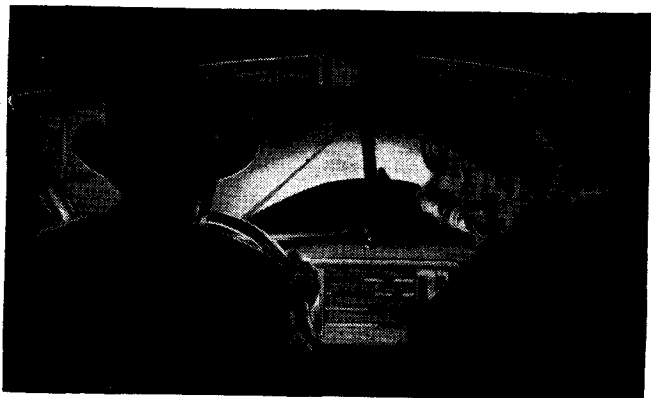
• The world knew the late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr. as a master distiller of rare genius.

And, of all the many excellent whiskeys he created, he chose one—a matchless bourbon—to bear his name.

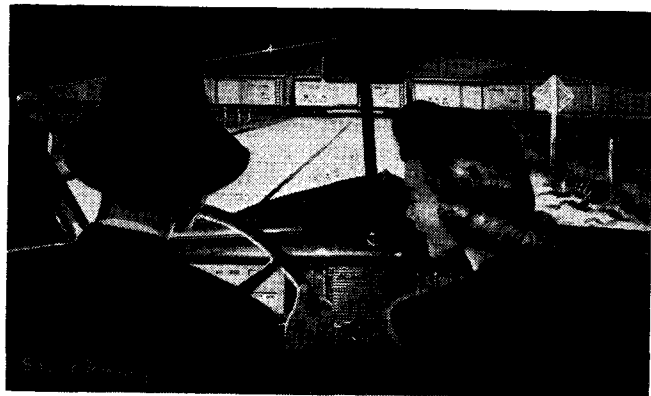
Today, as then, the gloriously mellow flavor, the satisfying aroma, and the brilliant sparkle of **OLD TAYLOR** make it the choice of those who relish bourbon at its best.

For safer night driving - the amazing
G-E Sealed Beam Headlamp that

DOES NOT GROW DIM!



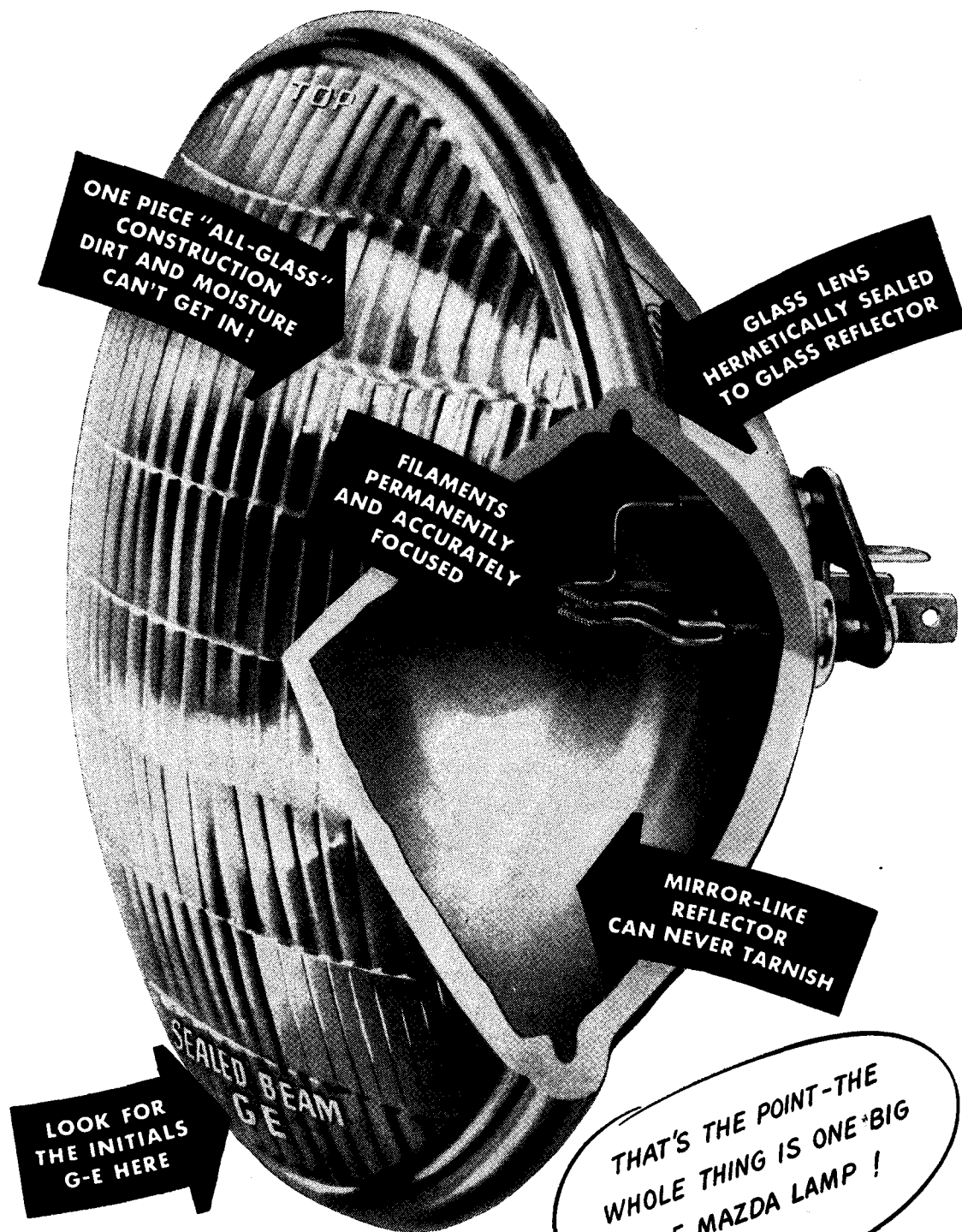
1 Remember when headlights got dimmer and dimmer each year? On pre-1940 cars, dirt and moisture got in, and the reflectors tarnished. Long before the lamp burned out, you lost as much as half the light you started with, leaving you without enough light for safe night driving.



2 Now—what a difference! Road and laboratory tests show that the average General Electric Sealed Beam Lamps still give 99% of original light output at end of lamp life! *They do not grow dim!* And G-E Sealed Beam Lamps will fit almost any car made since 1940.



3 The next time a headlamp burns out be sure you get a G-E Sealed Beam Lamp. If your car isn't equipped for sealed beam lamps, ask your garage, service station or dealer about low cost adapters. Either way you'll get sufficient light for *safety from start to finish!*



WHERE DOES THE
LIGHT COME FROM?
I CAN'T SEE ANY BULB

THAT'S THE POINT - THE
WHOLE THING IS ONE BIG
G-E MAZDA LAMP!



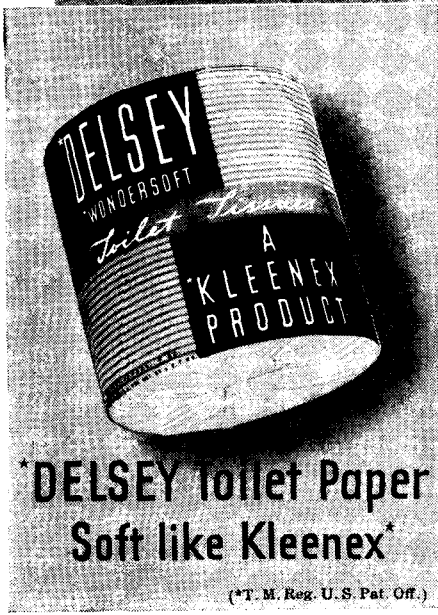
G-E MAZDA SEALED BEAM LAMPS
GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p. m. EWT, NBC; "The World Today" news every weekday 6:45 p. m. EWT, CBS. **BUY WAR BONDS!**



Leave us
face it, kids!
No more Delsey
'til after the war-

(MEMBER? SOFT
LIKE KLEENEX)



Collier's

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Any Week

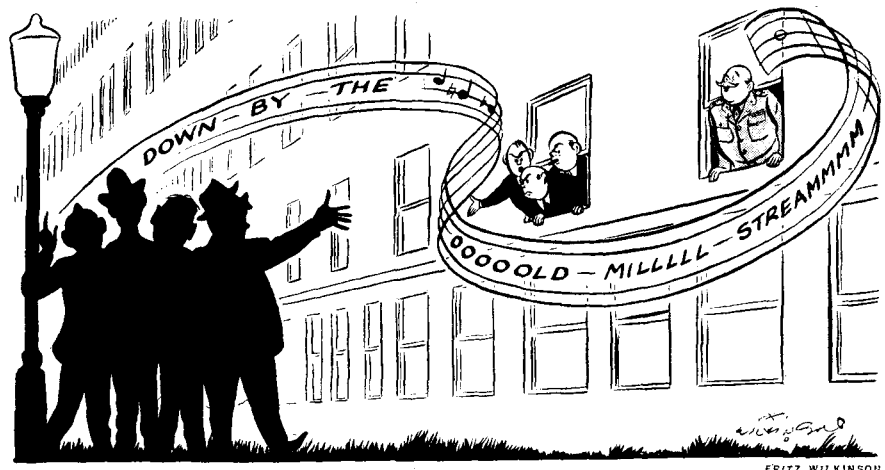
A FRIEND of ours who was having a quantity of trouble getting a decision on a contract with the War Department went to the Pentagon Building in Washington, thinking to poke things up a bit. He was sitting in a room with twenty manufacturers who were there for the same purpose. A colonel was telling them why the War Department was a trifle tardy—manpower shortage, of all things—and he was getting away with it, too, until a great wave of song from many voices surged through the windows. "Don't be alarmed, gentlemen," said the colonel as Down by the Old Mill Stream overwhelmed them. "That is just the Pentagon Singers. Practicing, you know. They get together for a sing every day. Fine for morale. Speeds up work. And now, gentlemen . . ." But our friend tells us that at that point the impatient manufacturers took up the singing. And it wasn't Down by the Old Mill Stream, either.

WE HAVE been converted to the theory that there may be a number of unnecessary persons on the government's pay roll. We've just come from a federal bureau where, while waiting for our man, we watched his deputy at work. He was drowsing as sweetly as we've ever seen a fellow halfway between consciousness and a deep slumber. Now and then he'd wave off an inquisitive fly. Occasionally he'd erupt a grating little cough, but otherwise he was snoozing nicely. Then something awoke him with a start. He blinked several times and with a tremendous burst of energy he opened a drawer,

withdrew a file, selected a sheaf of papers, grabbed a stapling machine, tacked the sheaf together, put the file back—and dropped off to sleep again, his work done for the day. We liked the sign on his desk, too. It read: The Home Front Is Winning, Too.

AMONG the various corny gags which have been and will continue to be published in this column, we now pass along the following from W. B. Courtney, our correspondent in London. How to keep the peace after it's won was being discussed by a couple of Englishmen. The conversation concluded with one of them saying he was sure that the Americans had doubtless worked out a scheme but were keeping it secret. "I see," said the other. "Patton applied for."

A COUPLE of our very best G.I. Joes in Pisa, Italy, were discussing Europe's future. They were overheard by Corporal Eddie Baptice who made careful notes and mailed them to us. Thus: First Joe: "When it's all over, Russia is going to have all the Balkans and Poland." Second Joe: "That's fine." First: "Russia is going to have Yugoslavia, Albania, Hungary and a big hunk of Germany, too." Second: "Suits me." First: "Yes, and Russia will control France and Spain, the way I figure it. What they call a sphere of influence." Second: "Swell." First: "I dunno about Italy, though." Second: "Betcha they're gonna make England take Italy. They don't like England." (Continued on page 76)



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NOVEMBER 11, 1944

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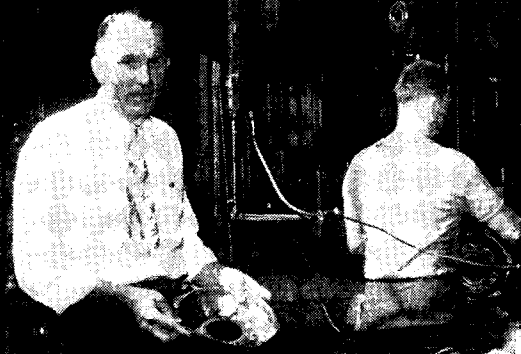
EDITORIALS. Page

COVER ANTHONY PI

MAN . . . WIFE . . . BOY . . . CAR
DOING AN ALL-OUT JOB FOR THE WAR



WHEN A. A. KRUEGER OF CHICAGO comes home after a busy day at the Borg & Beck war plant in Chicago, his day's war work is only half done. There's always the Victory garden to tend in summer—that's war work. So is the community organization Krueger heads, which keeps in touch with the neighborhood boys in the Service, and handles War Bond Drives, salvage campaigns and other civilian activities. So is Mrs. Krueger's volunteer work on surgical dressings, and her home canning, and son Arnold's diligent waste paper collection. The Kruegers are working for Victory every waking minute, doing many extra win-the-war services that wouldn't be possible without a reliable car for time-saving transportation.



KRUEGER WORKS for Borg & Beck Division of Clearing, Ill., manufacturers of clutches for Army vehicles, pumps for warplanes, and parts for cannon.



TO GAIN TIME, Krueger often delivers parts to sub-contractors in his car. These are Oldsmobile cannon parts.



SON ARNOLD has bundled hundreds of pounds of paper for salvage. He is also an official Junior Messenger, delivers literature for War Bond Drives, etc.



MRS. KRUEGER does much home canning, also works a day a week preparing surgical dressings. On every Volunteer work day, the Krueger car always carries share riders.



KRUEGER ALWAYS DEPENDS on genuine factory service to keep his cars in top condition. "Oldsmobile quality deserves Oldsmobile care," he says.

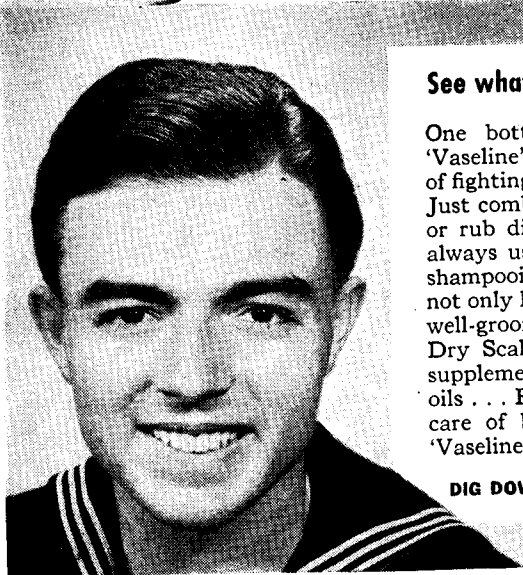
OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

How Naval Gunners of the sky make Dry Scalp trouble fly!



but...5 drops a day keeps DRY SCALP away

... MAKES 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC FIRST
WITH SERVICE MEN IN AMERICA!



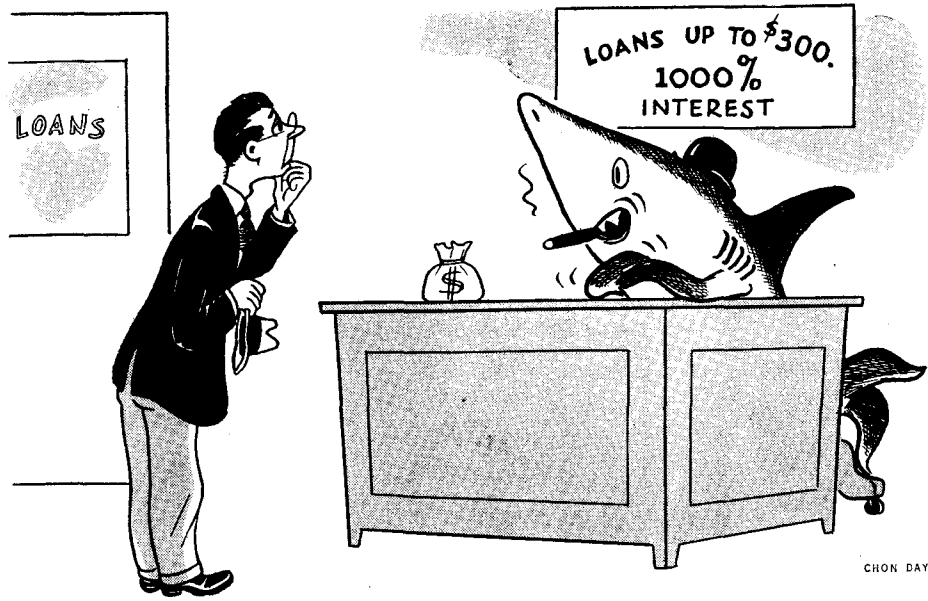
See what it will do for your hair!

One bottle will show you why 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is the favorite of fighting men from coast to coast. Just comb in a few drops daily... or rub directly on the scalp. And always use it with massage before shampooing. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic not only keeps your hair looking its well-groomed best—but also checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff by supplementing the natural scalp oils... Remember... for better care of both scalp and hair—use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic regularly!

DIG DOWN DEEP FOR WAR BONDS

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Keep up with the world by Freling Foster

Despite wartime prosperity, the demand for loans up to \$300 has increased so much in the past three years that a number of loan sharks, in the 14 states that are still without regulatory small-loan laws, have recently charged interest rates as high as 1,000 per cent.—By Mary Angela Glackin, Upper Darby, Pa.

Studies of the winter flounder prove that the eye of this fish is the organ which enables it to take on the color of the sea bottom on which it lies, in order to deceive prey. When the head of the fish was placed against a black background, its entire body turned very dark, and vice versa. The uncanny ability of this fish to copy a varied background was also shown by putting it against a black-and-white checkerboard which it reproduced well enough to make itself indistinguishable at a distance of ten feet.

Several modern watches made for collectors have required as long as eight years to design and manufacture, and have cost as much as \$15,000. Besides a dozen time and calendar dials, they contain such meteorological instruments as a thermometer, hygrometer, barometer and altimeter, and such celestial charts as the one that shows the positions of the visible constellations at every hour.

The newsreel pictures of the unprovoked bombing and sinking of the U.S. gunboat Panay by Jap planes while it was patrolling the Yangtze River on December 12, 1937, are ranked among America's most important historical films. Taken by a cameraman who happened to be aboard, the pictures were immediately insured for \$350,000 and brought from Nanking to New York under armed guard.—By Herbert Feldman, New York City.

For the benefit of news syndicates as well as the War and Navy departments, as many as 1,100 battle photographs are transmitted monthly to the United States from abroad over the 15-station Radio-Telephoto Network of the U.S.A. Signal Corps. Many of the machines are of the latest type which can send or receive a 7-by-9-inch picture within seven minutes, over thousands of miles and with such fine lines (100 to the inch) that only an expert, in many cases, can distinguish the original from the transmitted copy.

The world-wide eradication of Nazi ideology will include, besides the 70,000,000 Germans in the Reich, some 35,000,000 "racial Germans" who live in 30 other countries. A large proportion of them have become imbued, more or less, with the doctrines of Nazism, either through their connection with one of the 15,000 Hitlerite branches or by the propaganda that has been fed to them daily by Berlin-controlled publications and broadcasts in their localities since 1933.

A recent experiment on rats shows that they possess a remarkable instinct for selecting a proper diet. The animals were given food, not in its whole natural state, but divided into 25 constituent parts, such as fat, protein, minerals and vitamins, equal parts of which were put in separate feeding tubes and cups, so the rodents could eat as much or as little of each as they desired. Two weeks later, examination of the containers revealed that every rat had consumed the proper quantities of the right kind of constituents, most of which were devoid of any definite taste or smell.

During the occupation of Germany after the first World War, many soldiers of the American, Belgian, French, Canadian and British armies married German women. For instance, when the 1,400 British troops evacuated Cologne in 1926, nearly 300 of them were accompanied by German wives.

Present distance records for fly and bait casting include: 192 feet for the salmon fly, 422 feet for the half-ounce or medium-weight fly, and 623 feet for surf casting in which heavier equipment is used.

In 1939, the U.S. and England had together only 13 aircraft carriers with about 600 planes; today they have about 150 with some 5,000 planes. . . . A new control for motorcars with automatic transmission enables a legless person to drive with the steering wheel alone. . . . Although the number of dress styles designed each year in America were reduced by half between 1940-1943, more than 60,000 were launched last year.

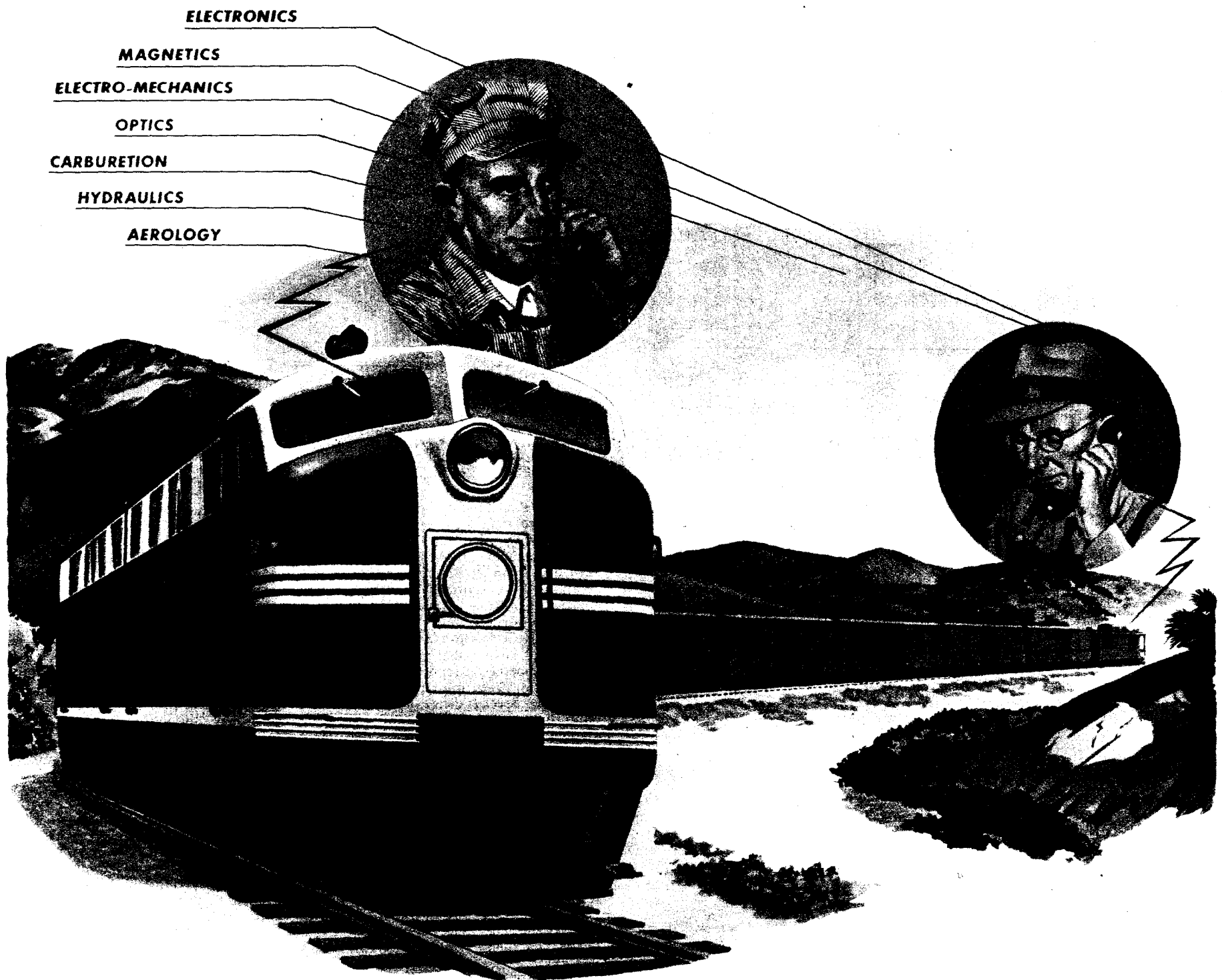
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In dramatized form Keep Up with the World is now broadcast every Sunday night (at 10:30 E.W.T., 9:30 C.W.T., 8:30 M.W.T., 7:30 P.W.T.) over 140 stations of the Blue Network

Collier's for November 11, 1944

CREATIVE ENGINEERING BRINGS

RAILROADIN' BY RADIO



THIS, TOO, IS BENDIX . . . first to bring railroads added speed, economy, and efficiency through the use of VHF Radio.

Railroadin' by radio—instant, static-free end-to-end communication . . . constant contact between train and station . . . hours saved on running time . . . service notably enhanced—these are some of the vistas opened up by the combined efforts of Bendix Creative Engineering and such progressive railroads as the Burlington, Santa Fe, Baltimore and Ohio, Seaboard, and Rock Island.

These railroads and Bendix Radio Division have already demonstrated that VHF (Very High Frequency) Radio—mainstay of Army and com-

mercial plane-to-ground communication—is just as practical and valuable for railroad use.

Here is another way that Bendix, source of scientific instruments and devices to conquer time, space and human effort, can beneficially influence your life. Here, too, is an added reason for watching Bendix. There will be many more, because Bendix facilities—its 12 research laboratories, its more than 30 plants, its 3000 engineers, its experience in all modern sciences—are focused on benefiting the largest number of people.

Today this unique organization—utilizing to the full your War Bond purchases—is concentrating on hastening victory and a return to the fine, free American life we all desire. *But you can't stop creative minds from thinking.* Already, Bendix postwar plans have gone so far that you can expect remarkable advances in transportation, communications, industrial processes, and in the comfort and pleasures of your home.

BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION, DETROIT 2, MICH.

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First IN CREATIVE ENGINEERING
Builders of the INVISIBLE CREW



Bendix

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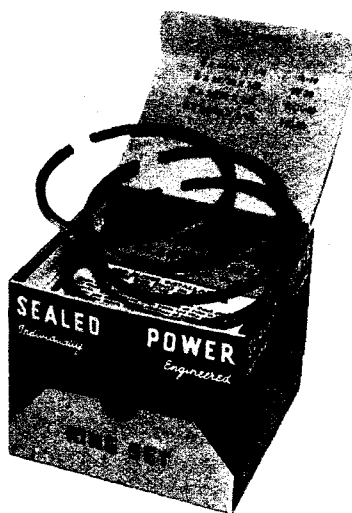
Mileage is destroyed by worn piston rings, too!

IF YOUR precious ration coupons are destroyed, you lose mileage but gas is actually saved. On the other hand worn piston rings lose mileage and waste gas.

To get more mileage on the gas you're allowed—and to save oil and lengthen engine life—have your repairman install Sealed Power Piston Rings! You can't replace your car. You can't replace your engine. But you can replace piston rings giving your engine new life and gas economy.

Sealed Power Piston Rings, packaged in Individually Engineered Ring Sets, are available for each popular make of car, truck, tractor or bus—though we are also making millions of rings and other motor parts for Army and Navy.

★ BUY MORE U. S. WAR BONDS ★



SEALED POWER CORPORATION
Muskegon, Mich. Windsor, Ont.
Piston Rings, Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves,
Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts

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SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Wing Talk



EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

Northrop's P-61 Black Widow is the first American plane especially designed for night fighting. It locates and destroys the enemy in total darkness

AS WE inch our way closer to Japan, we are subject to night bombings, and that's where the boys with the cat-like eyes and the Black Widows come into their day. John W. Myers, test pilot for the Northrop P-61, substantiates a high regard for the night-fighter airmen, with this first-person knowledge:

They have to be close to the fronts. They're on duty all night and they stay up much of the day, supervising servicing and repairs to their planes. They must be in top physical condition. Special diets and exercises are daily routines. Their food is augmented by vitamin concentrates to improve their night vision.

In the early afternoon they don a type of Polaroid goggle with red lenses, that excludes much light. The red glass cuts out the properties of light and produces a result equivalent to that of a totally darkened room. Yet the night-fighting airmen so equipped may mill around the operations office and otherwise pass the time in any activity except reading fine print.

The goggles are not removed until after nightfall, by which time the fliers have vision in the dark superior to most tomcats. Once the eyes of Black Widow air crews are adjusted to blackout conditions, the tiniest beam of light can upset all the good accomplished during the preparatory period.

One of the Black Widow pilots confirmed this scientific theory when he returned to his base and told how the Monkey got away. The Black Widow's instruments were working beautifully, and the pilot's eyes were as sharp as a fluoroscope technician's at Johns Hopkins Hospital.

A Small Light Was Too Much

Although it was a very black night, he could see the Jap bomber from 500 feet and proceeded to get on his tail. As the speedy Black Widow drew closer, the pilot reached for his throttles to reduce speed. In the dark cockpit his hand accidentally touched a switch, lighting a small incandescent lamp. It was like a blinding sun ray. He turned it off immediately, but the damage had been done; he was through for the night.

Evidence that our boys can see better at night through this specialized training and conditioning before combat, comes from Lieutenant David T. Cortis of Detroit, who brought down his first Jap without firing a shot. He got on the tail of a bomber which immediately started shooting, and before he opened up, he saw another Jap moving down on his tail.

"I slipped my fighter into a quick, evasive turn, leaving the second bomber in direct

line of fire of the first," Lieutenant Cortis reports. "The first Jap gunner just blasted his fellow Nip out of the sky. So long as they'll send each other down, why should I waste ammunition?"

Johnny Myers says the night fighters are flying under the most adverse conditions at all times. The weather is usually the worst at night, but they go aloft just the same. They're in battle action over enemy territory much of the time, and they often start out flying in perfect weather through the black night only to run smack-dab into storms which they can't avoid.

The Blackest Flying of All

Daylight pilots can see the approach of dangerous clouds and avoid them. The night fighter plunges into the middle of a storm without any warning. Night flying is flying by instruments, and if there is any darker flying than over the Pacific on a moonless night, Mr. Myers says he doesn't know where it is, and he thinks he has been in some very black spots.

The greatest value of a night fighter comes when he moves into new airfields just captured from the enemy. That's when conditions are the roughest, because after the Japs have been chased out, they return at night to harass our troops and attempt to slow down our advances.

The Black Widow is our first night fighter to come out of this war. Our preparations for night fighting were none too expansive because our urgent war plans did not have to contemplate immediately a night defensive air war against enemy raiders and intruders, as England did.

However, in the fall of 1940, Colonel Carl Spaatz (now Lieutenant General and head man of our European air operations) returned from a visit to England, where he weathered many a night blitz, with specifications for a night fighter as he saw it. The P-61 today is the result.

Night fighters previously used—and still being used until they can be replaced by the new P-61s now in full production at the Northrop plant in Hawthorne, California—are modified versions of aircraft originally designed for other operations. These include the Douglas A-20, which in its night version became the P-70; the Lockheed Lightning P-38 and Ventura PV-1, and the Vought Corsair F4U.

Army Captain Al Lucas, first to shoot down a Jap with a P-61 in his sector in the dark skies on the threshold of the Orient, wrote in a letter to Johnny Myers that the Black Widow "is a lady with a past and a terrific future."

★★★



WE'LL LIVE IN A KINGDOM ALL OUR OWN...

"When you come home to stay . . .

We'll live in a kingdom all our own . . .

A kingdom just big enough for three . . .

with a picket fence for boundary. And I can picture as plain as day, ivy climbing a garden wall and smoke curling up from a tall, white chimney . . . and a fanlight glowing over our front door. The door of the house we'll build . . . after the war!

Even now I can see Tommy and you and me in a bedtime romp up a winding stair where red roses bloom on the wall . . . and when we've tucked Tommy in, we'll go on down to the wonderful smell of a sizzling roast and fresh warm scent of chocolate cake . . .

And we'll follow our noses to the kitchen door. It will be like no kitchen you've ever seen before. It will be an enchanted place . . . with a wonderful automatic electric range that will cook by itself while we are away . . . or have breakfast ready when we awake. And there'll

be the very newest refrigerator, bigger and roomier, with gleaming shelves chockful of cheeses and cold cuts and steak . . . and salad and greens that sparkle with dew behind magic compartments of glass. And right beside it another kind of a fabulous chest . . . a home freezer, something brand new, that we can store with luxurious things like ice cream, asparagus and brook trout.

It's all a part of our lovely dream . . .

And we'll make it come true when you come home . . . when we live in a kingdom all our own."

This is no dream.

We believe your hope for a new and finer home can and will come true.

Here at Kelvinator, when Victory is won, all the new strength, the new skills born of war, will be turned to production for peace.

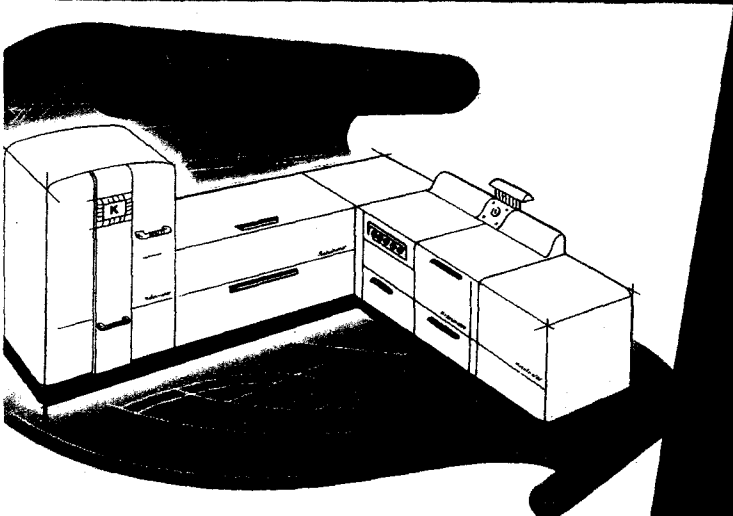
That means that Kelvinator will build more and finer electrical appliances than we have ever built before. It means refrigerators, elec-

tric ranges, home freezers and electric water heaters to make the kitchens of America the truly enchanted places they can be. It means that the new developments, the scientific advances made in war will be incorporated into these appliances as rapidly as possible to make them the more useful, the more efficient part of the home you want—when peace comes.

This will be our part in the building of a greater, a happier nation. For we believe all of us owe to those who have fought and worked to preserve it, a strong, vital and growing America—where every man and every woman will have the freedom and the opportunity to make their dreams come true.



This booklet with pictures and floor plans for six modern low-cost homes, together with details of their exciting new post-war kitchens designed for easy living, is offered to home planners without cost. See your Kelvinator retailer or drop a postcard to Dept. 3-A, Kelvinator, Detroit 32, Michigan.



HEART of your postwar kitchen . . . the Kelvinator electrical appliances: the new Kelvinator Refrigerator . . . the new Kelvinator Electric Range . . . the new Kelvinator Electric Water Heater . . . and the new Kelvinator Home Freezer that keeps foods at flavor peak indefinitely! Though now aircraft engines and propellers roll down Kelvinator assembly lines, the day will come and soon when your Kelvinator dealer will be demonstrating these magical new kitchen appliances for you!

KELVINATOR

of NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

Refrigerators, Home Freezers, Electric Ranges, Electric Water Heaters, Beverage Coolers, Ice Cream Cabinets, Frozen Food Merchandisers, Commercial Refrigerating Units.





If You're Waiting for a Home Telephone



IF YOU are waiting for a home telephone, we think we know how you feel.

You'd like a telephone now — not weeks or months from now. And we'd like to install it for you now.

But due to the war we are short of switchboards and telephones, so there will be unavoidable delays in filling orders for home telephones.

The delay will be as short as we can make it. Meantime, we are genuinely grateful for your patience and co-operation.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Quietly across the country the veterans of World War II are getting organized. Nobody is paying much outright attention to them, but industrialists, labor leaders, politicians are watching out of the corners of their eyes. After all, twelve million men—

**BY WALTER
DAVENPORT**



Student Veterans, led by Elmo Keel (in light suit), is one of scores of many groups now setting up plans for organization

12,000,000 in search of a LEADER

NO ONE in Washington seemed to be paying much attention to them. No one, that is, except a few apprehensive congressmen who, after consulting together, solemnly agreed that this roomful of sixty-nine honorably discharged veterans of World War II was one of several "clouds no bigger than a man's hand" rising above the horizon. Congressmen always talk like that.

But no one else cared, unless it was the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Disabled American Veterans—all voices of World War I. These wise old organizations who yesterday had but to snap their fingers to fetch one half of Congress to heel and cause the other half to wag tails watched with professional solicitude, silently speculating on their own future as political powers.

That's about all the attention this bewildered little group, groping through the unfamiliar intricacies of organization in a Washington hotel room, were getting—all that you could see, anyway. But observing from afar, from the corners of their eyes, were the American Federation of Labor, the Congress of Industrial Organizations and the White House itself—all saying nothing, suggesting nothing, merely looking for portents of the future.

On the surface, it seemed a little absurd that long-established power should be regarding these new veterans with anything more than a kindly indulgence; as an isolated group, they didn't, after all, signify anything worth a second thought. It was only when you remembered that they were possibly typical of twelve million men still in uniform that they assumed importance. And it wasn't until one of the kids (how silly the term "veteran" sounds) got mad, that the old-timers present began to take the raucous little gathering seriously.

His voice was almost a scream as he
(Continued on page 64)

The American Veterans Committee, headed by Charles G. Bolte (chin in hand), is one of the most liberal and promising of the World War II organizations



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD



REAR ADMIRAL
ARTHUR G. ROBINSON

The Ship

THAT WOULDN'T SINK

by GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY and ISABEL LEIGHTON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR., C.P.O. (USCGR)



"BULL" ASCHENBRENNER



THE DEACON



CAPTAIN VAN BERGEN

This war was only a week old when the radio reported the U.S.S. Marblehead had been lost in action. That might have been a laugh for the fighting men aboard the cruiser but there wasn't time for laughing as the Japs closed in on our pitifully small fleet in the South Pacific. There was drama and courage and despair aboard the Marblehead—and then the Japs hit her with everything they had

I

JOE DELUDE was broad of rump and well upholstered around the middle. As a ship's tailor he was a ball of fire. Joe, whose home was in Maine, had been patching and altering clothes on the light cruiser Marblehead for fourteen years. And while almost all sailors are inveterate buyers of foreign-made curios and junk, Joe bought only fine linens that had been elegantly embroidered. Being a connoisseur in such matters, he knew exactly how much work had gone into each piece and he usually managed to get a little more than his money's worth. That was very important to Joe, who always had a nice warm feeling for a dollar bill.

Joe was fortyish, childless and wifeless, so that his feeling for his sister, who was twenty years younger, was much more that of a father than a brother. And now that a somewhat unusual love affair had materialized between his sister and one of his shipmates, Joe felt that she'd soon probably be setting up housekeeping and would need linens, even though Joe and her swain were at the moment plugging along through the Java Sea on an obsolescent cruiser, many thousands of miles from home.

The fact that a political situation of considerable tension existed in 1941 between the United States and the Japanese government was not causing Joe to lose any sleep. If there was a war, he'd have his own hands full keeping his shipmates properly dressed. It was the admirals' job to do the worrying. If not, why was there such a large difference between their pay and his?

On November 27, 1941, while still at sea, the Marblehead's skipper, Captain (now Rear Admiral) Arthur G. Robinson, had told his executive officer, Commander W. B. Goggin, to publish in the ship's plan of the day that all outgoing mail would henceforth be censored by Ensign John Bracken. The ship would be making port in a couple of days and, owing to the political crisis, no one must be allowed to give away her position.

On the Marblehead, the mess boys were Chinese and usually full of scuttlebutt first class, gathered from the officers' wardroom. There was one whom they left strictly alone, a sullen lad named Fook Liang. He had been ostracized ever since the day he had been directed to remove some hammocks from the crew's quarters and had refused on the grounds that he had joined the ship

to serve officers and that to do anything for enlisted men was beneath him and would amount to a loss of face. Naturally, he was loathed by all the enlisted men.

When the men went ashore at Tarakan on Borneo they found that everybody had war jitters. But the men of the Marblehead enjoyed themselves except for the local wars that occurred when Shipfitter Second Class Clarence Aschenbrenner went ashore and anointed his cavernous insides with the various exotic potions in Tarakan's bars.

"The Bull," as Aschenbrenner was called by his shipmates, hailed from New Ulm, Minnesota. He stood five feet six inches tall, had a shoulder spread of about a yard, the exuberance of a child, and the muscular development and power of a grizzly bear. Aboard ship he always did at least two men's work, did it well, and loved doing it. He was convinced that there was no more honorable or enviable job than being a blue-jacket in the United States Navy.

When he went ashore, he partook of spir-its in the same grand and wholesale manner that he did everything else. And inevitably there came a point in his exhilaration when he could no longer restrain himself from having fun with that monumental strength of his. He loved to come to grips with veritable hordes of opponents, the number being limited only by the size of the saloon.

The Shore Patrol had reconnaissance groups to keep an eye on the Bull, in order that the main body could, in the hope of circumventing international complications, reach the scene of carnage ahead of the local constabulary. Because if enough people of strange nationality set upon the Bull with nightsticks, he might lose his temper in a really large way, and no one cared to visualize the devastation that would ensue. But a whole squad of the Shore Patrol, if they got there in time to handle things judiciously, could usually get the Bull back to the ship without anybody being permanently maimed.

The Bull Was a Lovable Guy

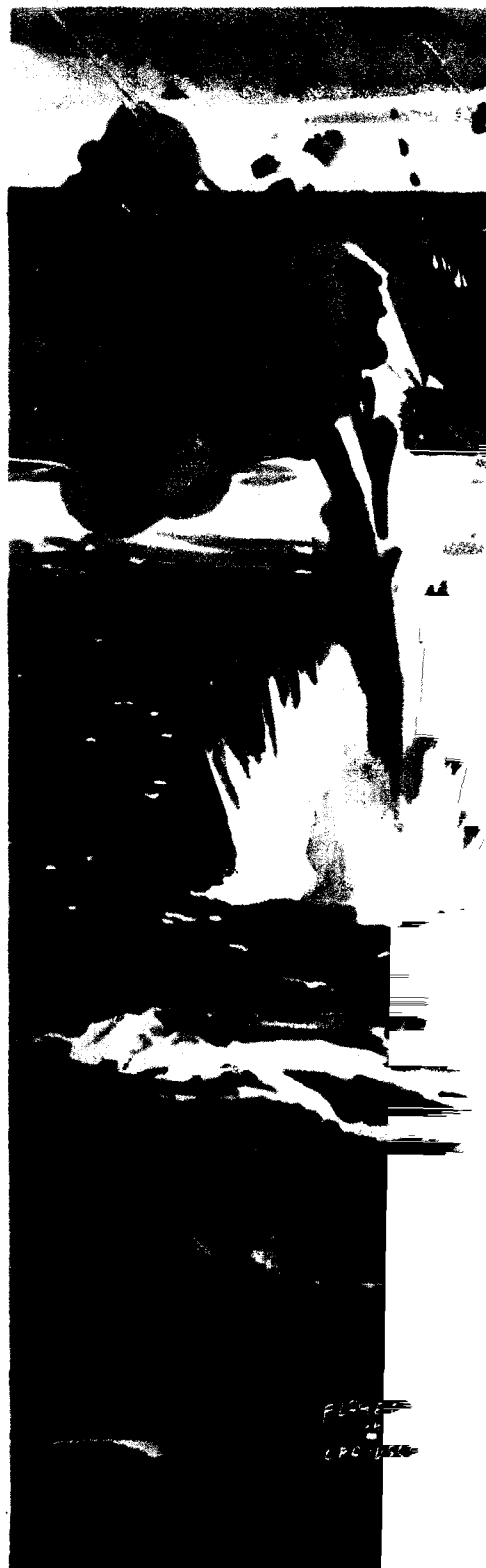
Then, after one of these titanic struggles, it was with a kind of sickness of heart that the Shore Patrol faced the necessity of putting the Bull on report. They knew there was no real harm in him. They loved him and were proud of him, and they realized that a part of that pride emanated from the godlike way in which he could eviscerate a barroom.

At Tarakan, the Bull's excursions into sprightly mayhem were less a problem than usual. For by Friday, December 5th, the news came that the Japanese had rejected the American demands. All liberty was canceled immediately. The ship was put on half-hour notice for getting under way. Captain Robinson told Commander (now Captain) Van Bergen, the gunnery officer, to put all guns on five minutes notice.

No one aboard was depressed by the fact that the Asiatic Fleet at this time consisted only of the Marblehead, the Houston, thirteen old destroyers, a few submarines, gunboats, mine sweepers, PTs and auxiliaries. For all hands were convinced that once the Japanese threw down the gantlet, powerful squadrons of the mighty United States Navy would steam out of Pearl Harbor and swell the tiny Asiatic Fleet to a thing of majesty and indomitable retribution.

Captain Robinson, who reminded some people of George M. Cohan, had made the rounds of the ship by 11:30, and everybody began to take it easy. If the Japs wanted to fight, why didn't they go on and start it and get it over with? As it was, there was nothing to do but sit around and listen to the admonitory sermons of the Deacon, a lanky, country-bred seaman second class, whose ambition was one day to make chaplain, but who for the present served as a hot-shell man on one of the 3-inch A.A.s. Tonight he held forth on the iniquitous aspects of tobacco, drink and two-guilder Borneo whores.

H. M. "Red" Percifield, a bos'n's mate who doubled as mail clerk, opened his office safe. Just to make sure it was still all there, he took out an envelope on which he had



written "Joe DeLude" and counted the money inside it. It was almost a thousand dollars which Joe had saved up while doing his tour of duty on the China station. When Joe had first started trying to save this money, he'd kept bits of it in the tailor shop. But after these nest eggs had twice been filched in his absence, he'd asked Red to keep the money for him in the post-office safe.

It was a minute or two after three the morning of December 7th, when a message came over the radio. By 3:15 the general alarm began hammering the Marblehead's people into wakefulness. Hundreds of men went into action. Over the loud-speaker system were coming the relentless words: "Man your battle stations."

When all stations had been manned, an announcement was made over the public address system: "We have just received an official plain-language message which says: 'The Japanese have commenced hostilities. Act accordingly.'" Then came the further information that the ship would get under way at dawn. And as the men went about their work, a part of their minds was struggling to encompass the huge blunt fact: "There's a war on. I'm in it." Men looked into themselves to search for signs of fear. One man wrote in his diary: "Am I afraid—not mentally—but certain reactions—nervous, perhaps—are present."

As the first glints of dawn touched the sky, the seamen on deck began to single up on the mooring lines. A few minutes later, led by the Dutch mine layer Prins Van Oranje, whose sailors even so early in the day were wearing their quaint straw hats, the Marblehead accompanied by the destroyer

Parrott, and with Dutch planes overhead blinking "Good luck," stood out to sea. She had been away from the United States almost four years.

As the bladed stem of the Marblehead cut through the swells of the now hostile Celebes Sea, many of her people had a queer feeling in the pits of their stomachs. The Japanese had taken a monumental sock at the U.S. Navy when it wasn't looking.

Incident with a Jap Major

All over the ship, men were discussing this ambush. One sailor there in forward repair told of a time when he'd had duty in China, of bumping by accident into a Japanese major who then had given him a hard push and spat some nasty Japanese talk at him.

"What'd you do?" Bull Aschenbrenner asked.

"I swatted him right in the puss. That busted his spectacles. Then I took his sword and broke it over my knee. But the Japs raised so much hell about it that the consul got the skipper to find out who did it. I admitted it, and there was a lot more business between the Japs and the consul and finally I had to pay four bucks for a new set of glasses."

"Should've paid ten," the Bull said, "and then gone back and broke his neck."

The night passed without alarms, and early next morning the machine gunners from their nest atop the foremast sang out that Balikpapan was now visible, lying two points off the starboard bow.

As the Marblehead slid into port, her people saw that the President Madison was already tied up.

On December 14th, Radio San Francisco reported that the Marblehead was lost, but she was, as a matter of fact, still in Balikpapan Harbor. Thereafter, she was often called The Galloping Ghost. Shortly after noon, the Houston and the Boise came into port, accompanied by the American naval auxiliary vessels Otus, Holland and Isabel, and four destroyers. The Boise had rushed out to bolster the cruiser force of the Asiatic Fleet and raise its number to three. By now, the harbor was packed with ships and was so rich a prize for Japanese planes that the most rigorous scouting precautions were taken.

On the following Tuesday, in company with the old aircraft tender Langley, fleet oilers Trinity and Pecos, the supply vessel Gold Star and destroyers Preston, Paul Jones, Stewart and Barker, the Marblehead left Balikpapan and again headed south, this time for Makassar Harbor.

The convoy reached Makassar the following Friday, and then crept southward hugging the coast of Celebes to Surabaya.

At Christmas time, Fire Controlman First Class Riches discovered a fortuneteller in a Marine canteen and, impressed by the things the fortuneteller told him of his past, invited several of his comrades to come along and have their fortunes told, too. Among these was Shipfitter Bernie Wardzinski, whom everybody called "Ski" for short. Ski went along but refused to have his fortune told. He was an easygoing fellow, well liked by his shipmates, and a particular friend of the Bull's. Ski was as dark as the Bull was blond, and stood some five and a half feet tall. Ordinarily Ski was agreeable to almost any kind of excursion ashore, but today he

was being stubborn about the fortuneteller.

"Come on, Ski," Riches urged. "This guy is really good. Don't you want to know what's going to happen to you?"

"I already know."

"The hell you do! What?"

By now, the color had left Ski's face. "I'm going to die . . . soon," Ski said. "I don't want to. I'm afraid of dying . . . but I'm going to die and I know it. . . . I don't need this guy to . . . to rub it in."

There was a silence. Riches was convinced and frightened. But after a moment he said, "Aw, snap out of it, Ski. It's just something you et."

To the men who did have their fortunes told, the man said, "Soon all of you will be in a great battle, in which many will be killed."

Others of the crew, in their loneliness, proceeded to get thoroughly soused on Bols gin out of stone bottles.

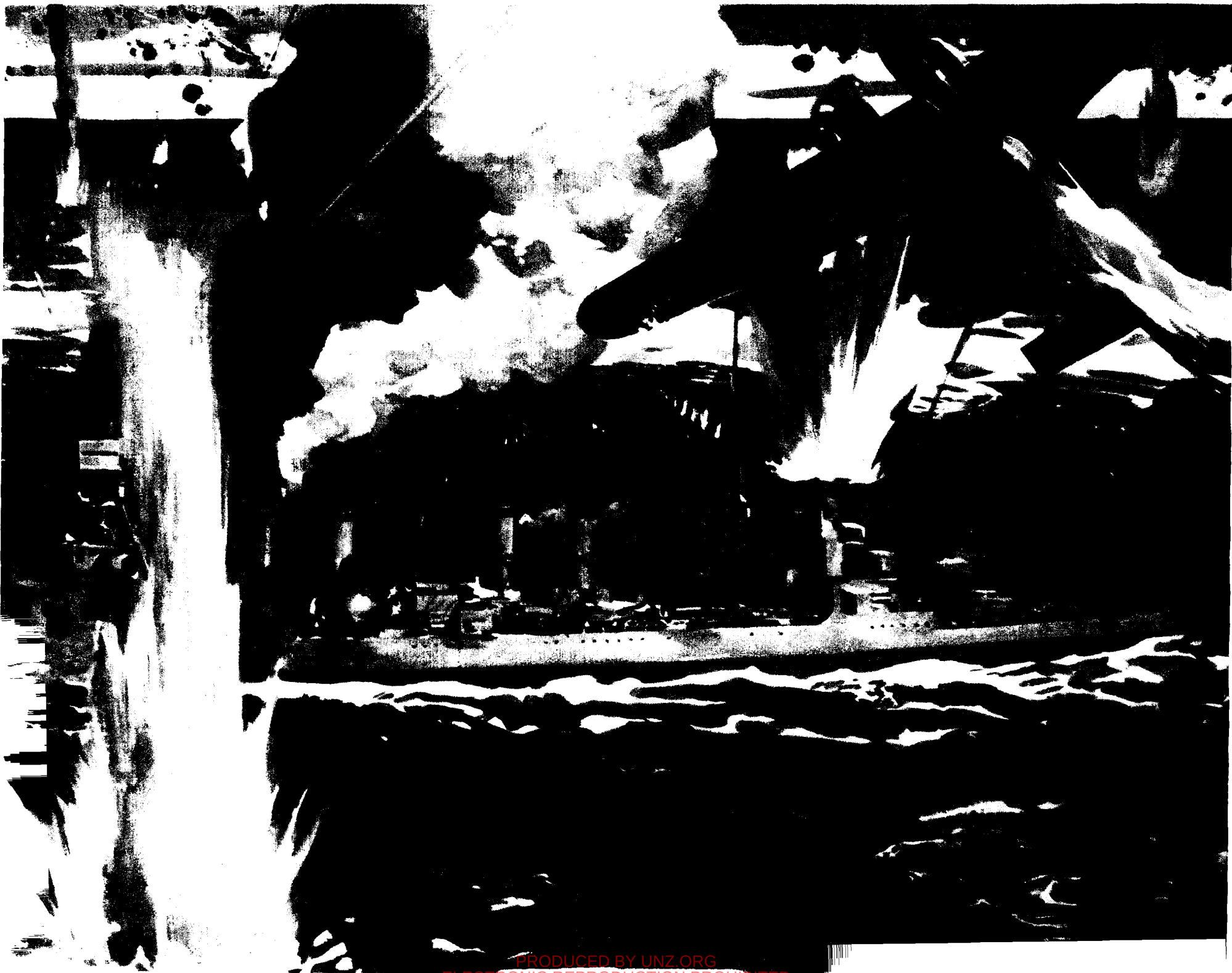
A little later, the Marblehead stood out to sea for a monotonous run to Port Darwin, Australia, but eventually returned to Surabaya.

Romance Comes to a Yeoman

On the run back, John Wohlschlaeger, the captain's yeoman, stood at the rail and watched the sea without seeing it. It was not with any living, breathing girl that he'd ever seen that he was in love, but with a little pile of letters and a photograph. He had hoped to find a few more letters at Darwin. But the ship had received no mail whatever, and he was disconsolate.

There really was a girl somewhere back in

(Continued on page 59)



ON HER OWN

By Marianne Roane

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



MRS. TOALE always stood by the front door when Ellen's bus came. She really waited for Ellen all day long, but around five-thirty she just hovered near the front door, watching and waiting. Now she peered out of the window that faced the street and watched her daughter coming, young and brisk in her new suit, swinging along easily with some white parcels spilling out of a sack.

The sky was heavy with spring rain. Mrs. Toale gave it a look of strained anxiety, then frowned at a brown spaniel lounging on her

lawn. The dog rose politely when Ellen approached but wandered off with well-feigned indifference when the door closed behind her.

Mrs. Toale caught a small parcel that slid off the top of the brown-paper sack. Ellen began immediately to count the packages into her mother's hands.

"Mushrooms," she said, keeping her eyes on the packages, "strawberries, pumpnickel. I didn't forget anything this time. And the dress pattern." She spoke quickly as if to forestall questions: "That's why I was late. I got all this stuff just now and made the first bus I could."

She pushed the fingers of one hand under her hat and threw it on the table with the other, sighing to mimic clownish exhaustion. Uncombed, the soft red curls made her face even younger than it was.

Mrs. Toale waited in the doorway to the kitchen, tensely clutching the parcels. "Was there a lot of work at the office today?" she asked fretfully. She, too, had the translucent white skin of the red-haired, but her fine oval face was splintered by anxiety while Ellen's was whole and round.

The girl stretched and smiled. "It wasn't bad today," she said. "Maybe it'll rain tonight, so I can wear my new raincoat." She pulled down the jacket of her suit and patted the pockets while she followed her mother into the kitchen. "I hope you didn't forget I'm going out for supper?" she said brightly.

Mrs. Toale stopped in dismay and shed all the parcels on the kitchen table. "But you've just come," she said. "You've just come. You were awfully late today!"

Something tightened in Ellen's open face. She sat down at the table, very upright and slim in her new suit. Then she reached for a small square package and began to undo the string with red-tipped fingers.

"I went to Kiplinger's," she said, her voice nearing sharpness. "That took at least twenty minutes. Then they didn't have mushrooms, after all, so I went to the supermarket, and there was Johnny Glasgow." She looked at her mother. "I stood a minute and talked with him. Not long, hardly a minute, and then I went and got the dress pattern." She scrambled in the bottom of the empty sack and slid the pattern envelope across the table. "There."

Her mother did not move. Her mouth sagged strangely. "I'm alone all day," she said. "Absolutely alone all day. And when you come, you run right off again."

Ellen reached across and opened another parcel. "Not right away," she said. "There's time. I won't need to leave before quarter of seven."

"Is it John you're going with tonight, or Chris?"

"Chris," Ellen said briefly and stared out of the kitchen window. The lot next door was vacant, occupied only by the Penlanders' empty dog run. A brown spaniel and a small white dog of indefinable descent were rolling on the mustard-green grass.

"Don't you ever see Mrs. Penlander?" Ellen asked. "I see her every morning with her Scottie on a leash. Don't you think you'd enjoy talking with her?"

Mrs. Toale said coldly, her face set, "I have talked with her. But you can't visit with your neighbors all day." Her forefinger slowly traced the oblong of the pattern envelope over and over. "There's another letter for you from Wellman," she went on. "He called twice before you got in. I don't know what to say when he calls."

"Don't worry about Wellman," Ellen said. "He'll give up sooner or later." She leaned forward to look out of the window again. A big Dalmatian had joined the two smaller dogs.

"More dogs every day," Ellen said, brightening. "I almost fell over that brown one tonight."

Mrs. Toale's face contracted. "It's disgusting," she said, her eyes fixed in a stare

that made her face look paralyzed. "The phone rings all day long. Today it was Wellman. But if it isn't Wellman, it's Chris or Johnny Glasgow." Her lips twitched. "Besides, those dogs will ruin the lawn, you'll see."

Ellen studied the yard with interest.

"They're all after Mrs. Penlander's Scottie," Mrs. Toale said into the silence, her lips stiff as if she did not want to touch the words. "It's got so she can't let that dog out on the street alone—they're all after her so. It's a female dog."

Ellen didn't answer, and the silence between the two women was like that between strangers in a doctor's office. Refusing to meet her mother's eyes, Ellen stretched elaborately and craned to read the kitchen clock.

"Perhaps you'd better go," her mother murmured. "You've been here quite a while." She went on with clumsy irony. "It must be about time for you to run out in the rain and meet a man you can't bring to the house any more—a man who doesn't know how to speak decently to your own mother."

The girl's mouth began to tremble and in her effort to hold it still, her cheeks took on the same look of strain that disfigured the face of her mother.

"Or do you mean to say you were proud of what happened last time you brought him here?" Mrs. Toale went on. "If I were you, I wouldn't speak to any man again who talked to my mother like that."

"Mother," Ellen said, her voice edging the roughness of tears, "let's not talk about it any more. It wasn't all his fault it happened. I'm not bringing my friends here to be insulted, that's all."

"Your friends!" Mrs. Toale said cuttingly. "Wonderful friends! Fellows you have to meet on the street or in the grocery store because they insult your mother. It's bad enough I was insulted by your father's carrying on all the time. Sometimes I wonder whether you aren't exactly like him. My whole life I've spent on you—fifty-five years—and you spend your time with some trash on the corner."

"Twenty-one years," Ellen said. "Not fifty-five. Don't you dare blame me for the others. I can't help it if you couldn't give Father what he wanted. You wrecked your own life, but you're not going to wreck mine." She got up suddenly and went into the bathroom where she tore a washcloth off the towel rack and began to scrub her face.

A SUDDEN sharp crack of thunder sounded outside and then an explosion of spattering raindrops. Ellen began to outline her short mouth with red. She kept her brows severely straight, eyes down and mouth pursed hard while she went over its soft curves with her little finger held stiff. For one last instant she held perfectly still, staring into the mirror with a glare of concentration that was almost hatred.

When she came out of the bathroom her mother was standing near the doorway, waiting for her. But Ellen swept by and ran down the hall to get her raincoat off the hook.

Mrs. Toale followed. "I know that Wellman will call again," she said heavily. "They all call, wanting to see you, running after you. Sometimes I think you shouldn't be allowed on the street alone."

Ellen had her hat in her hand, when she whirled around. Her mouth trembled so that she could hardly speak.

"Mother," she said in a harsh whisper, spacing her words far apart, "don't—say—another—word. Not one word!"

She ducked before the hall mirror to flip on her hat, then ran into the living room to gather up her pocketbook and gloves. She had to go past her mother to get her umbrella, and she walked around her the way an actor on an unfurnished stage walks around an imaginary chair. She buttoned up her raincoat, facing the street window. Outside, it rained steadily. Without a backward glance, she slipped out of the door.

In the street she walked skipingly, began to run, and then walked again, like someone who is already tired.

Mrs. Toale went slowly to the door and pushed aside the glass curtain to watch. Her face showed behind the window long after Ellen had turned the corner.

YOUR STOMACH CAN TALK

BY JESSYCA RUSSELL

DRAWING BY GUS BETHKE

THE salesman came out of the hospital on the arm of his wife, who hailed a cab and helped him inside. He leaned his head against the leather and closed his eyes, and his breathing sounded as though he was doing it through a reed.

He was. A metal reed was sticking out of the middle of his throat. Over it he wore a square of white gauze. Attached to the top of the gauze was a white shoelace, which tied at the back of his neck. The salesman had gone into the hospital with cancer of the larynx. To save him, the larynx was removed. But the passage of air through the larynx is what makes sound. So now he was mute.

He was fifty-one. He had a wife and four children. Without a voice, he could not sell, and without selling, the family could not live. So the ride home was a journey of misery. He was that way for a week. He wrote notes like: "Please, a glass of water" and "Any good programs on tonight?" and "What does my office say about this?" Once he started to write, stared at the pad, picked it up and threw it at a bridge lamp.

Then one day a stranger came and asked for the salesman. The stranger had a piece of gauze over his throat, and he spoke huskily, like a man who is carrying something heavy against his stomach. His words grunted but they were clear and easily understood. The salesman stared at the white gauze and listened.

"I'm a member of the Anamilo Club," the stranger said. "Ana milo is Greek. It means 'I speak again.' The club was organized by Doctor James Sonnett Greene. Do you know him?"

The salesman shook his head.

"Well, he's head of the National Hospital for Speech Disorders, on Irving Place in New York. He takes people like you and me—people who have undergone laryngectomies—and he teaches them to talk by using the muscles of their stomachs.

"But first you have to rest about three months until the tissue around your throat heals. I dropped in to tell you not to give up hope. Six months from now you'll be learning to talk again."

Daniel Michaels was the salesman. Six months later he was reporting to the National Hospital for Speech Disorders for three one-hour lessons per week. He was amazed to find a large group of men and women with white gauze around their throats. Some were beginners. At lectures, Doctor Greene explained to them that, so long as their larynxes were completely gone, a substitute sounding board would have to be found.

Primary Factor is Air Control

"Leading from the mouth to the stomach is the esophagus, the tube through which food is ingested," the doctor said. "If the patient can be taught to swallow a quantity of air into the esophagus and regurgitate it—a process familiar to almost anyone who has drunk a carbonized beverage—he will produce a moving column of air flowing into the mouth. Usually there is at the back of the mouth sufficient partially loose tissue of one sort or another to serve as a makeshift vibrating mechanism. The regurgitated air, flowing past this tissue and setting it in vibration, produces what we call an esophageal voice."

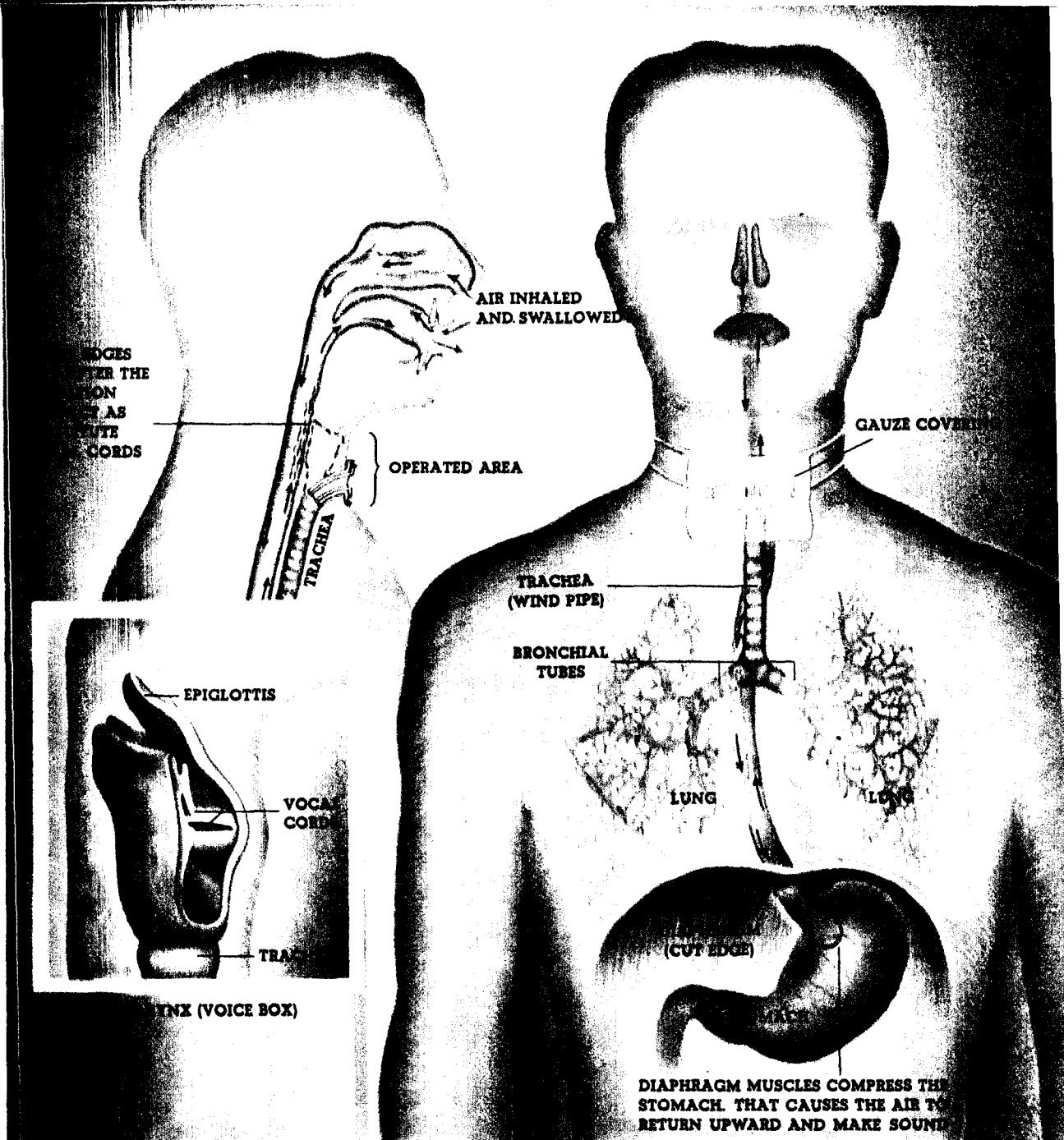
First, the patient is taught to make sounds. Any sounds. Next some vowels. Then consonants. Then "ba, be, bi, bo, bu" over and over again. Then numbers. Then short words. Lastly, sentences. Sometimes, the patient makes such rapid progress that he is elated to the point of quitting the clinic, and he has to be cautioned against so doing. He cannot learn to speak by himself. He may become guilty of speech faults which he will not notice. Only the qualified clinician is able to catch these defects and correct them.

Daniel Michaels can speak well now. He is a salesman again and he is doing well. Long ago he overcame the uncontrolled rush of air through the tube in his throat.

The National Hospital for Speech Disorders is the only institution in the country devoted solely to the diagnosis and treatment of voice and speech defects. In the past twenty-five years, 50,000 patients have been treated. It occupies a seven-story building and is equipped with the latest scientific devices. On the staff is a neuropsychiatrist and a psychologist. They are needed because patients often come in so depressed that they must be made to understand why they must have hope. The poor of all races and creeds are assisted without charge.

A few months ago, two of the supposedly mute patients addressed a medical convention and had the good doctors on their feet with applause.

The Anamilo Club was started so that the 100 or more patients who have taken this treatment could more effectively bring hope to those whose larynxes have just been removed. They also visit people who are about to have laryngectomies. Surgeons in the New York area are becoming aware of the Anamilo Club and send requests to the hospital to have members visit their patients. Doctor Greene feels that the work in the restoration of voice is at the whisper stage. It will grow, he is confident, through co-operation with the physicians until it shouts. ★★★



These diagrams show the operative field in relation to other organs. The one at right shows how the depression of the diaphragm expels air from the stomach so that controlled speech is possible

The salesman who has learned to speak after removal of his larynx teaches a woman who wants to speak again. The doctor listens to make sure that she swallows portions of air properly

FOR THOMAS



GREECE WAS READY

BY FRANK GERVASI

RADIOED FROM CAIRO

The Greeks knew what kind of government they wanted long before the Allied liberators arrived. It took revolution and bloodshed to prove they are still fiercely democratic. Now it's up to the liberators whether Greece looks toward Communism for the future



Major General Saraphis (left) became the leader of the ELAS, the partisan army which won ten major ports from the Nazis. With him at a resistance conference, held in May, 1944, is M. Peryphyrogenis

During the black days of the occupation, help for the partisans was recruited from all kinds of Greeks. Here a queue of women toil up steep mountain trails to bring supplies to the guerrillas



ON a clear, cool morning three years and six months after the German conquest of Greece, British airborne troops dropped out of the sky over Peloponnesos and began the formal liberation of Greece.

Actually, deliverance of the Greeks had begun long before, for the Greeks, like the French, were never conquered. Their resistance took form long ago while the Nazi paratroopers still floated in the skies over Crete, and while big, squat, noisy half-track Nazi troop carriers entered the streets of Athens and Salonika with their last loads of unwelcome guests from Berlin.

The Huns entered the Greek villages, towns and cities abristle with machine pistols and agleam in new uniforms. They smelled of soap and polish and paint. They came in a confident, gray-green tide, with squeaking equipment not yet well broken in, and they came—they thought—to stay. But when the first returning British soldiers hit the tired soil of Greece, they found only Greeks—wary Greeks and hungry Greeks, children with sores on their bodies, and women with white, drawn faces—all of whom managed, somehow, to find the spirit and energy to cheer and bring garlands of roses and gladioli for their friends the English.

The Hun tide receded in a dusty, tattered ebb of dirty, ragged men and battered vehicles. The Germans had seemed so irresistible three years and six months before to most of the outside world and to some Greeks, but not to all. And here is a story of those years and months between the time the Nazi tide flowed into Greece and that recent day when it ebbed, and of what we found there.

Genesis of a Democratic Movement

The white dust of battle still lay thick on the ruins of the villages and olive groves of Greece and Crete when, in a shabby house in an Athens slum, one day in July, 1941, three men met around a battered table. One was a professor of sociology and an amateur Communist. The second was an engineer and a frustrated Socialist. The third, luckily for what became the Greek resistance movement, was a former professional army officer, a major fired by Dictator Metaxas in 1935 because he believed too well in freedom. Reading from left to right, their names were Apostolou and Yannopoulos and Cladakis, and only the last name is real.

They had a common purpose—to prepare the way for the day (October 5, 1944) when Allied forces would return to free Greece from the Fascist-Nazi invaders and from the jackal Bulgars who had seized Macedonia. They were men of good faith, animated by motives not shared in 1941 by many who had been leaders of the old Greece and might have been leaders of the new.

They met in a mood of desperation. They had gone about the country separately for three months, seeking men of good faith equipped for the essential job of leadership. They found hosts of willing followers among peasants, workers, students, professors, businessmen, clerks and civil servants. But no leaders—no Charles de Gaulle, no Tito.

This wasn't remarkable. Under the rotund, myopic Metaxas, the political life of Greece had been destroyed. Left-wing parties (and to Metaxas, all parties were left wing whose members disagreed with his decrees) had been suppressed. Party newspapers were killed or suborned, and party members exiled, imprisoned or killed.

Apostolou, Yannopoulos and Cladakis went first to the old royalist generals and proposed the foundation of a resistance group. These declined the honor of joining and even more vigorously refused to lead. The three appealed next to the democratic generals. These, too, shied away and, like the royalist generals, were candid with their reasons: They were afraid of becoming involved in any left-wing movement, they said. Actually, they were more worried about their pensions. Their names were inscribed on the memories of Greeks of good faith.

The three men appealed in turn to the old-time democrats and progressive leaders of all shadings and to some politicians known for their royalist sympathies, but known, too, as good patriots. Even these refused to have anything to do with the resistance movement, temporizing, saying that the time had not yet come, some confessing that they thought all resistance was hopeless, for the Germans had come to stay.

Our three friends were worried men, and footsore and heart-weary when they met in the house in an Athens slum. They drafted a plan with pencil and paper, each contributing what little he had learned about so tremendous an undertaking as the liberation of an entire nation. They drew upon their book learning and what little practical experience two of them, at least, had had with demolitions and the art of fighting.

Most of all, they drew from the great well of atavism. They were, after all, descendants of those same Greeks who, 2,500 years before, had crushed history's first totalitarian threat, that of the Persians under Xerxes.

It was a simple plan but it was sound. The first principle it laid down was the continuance of resistance against the enemy in whatever way was possible with what weapons and materials were at hand. The second was to unite all Greeks, regardless of past political beliefs or practices for a common end and to co-operate in whatever way the Allies desired toward achievement of that end. (Continued on page 70)



Perilous Holiday

BY ROBERT CARSON

The Story:

Vacationing in Mexico City, PATRICK NEVIL, American undercover man, runs into a baffling web of romance, black-market operations, and murder. Very much involved are AGGIE STUART, a comely correspondent from the States, DOC LILLEY, Mexico City nightclub proprietor, once a Chicago racketeer, and GEORGE RICHARDS, amiable, spendthrift Californian whom PAT suspects of pulling a black-market deal with Doc. Sleuthing for his boss, GRAEME, PAT is ordered to take AGGIE under his wing. But, trailed by an amorous girl named AUDREY LATHAM, the Mexican police and Doc LILLEY's men, he works under the constant threat of murder or matrimony. He shrewdly decoys AGGIE into love, and learns that she is bent on exposing LILLEY, whose operations seem rooted in Los Angeles. AGGIE believes PAT to be a LILLEY man, but begs him to save his neck and get out of town. When he telephones her the following day, he learns that she has suddenly left for Los Angeles by plane.

Conclusion

PATRICK said, "Thank you," and hung up. He stood drumming his fingers on the shelf which held the phones. That explained the interview last night, Aggie's packed bags, the reason she agreed so readily to the Toluca jaunt. He had been a chump again. It was getting monotonous. Mingled with his irritation was a sense of loss. He wasn't going to be entirely happy without his favorite columnist.

George stared when Patrick gave him the news. He seemed genuinely astonished, and Patrick judged, therefore, that he wasn't the only one Aggie had crossed up.

"Say, I can't believe it," George said. "I'll never understand why she didn't tell us. It's not like Aggie. If it was anybody else but her, I'd say she'd done us a dirty trick."

"We've got a busted triangle, George."

George wore a hurt expression. "I've got the car and everything. What'll I do?"

"Take the trip yourself."

"Ain't you going?"

"I've been," Patrick said. "Don't let me hurt your feelings, but Aggie was the attraction for me, not Toluca."

"I thought she was my friend," George said. "Patrick, you got to go with me."

"No, thanks."

"Come on. It won't cost you a cent."

"Sorry," Patrick said.

"You got to go!" George said. "I won't have any fun alone."

"You're too anxious," Patrick said quietly. "What's on your mind, George?"

George stood looking at him for a moment. His wizened face was tight and suddenly, startlingly malevolent. Then he turned and walked out of the lobby. Patrick returned to the phone thoughtfully, and the operator got him the airlines office downtown. A clerk informed him that Miss Stuart had left on the six-o'clock plane. So it was official, with no loopholes. Patrick was not happy.

Leaving the hotel, he glanced around for George. The little man was nowhere in sight.

Aggie squeezed the bulb and a stream of ephedrine jetted into Benny's eyes. As he opened his mouth to yell, Patrick landed two hard punches high on his head

Patrick guessed he was on the way over to break the bad news to Doc Lilley, his old pal. He hailed a cab and drove to the Avenida 16 de Septiembre, where he found that Mr. Graeme was at Sanborn's having his second breakfast.

The big tiled room at Sanborn's was, as usual, crowded. Patrick wandered about, hunting for Graeme, and found him sitting in a booth against the wall with Señor Aguirre. Both men beamed at the sight of Patrick and Graeme gave his shoulder a friendly pat as he slid in beside the older man.

"You find yourself in good health, Señor?" Aguirre asked.

"I cannot complain," Patrick said.

Señor Aguirre was all smiles. "That is good to hear. We have been discussing the case, Señor Graeme and myself. You know the case to which I refer. We find it baffling."

"Have another baffle, Señor," Patrick replied. "Miss Stuart has powdered."

"Powdered?" Aguirre frowned. "I do not understand the allusion, I'm afraid."

Graeme was looking at Patrick. "She took the morning plane?"

"Yeah," Patrick said. He gritted his teeth. "Why was I so dumb? When I was in her room last night, I noticed her bags were packed; I should have known."

"Suppose you had?" Graeme said. "What would you have done?"

"Well . . . stopped her."

"By what authority?"

Patrick took a drink of chocolate and shook his head. He grunted for an answer.

(Continued on page 37)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE LITTLE

17

ARMY IN THE SKY

BY W. B. COURTNEY

RADIOED FROM LONDON

In the greatest airborne operation ever conceived and executed, 300 miles of planes, gliders, paratroopers, artillery, jeeps and supplies dropped out of the heavens onto Holland. The man responsible for this D-Day in aviation was General Brereton—or as his men know him, Number One Brass

WHEN it grows light enough to give the day its character, this will be Sunday. It will be unlike any other Sunday you have ever known. It will be a red-letter Sunday for military history and textbooks. But that isn't what you are thinking about as you shiver and pull on heavy underwear and fumble with laces and straps of your field boots two hours before dawn.

You are thinking you won't be here when the Sunday newspapers come. If there is one solid American national habit, it is that of a Sunday breakfast surrounded by newspapers—stacks of newspapers—all that can be had locally.

But when your papers are delivered this morning five hours from now, you will be far away and high in the air, bound for the Continent and a spectacle of great battle, watching and sharing the making of news that will inflame tomorrow's papers. There is a further privilege. This, in a sense, is the D-Day of aviation, and you are going to spend it at the side of Lieutenant General Lewis Hyde Brereton, commander of the First Allied Airborne Army.

Rarely in military annals have a commanding general's character and lifetime of professional faith been so closely tied into a major operation as Brereton's is with this one. He is a veteran United States Army pilot, a "Billy Mitchell boy," who fought and studied and experimented and taught and flew through the lean, hazardous, foundation times of our Air Corps. Unique among sky chiefs in his practical experience on all our main fronts against all our enemies in this global war. He is widely acclaimed the foremost tactician of modern airpower. Certain it is, at any rate, that his job today is the result of immensely valuable and varied years.

You drive through London's endless dark streets and then along miles of fog-patched country roads toward your rendezvous with General Brereton. Later this morning in these English streets and roads, citizens will look up to see a sight the like of which no people have ever seen before: hundreds upon hundreds of giant planes filled with paratroopers, hundreds of other planes towing gliders stuffed with troops, artillery, jeeps and supplies, a vast angry migration of fighting men and tools rising from more than a score of air bases and strung out for more than three hundred miles from the head to the tail plane.

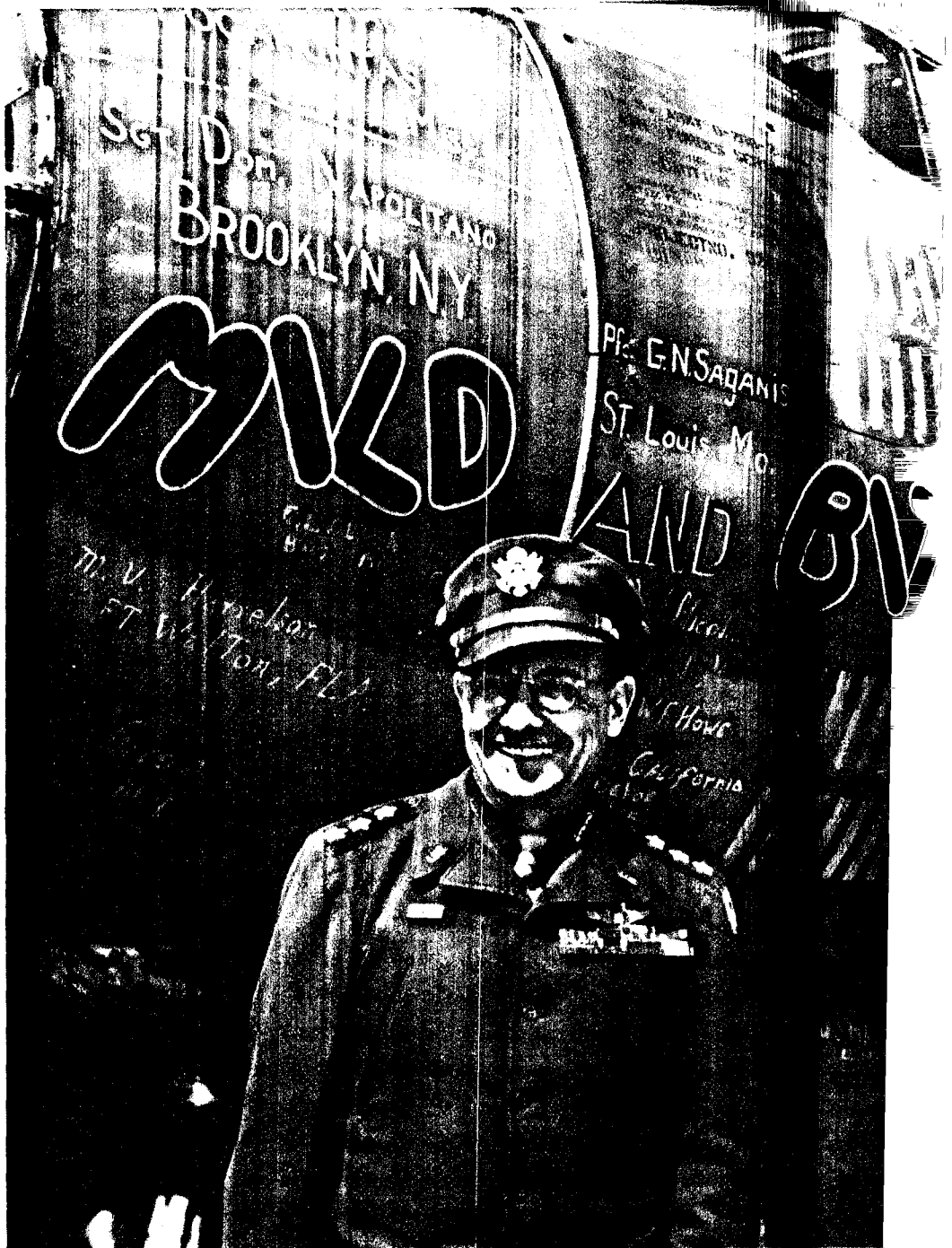
No Pre-Invasion Jitters

Brereton is jaunty and eager when he comes down to breakfast. He says, "I quit worrying last night when I made the decision that we would go today." He rags his staff, each of whom looks like a little Atlas carrying the world on his back, and soon everyone is cheerful. But the fact that Brereton eats little and smokes a lot, gives away the inner tension that his face masks.

Here in the quiet manor house, you can't help but think of the thousands of young soldiers who at this very moment are dressing for their supreme adventure. Some of them have awakened to their last day on earth. At midday they will drop with thunderclap surprise upon a distant enemy.

Brereton says, "I hope all the kids get a real good breakfast."

He briefs you. The purpose of this airborne invasion is to fling a sixty-mile-long corridor straight north in eastern Holland in advance of the British Second Army, now held on the Escaut Canal at the Netherlands-Belgium frontier. Brereton's job is to drop his Airborne Army in the right places at the right times and to send it down fighting, fully armed, equipped, provisioned and able to sustain itself until Dempsey does his job of overtaking it. Our passage overhead at the Escaut Canal will be the signal for Dempsey's Second British Army to shove off. It is like detaching and tossing ahead the flaming barb of a spear and then hurry the shaft along the ground to hook onto it again. Of course, the shaft must catch up before the flame dies out. That is the essence of airborne operation, at least in its present stage.



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. ARMY

Gen. L. H. Brereton, commander of the First Allied Airborne Army, beside a bomber, veteran of 100 missions. He was the man behind the joint campaign of Airborne Infantry and Ground Assault Forces

At an English airfield, towropes are stretched out, ready to be hooked to some of the hundreds of planes and gliders. The towropes are made of nylon, each one the equivalent of ten thousand pairs of stockings

BLACK STAR



It will be the first grand-scale test of co-ordination in a joint campaign of Airborne Infantry and Ground Assault Forces. There have been large airborne thrusts before—Rotterdam, Crete, Sicily, D-Day in Normandy. None in method or ambition was comparable to this hurdling—for the first time in history—of a major deadlocked battle front where positioned armies face one another below.

Even if only partially successful, it will challenge the entire appearance of the Westwall struggle. It will be obvious to Germany that she has no barriers, natural or made, that cannot be jumped—or as the militarists say, “vertically enveloped.” Even a layman can see that the *Festung Reich* can be sawtoothed into jagged chunks. An enduring lesson will be written on the fields of Holland to warn future warmongers and demagogues—which is the true mission of air-

power and the dream of its leading proponents like Brereton.

The general shows you a set of maps. One reveals how the “lift”—many fleets ascending and taking formation over many fields—will fly toward a central marshaling area, and there on a timetable of fractional minutes, blend into a single huge stream. Another has red circles in varying degrees to indicate the zones and intensities of flak we shall encounter. All the details cannot be told here of the weeks of preparation of Intelligence studies, of strategical maneuverings and plottings, of thousands of recon photos, of training and precaution measures to offset the enemy, that lie behind the clocklike smoothness you will observe.

Last night the R.A.F. pasted enemy airfields in the vicinity of our drop zones, from which fighter opposition might be expected. This morning the heavies of Jimmy

Doolittle's Eighth Air Force and the mediums of Sammy Anderson's Ninth Bomber Command are over there, churning the whole area. By that much, we are heralded. Our take-off point is a Yank station, but elsewhere British and Polish units of the First Allied Airborne Army will be emplaning, too, and there will be R.A.F. planes and gliders as well as American.

The drome, as we arrive, is smothered with airplanes of many sizes and types but chiefly with the high-shouldered Douglas C-47s, which are both paratroop and tow ships, and the beetlelike Waco gliders.

“More planes here,” says the general happily, “than we had in our whole combat air force in the last war.”

Already long files of the fighting sky-men are waddling in their grotesque clothes, and with packs and weapons of all sizes carried on their shoulders, out to the planes. You are not prepared for their happy-go-lucky mood at such a moment, so unlike the quiet grimness of land infantry. They shout and wisecrack and catcall. They see a handful of U.S. nurses trim in blue fatigue coveralls watching them from beside the control tower, and immediately there is an outburst of whistling all over the field.

The general orders his driver to put down the car top, then calls the nurses. “Get in and ride up and down those lines. Sassy the boys and let them sass you. It will do them good.” The whistling becomes monumental as the girls drive out.

We still have more than an hour before take-off, and the general decides to fly in a Cub to visit other airports. It's a side light on air war. He will be able to cover a hundred miles or more, drop in at half a dozen stations for last-minute instructions and Godspeeds, and still get back here for H-Hour.

Meanwhile, you walk out to the planes where the sky-men are dispersed. Each “stick”—that is, the number of paratroopers carried in one ship—loafs beside the plane in which it is to fly. The boys rib one another about the forthcoming operation with as much morbidity as you'd discuss a ball game. Paratroopers are volunteers. They have been trained to be tough. They consider themselves tough. They are tough.

Each man is a walking arsenal of the latest, deadliest and fastest automatic weapons and small arms. The pockets of his Martian trousers are stuffed with grenades. There is a fundamental list of arms he must carry. Beyond that he is free to indulge his individual lethal preferences—and does. One commando knife is basic, yet nearly every boy totes several. They have a proud taste for well-sharpened knives.

The cocky group with whom you sweat out take-off is, they inform you, “Sheridan's gang”—commanded by sturdy black-haired Lieutenant Sheridan of Winthrop, Massachusetts. They are riding herd on their smallest and most vivacious member, who, it seems, is engaged to be married to an English girl when he returns from this show. It is rough and cruel but the kid merely grins and tells you he has accumulated fifty pounds' worth of Scotch whisky for the occasion and invites you to (Continued on page 77)



Americans in the background look on as British airborne troops load a glider with a weapon trailer packed with guns and ammunition. The Germans were taken by surprise; aircraft and personnel losses were low

At the assembly area paratroopers draw special weapons—here, bayonet fighting knives honed to razor sharpness. When fully equipped, each boy was a walking arsenal of automatic weapons and small arms



The inside story: One paratrooper is in mid-air just after leaving door, as the next man rushes for opening



Enchanting THE WIDOW

BY ELIZABETH BORTON DE TREVINO

What would you do if a charming widow got her talons in your handsome father, if he wanted to paint her upside down and sink a harp in her swimming pool? Why, call for Mother, of course

IT ALL began when Father's telegram arrived at school, saying, "Flying toward you with every heartbeat. Toots." You can imagine how horrified I was at that. It took some tall explaining too. Miss Leadbetter, the head mistress, had me up on the carpet in her office, and finally she even phoned long distance to New York to talk to Mother, but Mother said yes, of course, it was all right. It was just my father coming to get me, because the next six months belonged to him. They're divorced, and I get divided between them.

I only hoped he wouldn't ride up through the grounds on a wild horse, dressed in full charro regalia, shooting into the air and giving charro yells. He did that once when I

was at another school, and it got me bounced out immediately.

Father, who is the famous José Sandoval, is taller and blonder than most people's idea of a Mexican. He has light green eyes, and honey-colored hair, and wonderful white teeth. He is really very handsome, I must admit, but he's got a quick temper, and he is the least conventional man in the world. People began to say he was crazy, and because that amused him, sometimes he would put on an act. But Father crazy? Like a fox.

His irregular behavior used to drive Mother wild, though. The mad Mexican yells, for instance, were one of the reasons she got the divorce. He used to come into the apartment sometimes, his painting smock all dirty, just at a time when Mother was pouring tea for some rich, overstuffed patron, hoping to sell a picture, and he'd start yelling to split your eardrums.

"I didn't want her to ignore me," he'd say when Mother would call him down afterward. "Besides, it was just the thing to do to take her silly mind off the teacake, and stir her up."

"But we lost the sale!" Mother would shriek.

"The hell with the sale, darling!" Father would answer, and then he'd pick her up and kiss her and swing her around like a doll.

Mother just couldn't understand him. They used to have a lot of scenes, and she would always cry. Each time this happened he'd slap his forehead and say, "I can't see why you are always angry with me. I adore you, and you know it. I paint like an angel, and you know it. I am hung in museums. We eat, we drink, we dance, we love. . . I don't understand you!"

And he would sit, looking bewildered and hurt, picking his teeth with a little silver toothpick that Mother hates.

Well, as I was saying, he came to the school, and because this time he had decided to be perfectly charming, he had Miss Leadbetter eating out of his hand and making noises like a baby bunny before we left.

"Where are we going, Father?" I asked as soon as we drove off the school grounds. I thought I might as well know the worst right away. We were in a taxi, I noticed, so I knew Father needed money. When he has just sold something he always has a roadster or at least a station wagon.

"We are going," he told me, "to enchant a widow."

Then he looked at me, his eyes bright, waiting for me to ask questions, but I always try to disappoint people when they want me to play up.

"Not your mother," he added.

"Mother's not a widow."

"Grass," he insisted, looking rather bitter; "though I suppose she'd rather be sod."

Father had never really accepted the divorce. He couldn't believe Mother would really go through with it and he insisted in thinking it was all a hideous joke until the last minute. I felt a little sorry to see him so sad now, and I supposed he was thinking of marrying again, so I asked him if he had that in mind.

"To the widow?" He looked at me thoughtfully. "Would you like that, Anita?"

"No."

I couldn't tell why, but I didn't like the idea of Father belonging to anyone. Not even to us. He ought to be unattached, like Garbo.

"Then I won't."

"Where is this widow?" I asked. "The one we are going to enchant?"

He grinned down at me, and said, "She has an estate in Massachusetts which I am about to redecorate."

"Father! Have you given up painting?"

"Of course not," he said firmly. "I shall do some wonderful paintings, after I enchant the estate." Then his voice lightened. "But let's not talk about that now. We're going up to Boston first to buy clothes and dance and carry on like mad."

HE HAD money for that, it seemed. He bought me about three hundred dollars' worth of gorgeous clothes, all leaf brown, and yellow and soft green. Then we went to a night club and he taught me the rumba, doing it a new way, very streamlined, with just a flicker of voltage here and there.

I caught the eye of a very neat boy, but of course Father noticed it and put on a scene. Not a heavy father scene, but a jealous beau scene, just for the heck of it. We left in a fine fog of drama and excitement with people craning their necks from every table, and even the orchestra stopping to listen to the Spanish pouring out of Father.

When we got away, I was really sore. "Father, do you have to make melodrama out of everything under the impression that it's funny?" I said crossly. "That's exactly what bored Mother to death."

"It didn't at first," he told me. "She used to love it. It gave unexpectedness, excitement, to everything. Knowing just what's going to happen every day makes up the worst of

(Continued on page 79)

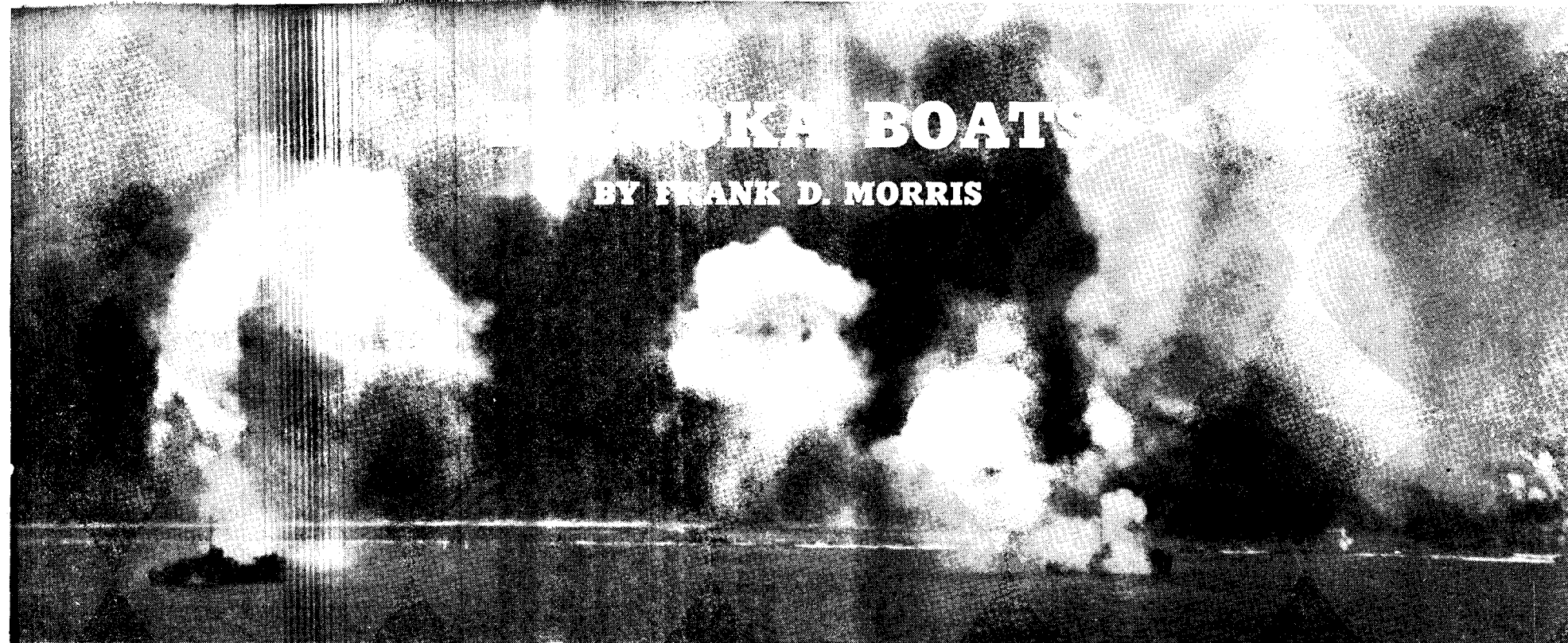


Father is really a wonderful painter, but he always has the weirdest ideas about subject matter. The critics call him a surrealist, but he isn't really. It's just his sense of humor

ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL OLIVER HURST

ELFIE BOATS

BY FRANK D. MORRIS



The Elsie's were weird and helpless-looking ships as they led our huge invasion squadron, but when the action started, they packed a punch that surprised everybody—particularly the Japanese

A BIG naval armada was tossing steel bouquets at the Japs on Guam that morning of D-Day. Mighty battleships flung dozens of salvos, light and heavy cruisers added to the din and destruction with their five-, six- and eight-inch guns. Landing craft loaded with Marines—Higgins boats, jeep lighters, amphibtrucks, alligators—were darting shoreward from transports, and a group of LSTs joined the parade. The white wakes of these myriad vessels of war resembled a mass of mighty water-borne arrows aimed at the island target.

But what were those weird craft right in the van of the whole invasion? From the bridge of our cruiser flagship, we watched them marching bravely, in company front, up to the Japs' front stoop. Except for the Stars and Stripes streaming from their masts, they might have been mistaken for sampans designed by a Japanese Salvadoré Dali. What on earth were those tubs doing in the most vulnerable and vital spot of the battle? We soon found out.

Just short of the foam-crested reef, these invasion leaders slowed their pace and finally stopped. Then, at exactly 8:21 o'clock, they touched off a spectacular fireworks display which, even in broad daylight, was a riot of brilliance. There was a rapid series of blinding flashes, each accompanied by a deep suction sound as of a giant cork being pulled from a fifty-gallon bottle. Hundreds of rockets, hissing like huge snakes, took off over the bows of the strange craft, angling high into the air to describe a graceful arc at the top of their flight.

Then they showered down—like the end of the world—upon the entire beachhead area where the first assault troops were to hit solid ground nine minutes later. Then came roar after roar as succeeding waves of these fire-borne arrows formed a roof of projectiles extending from ship to shore. Yes, we saw what those funny-looking craft were doing in the invasion armada. And so did the Japs.

Like its companion weapon, the bazooka, the rocket launched by these assault ships had a flareback as fiery as a sliver of Hades. The heat of this flash was so intense it licked the paint off steel decks and bulkheads, leaving hot, blackened scars. None of the crew dare stand in the rear of the rocket launchers in action. They don't care to be converted to Melba toast. Hot, acrid fumes swept over the decks as the rockets were spewed out into space, and clouds of heavy smoke shrouded ship and men.

Ashore the effect was devastating. Palm trees were shattered, underbrush disappeared in shreds, and the concussion of the rocket bombs as they hit their targets rocked the entire beach front. Slat-trench defense positions caught the full brunt of the blasts, and any Japs unlucky enough to be within range were instantly liquidated.

It was a quick, awesome show. Several thousand rockets were hurled in less than a minute.

Reversing course, the rocket ships then headed back toward the open sea and, on the way, opened up with their 20- and 40-millimeter guns at positions flanking the landing areas to counter any attempt at enfilading fire by Japs in hidden gun positions. Then, their guns quiet for the moment, the crew watched follow-up waves of landing craft pass them going ashore. Marines in these barges and ducks and amphibtrucks raised fingers in V-for-Victory salutes and clasped hands over their heads. It was their way of telling the sweating crews of the bazooka boats they had done a swell job.

Nothing Much to Look At

These makeshift gunboats—LCIs (Landing Craft Infantry) converted to rocket ships—are our smallest seagoing landing craft. They're 155 feet long, displace 300 tons, and in appearance are about as handsome as a garbage scow. Their twin screws turn up a top speed of twelve knots, which definitely takes them out of the greyhound class. The "Elsie" crews lovingly call their craft "the Floating Bedpan."

In construction, the rocket itself is just as elementary. The "motor" is a short length of threaded pipe filled with a chemical propellant charge. One end of the pipe screws into the body of the rocket, a bomb loaded with TNT. At the other end of the pipe, a circular band of sheet metal encloses fins to form the tail that keeps it on a steady course. The fuse, screwed into the nose of the bomb, has a propeller that starts to spin when the rocket is launched, and arms it when the missile is safely clear of the ship. On contacting the target, the whole business, including the motor, becomes shrapnel.

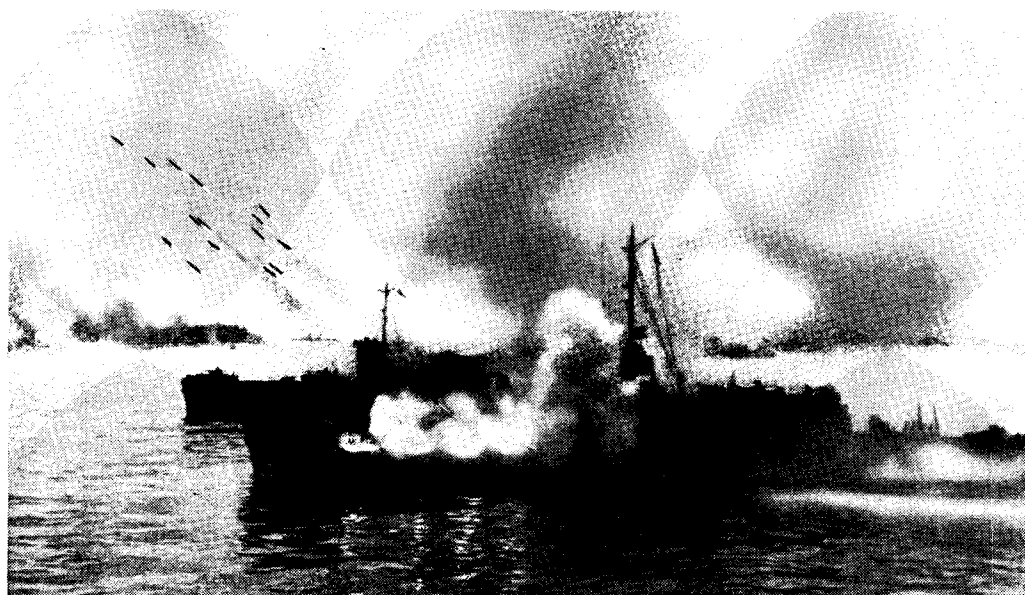
The versatile Elsie's are going to be a big factor from now on in the Pacific war. They had several other front-line jobs to handle before and during the invasion of Guam and they polished off each just as smoothly as they had covered the troop landings. For several days before W-Day, they ferreted out and destroyed enemy gun emplacements on the coast and they went in where destroyers

(Continued on page 83)

Lt. (jg) James J. Horovitz, skipper of LCI 466, scans the coast line of Guam before his ship closes in for a rocket attack. Standing on the bridge rail is Signalman W. G. Bell

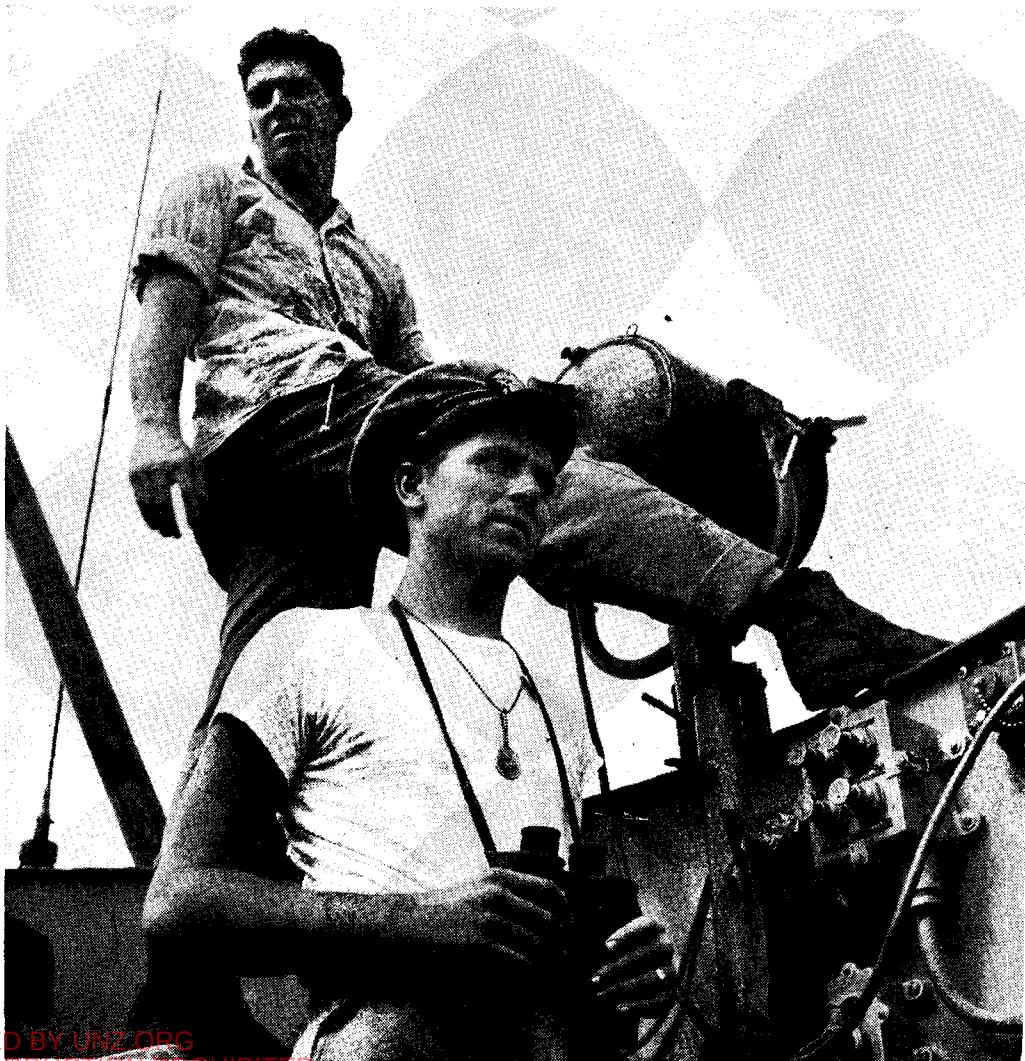
Converted LCIs leading the first wave of Marines onto the beach at Peleliu, covering the landings with a spectacular and deadly barrage of rockets

OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH FROM INTERNATIONAL



Fiery arrows of destruction rise gracefully over the bows of the LCIs to soften up Jap defenses before the first Marine splashes ashore at Peleliu

OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH





Back home in the Smoky Mountain foothills after 25 months overseas with the hard-fighting Rangers, S/Sgt. Clifford Hambrick, veteran of three invasions, met smiling Rosalee Ford and married her. Though she came from Chattanooga and has spent most of her life in Georgia, Sgt. Hambrick lovingly describes her as "A li'l ole hillbilly girl." He is now teaching her what he learned outside the Smokies: to jitterbug

John Kelch, 74, and Will Lenker, 80, tell Sgt. Hambrick about fighting in the old days with muzzle-loaders. Kelch holds a 100-year-old "hawg" rifle while Lenker sights his uncle's Civil War musket. Said Lenker, "Now when my uncle got mortally wounded down Chattanooga way, why, he jest got his back up against a tree, a-sittin' like, and he kept shootin' this gun till he dropped dead and they found him there"



Smoky Mountain Boy

**BY HARRY HENDERSON
AND SAM SHAW**

In all of America's wars, some of her finest soldiers have come from the hill country of Tennessee and North Carolina. Meet one of these fighters home on a furlough

THE boys of the Great Smoky Mountains are in this war to a finish. Or maybe we should say they're trying to finish the last war. For there may be a good deal of truth in the comment of a Tennessee hillbilly who pointed farther up the mountain and said, "Why, man, up there in them hills, the folks doan' even know the first World War has ended!" But whatever war they're fighting, they're doing a bang-up job.

What started all this was the slight case of Corporal Paul B. Huff, parachute infantryman from Cleveland, Tennessee, who, not long ago, won the Congressional Medal of Honor. We say "slight" only in deference to another Medal of Honor winner from the Great Smokies, Sergeant Alvin York, who, in the first World War, killed twenty Germans and captured 132. Corporal Huff, on the other hand, got his decoration for wiping out the crew of a Nazi machine gun and gathering information which resulted in the killing of 27 Germans, the capture of 21 others and the routing of a German company of 125.

Sergeant York and Corporal Huff are spectacular examples of the type of soldier who comes from the Tennessee hill country. But thousands of others, perhaps not so conspicuously daring, have won for the Great Smoky Mountain region the reputation of being the home of America's hardest-fighting infantrymen. To find out what made these mountain boys the expert and heroic soldiers they have been in two wars, we tried to pick out a typical Tennessee infantryman from a list submitted by Captain James Lavin of the battle-hardened 4th Ranger Battalion.

We finally decided on Staff Sergeant Clifford Hambrick, veteran of three invasions and twenty-five months overseas. We set out to visit him and a few days later got off the train at Graysville (population 800), a quiet village with eight churches, nestled close to Walnut Ridge a few miles south of Dayton, Tennessee, scene of the Scopes "Monkey" trial in 1925.

The stationmaster, a young girl, took us up the road to the village.

"I shouldn't walk with you fellows," she laughed. "Everyone will think we have company."

She pointed out where the Hambricks lived, and we went over to a weather-beaten, L-shaped house set back from the road and swarming with kids. As we turned up the lane, the kids stopped, heads popped out of windows, a man stopped chopping wood, and a lanky G.I.-clad figure stepped out of a doorway, then waited for us in the hard, mud-baked yard formed by the L. He was Staff Sergeant Hambrick, six-foot-three and as broad-framed as a hay wagon, a blond giant with a wide smile, veteran of the African, Sicilian, Italian invasions—a slew of major battles. He's been decorated with the Purple Heart, Presidential Citation, Expert Combat Infantry badge, and is the personal hero of every kid in town.

We met the rest of the Hambricks, too—the sergeant's father, a lean, quiet man, shirtless in faded-blue overalls, who came over from his woodpile; his mother, a dark-skinned, dark-eyed little woman who smiled and nodded while her hands soothed the curly head of her youngest child, a toddler named Marvin. There were also the sergeant's three sisters: Geneva who is twenty-one and works in a Chattanooga hosiery mill; Earline who is fifteen; and Wilma Jean who is pretty and shy. And then his two other brothers: Earl who has the grown-up boldness of fifteen, and barefooted Karl who, at seven, is more like a laughing tumbleweed than anything else.

Lastly, we met the sergeant's bride, a blond, wide-eyed girl named Rosalee who came to the door with her hair in curlers and then ran giggling to comb it out. She was a surprise to us. We had not counted on it. Somehow the thought that Sergeant Hambrick could be married had never occurred to us. But we soon got used to the idea, for Rosalee was as gay and easygoing as a soft drink. "A li'l ole hillbilly girl," said the sergeant fondly. They had been married after a brief courtship the month before. (Continued on page 51)



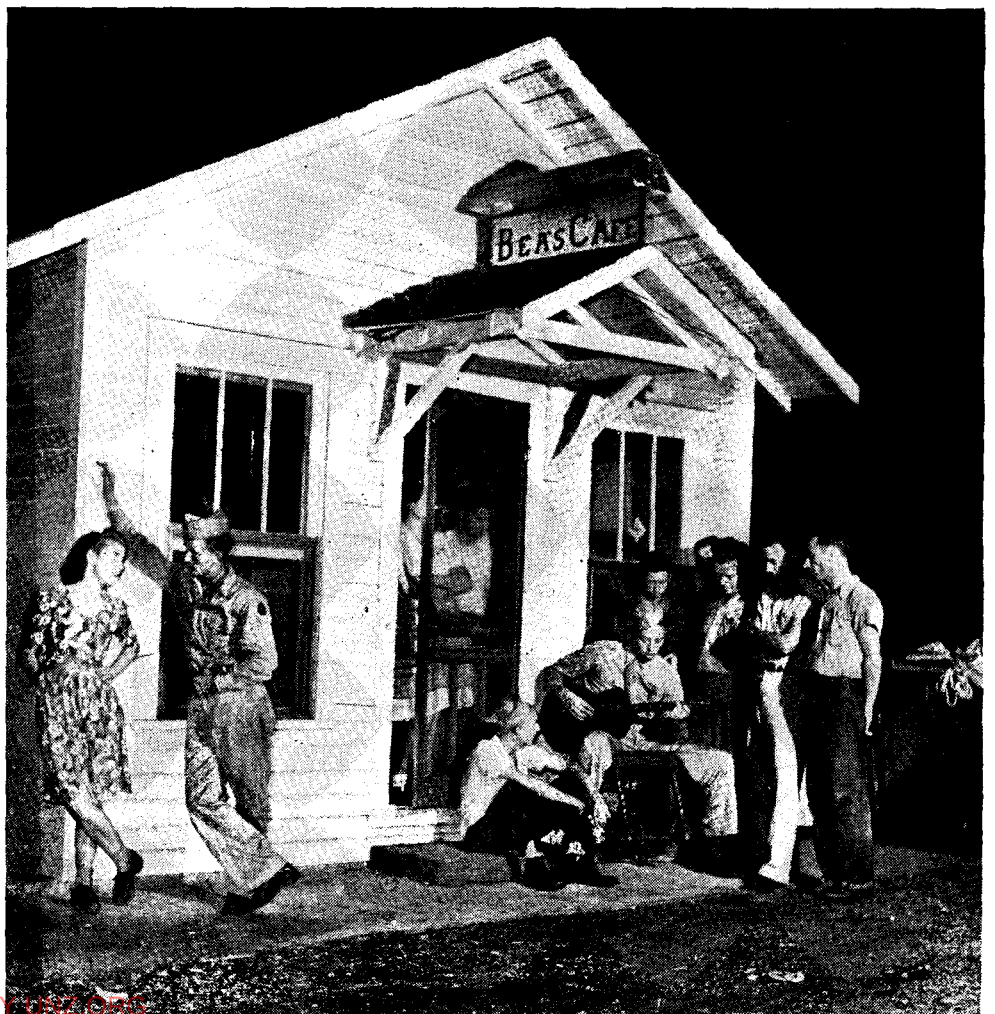
Taking his bride to visit "Auntie Eva" and her husband, Cas Goins in near-by Montague was important to Sgt. Hambrick because "Auntie Eva, well, she jest about raised me." Her son, Harry, was Clifford's closest friend. When they weren't hunting, they were playing Clifford's guitar and Harry's five-string banjo. Harry is now in New Guinea "fightin' them ole Japs," something Clifford wants to do before getting out of the Army. However, he may be discharged because of his wounds

Seven-year-old Carl and three-year-old Marvin play while Rosalee ties Clifford's tie preparatory to going to church for revival services. Wilma Jean and Earline, who is keeping an eye on the children, sit on one of the family's three beds. The arrival of Clifford and Rosalee caused some overcrowding, making a total of nine people, but no one minded because they were so glad to have Clifford home. Of the village of Graysville, Clifford says, "It's jest one big family"



The Hambricks sit down to a supper of fried string beans, mashed potatoes, coleslaw and homemade biscuit. Though Clifford is fond of his mother's cooking, especially chicken, he thinks the Army food and pay excellent and hopes to remain in the Army after the war. With Clifford and his wife home, there were not enough plates to go around so the children took turns at meals. The Hambricks have had tough sledding ever since Mr. Hambrick had to quit mining—a victim of silicosis

Night life in movieless Graysville begins and ends at Bea's Café which is just down the lane from Hambrick's. One night someone showed up there with a guitar which Clifford once owned. He bought it secondhand for \$3, later traded it for a bike—which should give you some idea of how guitars are handed on through the years. Clifford, who had heard only hillbilly music until he went into the Army, now prefers jive tunes, although he hopes to own a steel guitar some day





Cinderella was strictly a tomato from the Bronx. If you don't believe it, look at June

THERE are two clichés in Hollywood that are always good for stories. One is the Rags-to-Riches fable and the other is Overcoming Fate. If the lady has come out of the slums and is now a star, that's fine stuff. If she was born with one leg and ended by being the greatest ballet dancer in screen history, that's even better. This Allyson girl now being considered is a sort of bargain-basement version of both.

When you're poor in New York, you can be very poor indeed, and Allyson was right on the line of destitution. For years the Peters family (her real name) lived in the Bronx in a cold-water flat. That means no furnace, no central heating, no hot water. The flat was heated by stoves, and the kids

got dumped in a tub in the kitchen on Saturday night—provided, of course, they had coal, which they almost never had.

"Me," says June, "I get up at six, go down to the grocery store and hang around till they give me an empty crate. Then I come back and start the fire. We don't get the crate, we sit around in our overcoats."

As if this weren't enough, June was a cripple for years. It happened when she was eight years old and living up near Rye, N. Y., where she was born.

"Mom," says I, "can I ride my tricycle and Mom says no, so I ride. There's a big tree in the front yard and it's been wanting to fall down for years, so it falls down now, on me. I get smashed up all over. My chassis is twisted, I get a fractured skull. My face is pretty near torn off. For five years I have a brace on my back. They fix up my face with plastic surgery. I get four blood transfusions, and for almost that whole time I don't have a hair on my head. I am a mess."

This makes it hard on June when they live in the Bronx and she starts going to Theodore Roosevelt High School. It means she has no dates with the boys, and no girl friends. In the winter mornings when she goes out for the wood the cold brings out blue marks on her face, and she looks like a native of Saipan. It was her older brother (now 28 and in the Navy) who urged her to take up swimming, he having got the idea from reading about President Roosevelt.

It ended with her being free-style swimming champion of school, and eventually fixed up everything but the marks on her face and the bumps on her head.

The bumps come out brightly in cold weather, and that's why she thinks California has the greatest little climate heaven ever invented.

Miss Allyson is now regarded as one of the best prospects on the M-G-M lot in Hollywood. Brought out from New York after her success in Best Foot Forward, she won a

great name for herself in Two Girls and a Sailor. Now she is to have the lead in Brighton Beach and can perhaps look forward to stardom within a year or two. From being a singer and dancer, she is now an actress, and this pleases her fine, because she has always had a low opinion of those aforementioned talents.

When she went to try out for Best Foot Forward on Broadway, she sang a few notes and they said, "Come back later when you haven't got that cold."

"That ain't no cold," she cried indignantly. "That's my voice."

She got started on the stage for the very simple reason that she couldn't get started anywhere else. She tried the five-and-ten stores, and they looked at her in astonishment.

"Let's face it, kid," they said to her. "You're a squirt. Why don't you go on home?"

When even fixing up with fake eyebrows and big hats did nothing but make personnel managers hilarious, she decided to try the stage. She went down to make a bid for the chorus line in Max Gordon's Very Warm for May.

Making Good on a Bluff

"I was bragging around school about being a dancer, and the kids said, 'Yah, you're a dancer!' So I go down to prove I am, and I can't dance a lick. But I had gone eighteen times to see Fred Astaire in Gay Divorcee and I make a bluff at it and I get a job. What did I do when the show had matinees and I didn't get to school? I didn't get to school. I was a bad girl."

After that, she caught on with Panama Hattie, also in the chorus and as understudy for Betty Hutton. Also she got a movie offer at that time but turned it down on the advice of one Buddy De Sylva, producer of the show and later to become grand mogul at Paramount Pictures.

"He says, 'Don't be a nut, taking one of those stock contracts. Where'd it get you?' I don't know what he'd say now."

The Best Foot Forward thing really set her pretty for pictures. The critics said the members of the cast were a very talented group of young people, and Hollywood was taken in by that.

What she found on reaching Hollywood was the usual experience at the maelstrom known as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. There seemed to be hundreds of young women of her age under contract, many of them much better known than herself. She made tests, took acting lessons with Lillian Burns and kept hoping that something would happen. Her phone never rang once during the year, and if it hadn't been for her friend J. Hyatt Downing, the novelist, and his wife, who lived in the same apartment and looked after her like Dutch relatives, she would have gone mad. She finally told L. B. Mayer, head of the studio, either to give her something to do or tear up her contract and let her go back home.

M-G-M started putting her in spots after that. When Two Girls and a Sailor came along, she laid out her campaign. She found that her agent couldn't help her, and nobody else paid much attention. By persistence she finally got the field narrowed down to where it was a battle between Gloria De Haven and herself for the fatter role in the picture. June won that by her test, and there are hints that the young ladies waste no love on each other.

Anyway, she seems set now and is basking a bit in what is known as fame. The critics of Two Girls said she was a cute trick and might go far; the audiences started to write in with admiration.

She is now a blonde but she loves dark hair and has been pestering everybody at M-G-M to let her change to chestnut brown at least. Nothing doing.

She has lately finished Music for Millions and is looking forward to Brighton Beach, in which she is going to be real big.

"I want them to let me do a drunk scene . . . You know, just a little bit drunk like a lady. Nah, I don't drink myself but I want to do that scene just to show 'em. Corny, huh?" ★★★



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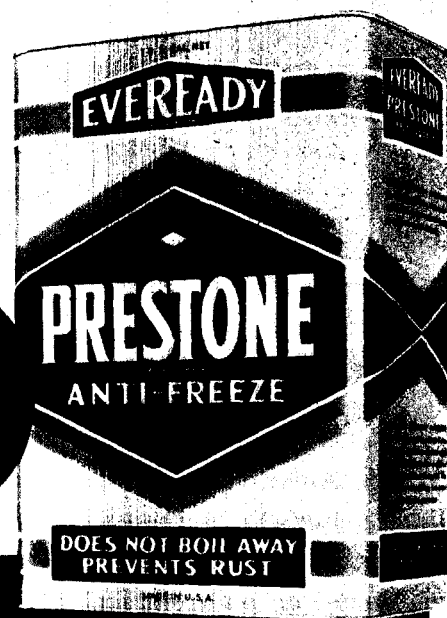
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In his mind's eye Terbanka saw Marysia as she probably was, lush and well-combed, possibly in a violet robe of some sort, surrounded by morning papers

BY GRACE AMUNDSON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Bron Terbanka claimed he had never known a woman greater than the issues of state. Then Marysia appeared, and he began to wonder

OUT of the weary depths of his amber-flecked eyes, Bron Terbanka reflected on the canny columnist sitting opposite him. Finally he laid both hands flat on the desk and bent forward. "You do indeed have a perfect right to know more," he said. "But what more can I tell you? I have come to Salt Springs as part of an international rehabilitation delegation. This afternoon we meet for the final time."

The columnist leaned back with the persistent patience of a kindergarten superintendent. "The American people want a more intimate picture of you, Mr. Terbanka," he said. "As a diplomat you struck a response the first visit you made. What I'm really getting at is the American appetite for something a little—well, a little more personal. Say, for instance, how matters stand at the moment between yourself and Marysia Gayshdor."

Terbanka winced in a slight movement which seemed to plug his neck more firmly into his great shoulders. He stamped the

signet end of a letter opener on the back of his hand and watched the blood rush back into the impression. "How would your readers prefer matters to stand, Mr. Salter?" he asked.

Salter laid a foot over his knee and drummed a tattoo on his heel; if there was anything he hated worse than double-talk, it was coyness. "Marysia Gayshdor was the wife of the wealthiest industrialist in your country, I believe. That is, she was until she wore her husband out. She is recognized in America for what she is, I suppose—an ambitiously beautiful woman. For a while, it looked as if she might enter the diplomatic field and become Mrs. Bron Terbanka. Americans hate to see a good guy get a bad break, Terbanka. They suffered for you."

"How good of them!" murmured Terbanka.

"Then your reasons for being seen with Marysia Gayshdor were strategic rather than personal, shall we say?"

Bron Terbanka stood up and smiled down on the columnist, his square face a generous shield for the things only Bron Terbanka knew. "My dear fellow," he managed, "what possible difference could it make now?"

Salter stared at him out of eyes jaundiced from hearing the same story too many times. "That's precisely what my readers will want to know eventually. They've grown to rely on your judgment, especially about the future of Europe. And now suddenly, on a day

which should be an omen of things to come, Marysia Gayshdor turns up here."

Terbanka's only evidence of surprise was the flinching of his left fist behind his back. "Really?" he said, with grave courtesy.

"Then, from your standpoint, it's pure coincidence?"

Terbanka sat on the edge of the desk and folded his hands comfortably about a knee. "How long did it take you to become a political columnist, Mr. Salter?"

Salter smiled sourly. "Twelve years before I trained down to the mob, I should say. Before that, I wasted a lot of time pretending to think."

"It took me approximately twice that time before I dared attach any significance to my own outgoing diplomatic pouch. In that time I was acquiring what is regarded as elementary wisdom. In the diplomatic service, it is the most elementary wisdom that you trust no woman, not even a wife."

THERE was a touch of humor in Terbanka's rich voice. He turned and looked out of the window of his conference room toward the mossy foothills of Salt Springs, where the shimmering heat beat up a blue steam. Off to the left, the town hugged the plain, and the three assorted tents of a circus sagged with the intense sun. Below him, the well-kept hotel lawn stretched in smooth tribute to the many women dyed the proper shade of summer bronze and dressed in white or lime or coral, with the proper square neck.

The place was a hive of rumors; men of state moved about, followed by queues of clerical lackeys and poised women. And into the midst of it—on this of all days—Marysia, the most poised and rumored-about of all!

Against his own hard will, Terbanka could feel the livened pulse, the swallowed breath, the mad expectancy of sight and voice. Good Lord, was a man never free of that physical serfdom?

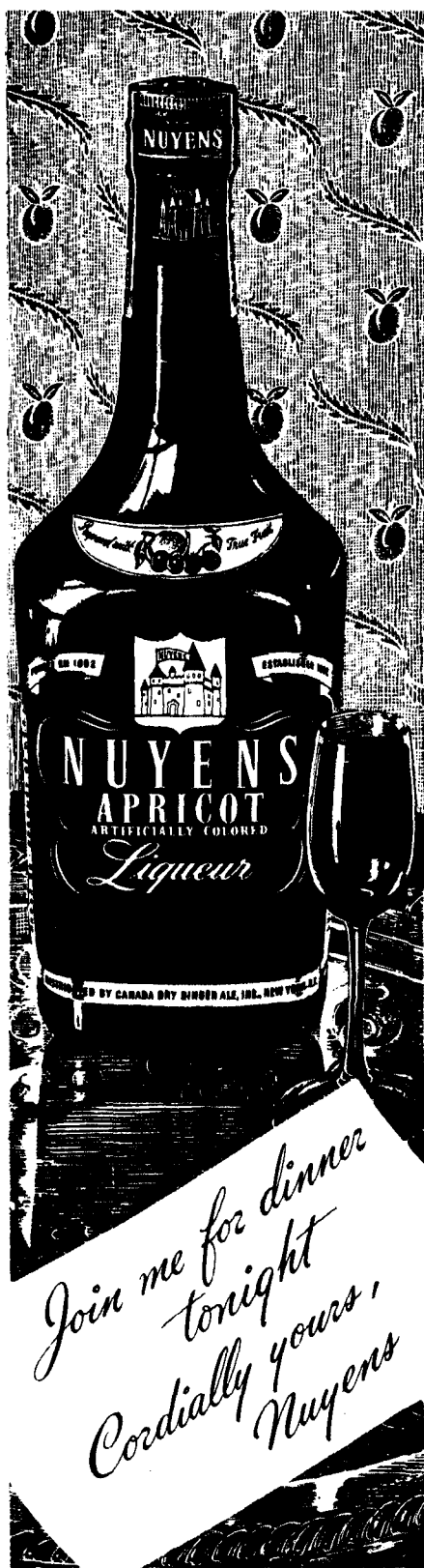
"Then one can safely report there has never been any woman greater than the issues of state?" Salter said jokingly.

"One, perhaps," said Terbanka, looking over the luncheon terrace thoughtfully. "I was in Paris that year and worked too hard. They sent me to a small family sanitarium back in my own country. One of those places in the mountains, you know, where they take all sorts of people. I think what endeared her to me most was her tight-lipped devotion to me. She was younger than I, though we both liked the same things: walking, talking, country bazaars and the circus. As I remember, she pledged herself to me, but of course I could do nothing about it in my circumstance."

"What happened to her?" asked Salter curiously.

"Well, you see, I never knew exactly. It's rather exhausting keeping up with the career of a nine-year-old, and even her name is gone from me now."

Salter got up to leave and paused at the door on his way out; he was laughing. "I admire you, Terbanka, even if you won't give me what I want. Maybe one of these days, though, something will happen which the public will want to know about and which you can't explain. It does happen, Terbanka. You can live like a monk, and then suddenly—wham, you're in a spot. If it likes you, the press can be mighty helpful; and, if it doesn't, it can abandon you to the mercies of the great American public. You can hand me



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riddles instead of sentiment now, Terbanka, but I leave it to you: Is what you regard as your dignity worth it?"

Bron Terbanka faced the columnist. "I shall have to take that chance, Mr. Salter," he said simply. "I have so little else."

Salter gave him an airy salute. Terbanka watched him leave and turned back to the window. He heard his secretary come in and begin to straighten up his desk.

"Mr. Salter was the last appointment this morning, if you wish to go to lunch now," she said.

"I am lunching alone, Miss Janisch," said Terbanka. It struck him suddenly as he stood there that it had been comforting this last week to have Miss Janisch about with her tomboyish naturalness and that husky whimsy with which she disposed of pompous dispatches and the priggish people who usually accompanied them. "It was good of you to be so willing to come to the conference, Miss Janisch," he said. "It's much work and red tape, as these Americans say. Especially for a young woman who should have more exciting things to do."

"Excitement is for those people who are still hunting for what they want," she said, and yet Terbanka thought he detected a wisp of sigh.

He swung round and surveyed her. She was attractive; slim and gray-eyed, with a pointed chin and shining brown curls. "How long have you been with me, Miss Janisch?"

She straightened the lapel of her tweed suit self-consciously. "Two months."

"And you are how old, Janina Janisch?"

"Twenty-four."

"Incredible."

"You think I am older?"

"I think you are a young fool, Janina Janisch," Terbanka took two grim steps toward her, his hands in his coat pockets. "Take your youth and get out of this before life forgets about you. Spend every year of it. Spend it even unwisely, but spend it!" Terbanka flung up an eloquent hand. "Otherwise you will rot in this thing you call a career. Without a husband, without love, without life. It will crucify you. Believe me, I know!"

JANINA picked her way carefully through the afternoon's schedule. "This afternoon, the last conference," she itemized. "And dinner alone, Mr. Terbanka?"

"Dinner alone," he mumbled, turning away.

"It is neither necessary nor diplomatic for you to have dinner alone, Mr. Terbanka. You are the most important man here."

"That is why I have dinner alone," he said. "If you are important, you cannot afford to indulge in dinner companions."

"Is it wise to be so much alone?"

Terbanka picked up his Panama and cane. He stared at her strangely, perhaps because he was thinking that if he had known such an honest girl as Janina Janisch twenty years before, he would not be so alone at forty-two. "My dear child," he said softly. "Do not speak to me of wisdom—you who insist on your career. Ten years from now when they make you a consul in some third-class city, you will know the meaning of loneliness. Take the afternoon off, Miss Janisch. Ride into the hills. Meet some people. Have cocktails with a strange man! This is a month and an afternoon for recklessness."

Janina examined a sheaf of papers with protracted care. "This morning I met Madame Gayshdor checking into the hotel," she said casually.

Bron Terbanka did not answer. He hitched his cane impeccably over his wrist, and it would have been difficult to determine whether or not he had an opinion on the arrival of Madame Gayshdor. . . .

He was walking rapidly across the plaza on his way to the luncheon terrace when he heard a voice unmistakably Marysia's: "Bron—do wait! You can't possibly be in such a hurry."

Terbanka brought his huge, gentle body to a dead stop, and for a moment before he turned, he hated himself. This was the old enchantment, another beginning to which there was no recognizable future. For the sake of his work, he should keep going; or he might say, "Marysia, I have loved you

enough for the lifetime of a normal woman. Be satisfied with what we had, Marysia. Let me forget we do not believe the same things." Instead he said, "With you in pursuit, Marysia, one must hurry or be caught."

She pouted, her violet eyes half hidden in the shadow of her heavy lids. "Bron—Bron," she reproved. "Are you repudiating me? I have not heard from you in a month, since the afternoon you refused to escort me to the Czernys' reception."

"Marysia, I've told you before—we don't belong together at such affairs."

Her strong jaw tightened, and the pulse at the edge of her smooth dark hair brought a delicate purple vein into relief. "Is it too much to ask if we belong together at all?"

"No, Marysia. We don't. There are millions of inconsequential people between us."

"I suppose you're trying to tell me I'm too international," she flared.

"Oh Marysia, now!" Terbanka shook his head sadly. "It is not just one thing. You are too much of too many things. You are a little too sleek for virtue, too beautiful for security, too wealthy for stability. I must fight not only you but your excesses. It was not simple, Marysia, to let you go."

"Aha!" she breathed softly. "You see, you have admitted it."

He looked vaguely past her in the direction of the town where the faint echo of the circus band wafted through the afternoon haze settling over the valley. "One can admit the

Terbanka came into his conference suite.

"But go ahead, Miss Janisch," said Terbanka, nodding toward the papers. "Read them! All of Salt Springs is doing so."

"It is terrible," said Janina morosely.

"I hardly think so, Miss Janisch," said Terbanka. "Everyone deserves some life to himself."

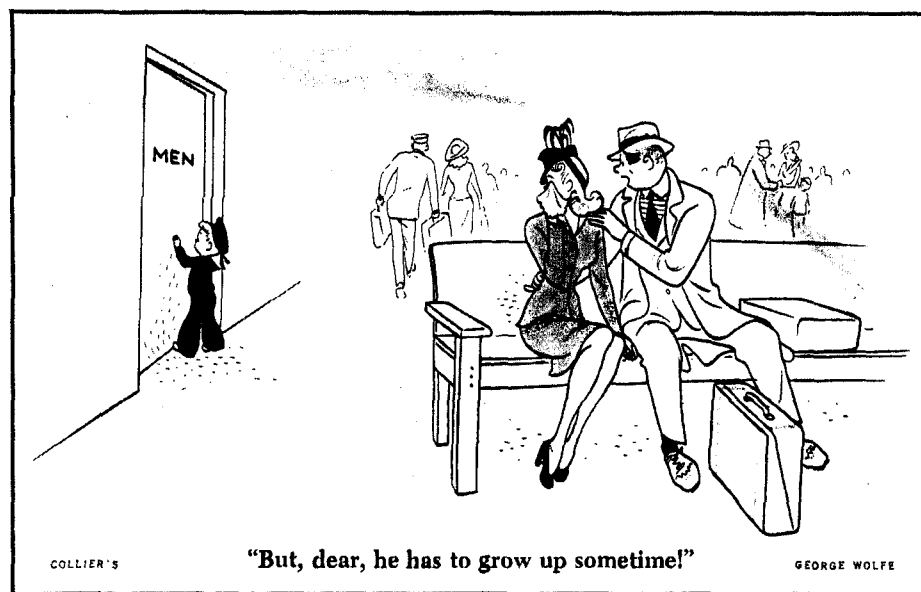
"But to disappear on the afternoon of the final conference," she moaned. "Tomorrow morning when we return to Washington there will be the embassy to whom we must give an explanation, to say nothing of the press."

"Miss Janisch," said Terbanka sternly. "I had a most excellent time yesterday. I have no regrets. Let the press think what it may."

"But it is not what the press thinks. It is what the press supposes."

TERBANKA settled back in his chair. "What does Mr. Salter have to say in his column, since he is usually an indication of the worst?"

Janina picked up the paper slowly, hunted for Salter's column and read in her fastidious English: "The Salt Springs Rehabilitation Conference on Europe held its final session yesterday in a cloud of possible scandal. At the moment when the resolutions of Bron Terbanka, leading delegate and popular figure in diplomatic circles, might have keynoted the entire proceedings, Mr. Terbanka chose to be absent. Instead his resolutions



ache and still suffer from it, is it not so?"

Marysia took a step nearer him, and her special perfume with its slight tang of cedar closed in about him coolly. "The world will be getting back to normal soon, Bron. We could do great things together. You have everything except atmosphere and I could give you that. There's no mystery about you, for one thing. You're always so correct. Bron—look at me. We belong together—now, this very afternoon."

"There's the final conference after lunch."

"To the devil with the conference!" Her eyes flashed dark with quick Continental indignation. "Let the attaché present your resolutions. He's useless enough anyway. Besides, you're tired—so tired one could jump poodles through the hoops about your eyes."

"I am, rather," he admitted weakly.

MARYSIA took a deep breath of triumph and regarded him with sultry eyes. "Tomorrow it will be on the tongue of everyone. Where was Bron Terbanka during the last conference? And behold, you have mystery—you have atmosphere! It is as simple as that."

"Just so," said Terbanka, and there was a mellowness about his mouth as he stared into space.

"Bron!" Marysia shook his arm tempestuously. "Listen to me. There are not so many summers like this for people like us. One needs only the courage to take it!"

He patted her hand fondly. "Thank you, my sweet—for courage."

The next day, Janina Janisch stood examining the morning papers, her fine brow ruffled. She put them down quickly when Bron

were read by an uninspired military attaché of his embassy, and, as might be expected, their effect was completely lost on a session which spent most of its time speculating as to why Terbanka, usually the most reliable of emissaries, should have found it necessary to fade out at that moment when his presence would have done the most good. Needless to say, there were many interpretations as to why Mr. Terbanka was not available for the conference, chief among them being the fact that at noon, shortly before the conference convened, he was seen talking with Madame Marysia Gayshdor on the plaza of the Salt Springs Hotel. Madame Gayshdor is a woman of the most persuasive charms. . . .

"Go on," said Terbanka firmly, shielding his eyes with his hand.

The paper crashed beneath Janina's hands as she leaned across the desk. "Mr. Terbanka, this thing cannot be permitted to grow! Careers have been ruined by less than this. You must issue a statement now—this morning before we leave for Washington!"

"If I told them where I was yesterday, Janina Janisch, it would go worse than if I kept quiet. This will die down if we ignore it."

"Then Madame Gayshdor must deny it!" She placed the phone before him.

Terbanka shrugged, picked up the receiver and inquired for Madame Gayshdor. Janina left the room.

"So good morning to you also, Bron," Marysia said cheerfully.

Terbanka hesitated a moment. "Have you seen the morning papers, Marysia?"

"I am just now going through them. I think it is delightful."

Terbanka coughed. "Suppose, Marysia, I

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YOU FEEL LIKE NEW! Good thing you had Sal Hepatica handy! Taken first thing in the morning, Sal Hepatica usually acts *within* an hour... brings speedy, yet gentle relief. Another thing—Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess

gastric acidity, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors, interviewed in a survey, recommend this well-known saline laxative. Next time you need a laxative, try Sal Hepatica!

**Whenever you need a laxative
—take gentle, *speedy*
SAL HEPATICA**

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica from your druggist today, remembering this. Caution: use only as directed. Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Ask your doctor about the efficacy of this prescription. Sal Hepatica is a product of Bristol-Myers.

TUNE IN { "EDDIE CANTOR"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:00 P. M., EWT
"THE ALAN YOUNG SHOW"—Tuesdays, Blue Network, 8:30 P. M., EWT

were to decide that simplicity becomes me more than mystery. Would you then consider making a denial to the press?"

"But why, Bron?"

"I don't know why, except that if it has to be made, you are the one who should do it."

Marysia's silence was humid as the moment before an August storm. "I have my price, Bron."

Terbanka said nothing. In his mind he could see Marysia as she probably was at this moment, lush and well-combed, possibly in a violet robe of some sort, surrounded by the morning papers and her boundless social correspondence, and glancing suspiciously over the size of her breakfast. The ceaseless planning, the wheedling suggestion, the smile that faded too quickly with the kill, the little finger if not the whole hand in the pie... Marysia married to her ambition, legalized in her petty plunder over the years... the thorny hop in bitter bloom; that was her price. And then through Terbanka's head flashed the joy of being yet a free agent.

"Goodby, Marysia," he said. "You have never known how to bargain. It was only a suggestion anyway."

"One thing yet," she insisted. "Tell me: Was yesterday worth it?"

"Very much so," said Terbanka. He pushed the phone away and sat there exhausted.

Janina Janisch slipped back into the room. "Was it luck?" she asked.

Terbanka began sifting material into his dispatch case. "We shall have to accept matters as they stand," he announced.

"Then I shall handle the press myself," said Janina competently.

Terbanka made a flying gesture of agreement. "Good—good!" he said busily. And then, because it had just occurred to him, he gave her a grateful glance. "You are an exceptional girl, Miss Janisch," he added.

TERBANKA got off the train in Washington and sent Janina Janisch ahead to the embassy with the files and dispatch cases. He was about to flag down the next taxi when he heard Salter's voice at his elbow. "Do you mind if I share your cab? I haven't far to go."

"I should be most happy."

The usual comments on Washington weather and the current difficulties of transportation were exchanged. Then Salter settled back, pushed his hat off his perspiring forehead and bit off the end of a cigar. "I looked for you in the club car last night."

"I was very tired," said Terbanka.

"I don't wonder," said Salter.

Terbanka looked at him to affirm the disbelieving smile, but it wasn't there.

"What I actually wanted to say," continued Salter, "is that I'm damned sorry about yesterday's piece. The fact is, I get so accustomed to frauds in this business that sometimes the real thing gets tossed in with the rest. You're a real statesman, Terbanka, and you've a perfect right to take me out and kick me around a vacant lot. I knew that even before your secretary called us in yesterday— This is my stop, cabbie—here at the corner."

He jumped out and, turning back suddenly, tossed a paper from his pocket on to Terbanka's knee before he slammed the door. "Maybe I fixed it up a little in this morning's column, old man. I hope so."

Terbanka blinked and smiled and was driven away in a swirl of traffic. Slowly he unfolded the paper on his jogging knee...

THE embassy was cool and muffled in the kind of silence which holds a constant finger to the lips of time. Terbanka went immediately to his office. There were flowers already on his desk, and the window on the garden side was raised.

He laid the paper on the desk and rang for Janina Janisch. When she came in, he was still regarding it.

"Miss Janisch, yesterday you read me Mr. Salter's political column," he said. "Today let me return the favor. Mr. Salter is miraculously of a brighter disposition. Witness: Today, before the departure of the Salt Springs delegations, the press was called to the suite of Bron Terbanka by Terbanka's secretary. Mr. Terbanka, reported his secretary, had been working on a new rehabilita-

tion report to his government the previous day. He had considered his work on the resolutions finished, and it had not occurred to him that his personality was of more importance to the conferences than the resolutions themselves. Mr. Terbanka does not have that sort of vanity, his secretary added. Moreover, and we report this charming and choice bit to clear the records of all harsh assumptions, Madame Marysia Gayshdor—that Récamier of diplomatic salons—was that same afternoon undergoing the ministrations of a masseuse in the Salt Springs Hotel. So the appointment book of that establishment confirms, and none has yet come forth to deny it. Nor would Madame Gayshdor's little difficulty with embonpoint give it the lie...

Janina Janisch did not seem ashamed. She looked straight at Bron Terbanka, and for a moment he could have drowned in the miserable depths of her gray eyes.



"Get Out and Vote!"

"Janina Janisch," he began slowly. "One of the first elements of human behavior is that if you do not know the truth, you keep quiet."

"I know the truth," she insisted.

Terbanka sighed and began again: "How could you possibly have known about Madame Gayshdor?"

"You have only to look at such a woman and know she has a great struggle with appetite. Such women spend days under camphor and massage. I merely affirmed it."

Terbanka flushed. "I have tried to understand you, Miss Janisch."

"It is not I who need to be understood."

"You are yet so young. That is why you do foolhardy things."

Janina's pointed chin trembled with anger. "You are stupid," she said. "You do not know what you want. I have known what I wanted since I was nine years old. It is you, Bron Terbanka, and no one has ever talked me out of it. I love you and will always love you. Why else would I put up with such a ridiculous job? You need someone to love you. You need someone you can trust. You need it because—because you are so stupid!"

TERBANKA stood up as if he had been shot through the heart with a bolt of lightning and did not mind at all. He came slowly around the desk and put his hands on Janina's shoulders. "Janina—little Janina of the sanitarium at Tocca! I knew that name should mean something to me. Why did you not tell me before?"

Her eyes filled with unwilling tears, and Terbanka had her in his arms. "It is enough to pursue a man, without having to tell him why," she sobbed.

Terbanka was puzzled for only a moment. Then he kissed her. He had never known such a kiss before. It was rich and warm and real. And because he was no longer alone and he wanted that kiss for the rest of his life, he cupped her small chin in his hand and said, "You lied for me, little Janina."

"I lied," she admitted.

"Such faith," he murmured into her shining hair.

"But I knew you were not with Marysia Gayshdor."

"They were all so ready to believe. All but you," he whispered. "You alone among them."

She pushed away to look up at him archly. "Ah," she said, "but they did not all sit behind you at the circus—as did I!"

THE END

"Maybe I've got
some kid's life
up my sleeve"

No *maybe* about it, brother. You
have. Just one pint of your blood
can save a soldier's life . . . prevent
a mother's heartbreak. It takes so
little time . . . less than an hour
of your day. There's no pain. Just
a pinprick . . . but it means the
difference between life and death
to some fighting man. Don't put
it off. Go to your nearest Blood
Center today. *Your blood is needed!*

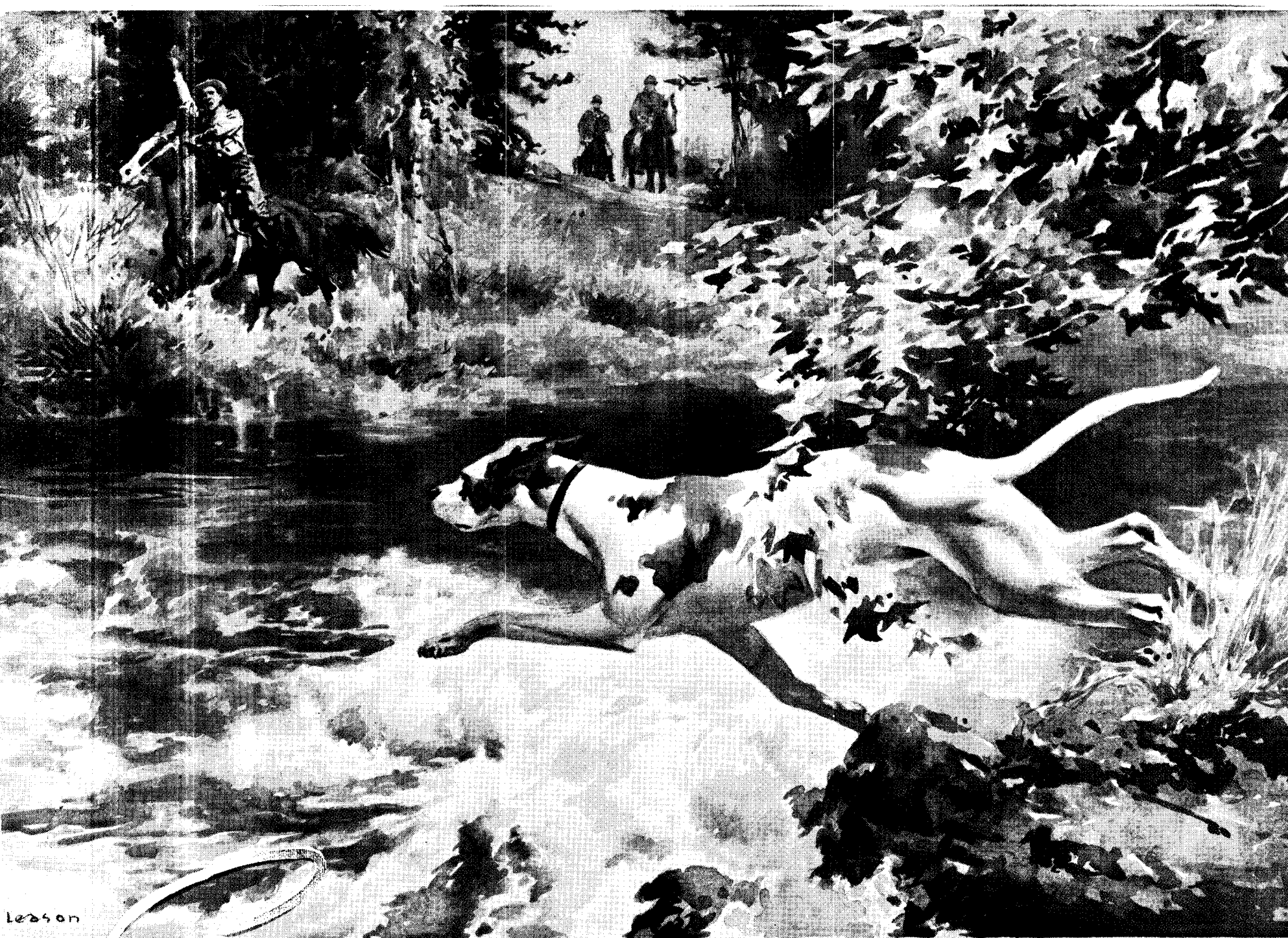
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The Trumpeter Label . . . a small thing to look for . . . a big thing to find



I stood in the stirrups and yelled, "Here, Sis!" All morning long not a dog had had the guts to try that torrent. But when she heard my call she gave one leap and jumped in



BY VEREEN BELL

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

A story about a dog that didn't look like much, a man who almost lost faith in the future, and a thief who couldn't steal what he wanted most

I WANT to put it down just the way it was—not that I'd ever forget Sis. I didn't know whose land I was on, but it was good bird land. Old Red found a covey, and I shot, and then we went after the singles. Red pointed again, and I tied the horse and kicked the bird out and shot it.

Then is when I saw Sis. She was standing about fifty yards away, watching us. She wasn't much to look at. She was white and lemon—pale lemon—a small and scrawny-looking pointer with a tail thin like a whip, and her bones seemed like they were made for a bird instead of a dog.

I wasn't in the mood to have my hunt ruined by some farmer's country dog. I said, "Git!"

She didn't git; her tail just moved a little. I mounted the horse, figuring that if she got in the way, a good stinging with

No. 9 shot would send her home quick enough.

I never paid her any more attention. I just went on with my hunting and thinking. My thinking wasn't a great deal of enjoyment, because I was having a bad time. Just when I'd had the luck to be turned down for the draft because of my stomach, I lost my job. He was a damned old crank, my boss, but in wartime a man able and willing to keep a bird-dog kennel going is hard to find. Some way he found out I wasn't turning in all the stud fees from Rock Hill Dan, and he fired me. That's how come I was in those woods with nothing to my name but my horse and my nine-year bird dog, Red.

With all this on my mind, I never noticed this little bitch again until I saw her skirting a clearing way up ahead. The way she was going nearly knocked me out of the saddle. Did I say she wasn't much to look at? Mister, she was the prettiest-moving little thing ever turned loose in this world. She ran like she was born to run, and not to ever stop. And then she struck a scent, whipped out a quick circle, and pointed, and my throat was all of a sudden so dry I couldn't swallow.

I rode to her. You wouldn't have ever thought a little thing like that could point

with such style. She was cocked up like six o'clock, her head and tail high and her eyes bright. I stood beside her for a minute. She never moved. I walked in and kicked up the covey and shot a bird, and she broke and retrieved it. When she came to me, I got hold of her. On her collar it said, "W. E. Clarke, Jr." It wasn't a store collar, like a regular kennel would have, but made of harness leather, and the writing was scratched on a rough plate.

"A farmer's dog," I decided. I looked at her teeth. She wasn't hardly two years old! I hunted her another hour, and everything she done was perfect. Oh, she broke to shot a little, but only like a bold, young dog should. Slowly it began to come over me that this little bitch was the best dog I had ever seen. I didn't have no right to know it so soon, but I knew it just the same.

My first thought was to steal her. When I tried to steer her out of the woods, though, she'd stop and start home. Finally I turned around and followed her. If the man who owned her knew anything about dogs, she wouldn't be loose like that. I figured I could buy her for a fifty-dollar check, and be long gone before he tried to cash it. But one thing I knew for certain—she was the kind of dog a man spends his life looking for, and I was going to have her.

We ended up in front of an old, low farmhouse sitting under some big water oaks. There was a big man in overalls sitting in a rocking chair on the porch like he was waiting for somebody to come. The dog had gone up on the porch and was asleep there.

"Evening," the man said. "Get down and come in."

"That your dog?" I asked.

"Belongs to my boy, Billy," he said. "I hope she ain't been killing chickens or nothing."

"She came over there where I was hunting, and I brought her back."

"Sis always goes to a gun. I just let her go. She don't get much pleasure with Billy gone. You have a nice hunt?"

"Well, she sort of messed us up, but it's all right."

The man looked around at the dog. "Ain't like Sis to cause trouble, more'n running all over creation. Billy, he sets a heap of store by her."

"Oh, she didn't bother me much," I said. "Your boy Billy not here?"

"Nope." He reached and pulled at his cob pipe.

"When will he be back?"

"I can't rightly say."

I sat there, whittling on a straw, trying to figure out the situation so I'd know how to work the dog deal. I wished now that I'd just grabbed Sis up, in the woods, and rode off with her. Her belonging to a boy who "set a heap of store by her" wasn't so good. I had to move careful. I saw that. But I meant to have that dog.

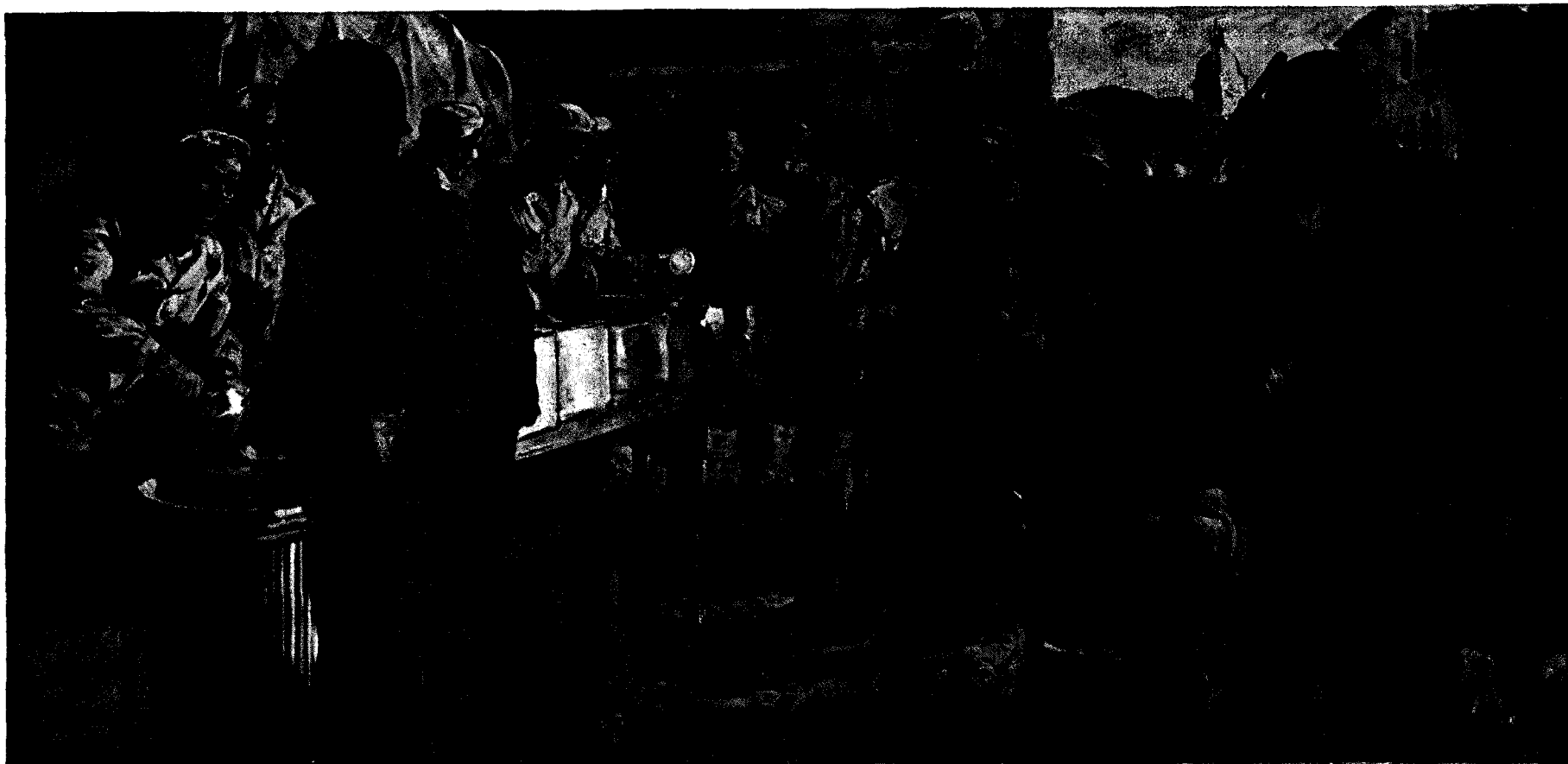
"Where's Billy at?" I asked, finally.

"He's in the Marine Corps." He rocked slowly.

"Sort of puts a crimp in his bird hunting, don't it?" I smiled. "And leaves that idle dog there to feed."

"She don't eat hardly nothing," he shrugged. "And she's right smart company, to be so indifferent-like."

(Continued on page 54)



ARMY INFANTRYMEN in newly-captured Italian town line up for chow. Italian youngster with pail, at right, asks for food.

Today. . . TWICE AS MUCH FOOD TO THE FRONT. One daily "K" ration includes such foods as veal and pork loaf, processed cheese with bacon, bouillon powder, chopped pork and egg yolks, soluble coffee, fruit and chocolate bars, biscuits, graham crackers. That's



IN ADDITION to the Crosley Shelvador*, which gives you twice as much front-row food, within easy reach, Crosley will offer other quality appliances for the modern home.

for just *one* soldier—gives you an idea how much food our fighters need . . . this year twice as much as before because there are twice as many men.

Yes, food is a mighty and vital weapon in shortening the war. Let's save it, avoid waste, use the plentiful kinds instead of the scarce ones and pay no more than top legal prices.

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Think of the convenience of having all those shelves in the door—at your finger-tips! How many eggs, fruits, bottled beverages, small vegetables and packages can be easily reached! No longer any need to tuck these smaller foods around bulkier objects in the main compartments and shelves.

Conserving and preserving food will be vital long after the war ends. As soon as Crosley Refrigerators are shown at your dealer's, see the **SHELVADOR*** for the sake of its daily added convenience, for your pocketbook's sake, and for your family's health through better food-preservation.

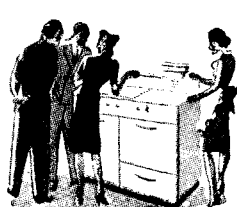
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PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY ALAN GOULD

Love and DINNER *packed by Capaldi*

GENNARO CAPALDI was putting himself in another fellow's shoes last May. They were G.I. combat boots, and Mr. Capaldi was thinking: Suppose I were in a foxhole—what would I appreciate most? The answer wasn't hard (Mr. Capaldi loves good food), and it came on him like a buzz bomb. "I would like most a meal cooked by my wife."

This Capaldi cogitation turned out to be the greatest break for the Joes in foxholes since the United States got itself an Air Force, because Mr. Capaldi happens to be in the Italian food-specialty business and owns a sizable canning plant in Watertown, Massachusetts. Having a heart as big as his whole plant, he spread word that any woman who'd cook and bring in her fighting man's favorite dish could depend on him to can it and prepare it for shipment overseas.

The response was instantaneous. The first mother brought chicken soup, ravioli, egg noodles, and the information that her son was a Marine sniper on a Central Pacific island. "He's a fine shot," she said. "He was a great hunter before he joined up."

Mr. Capaldi beamed; his hobby is hunting. "Does he like deer meat?"

"He loves it."
"Fine! Last fall I killed a deer and canned some meat." Into the package with the woman's food went a can of Capaldi's precious venison, and back from the Pacific island came the note: "Your deer meat was sure one swell treat that we didn't expect out here. Thanks a million!"

News of what he was doing spread fast and 140 women came to him in May; 2,000 in June; 3,000 in July. They were mothers, wives, sweethearts and friends of servicemen, each clutching pots of home-cooked food and clamoring: "This is for my Joe." They brought beef stews, chicken in every form, corned beef and cabbage, meat balls and spaghetti, chow mein and all kinds of fish dishes; Swedish, Greek, French, Jewish, Italian, Polish, Irish and other national dishes; many that Mr. Capaldi never dreamed existed.

He canned all cheerfully, pasting on labels that read like this: "Corned Beef and Cabbage. Prepared by Mother Brennan. For Pfc. Joe Brennan. You kill them—we'll can them." Then he packed the cans in shipping cartons and handed them to the beaming women. No charge, Capaldi told them.

Theirs was not the only food he was sending overseas. In May, he'd received this let-

ter: "Dear Sir: We're five boys in the same tent, somewhere in New Guinea. We've eaten your raviolis and think they're tops. Is there any way you can mail us some?" It was signed by Pfc. Bill Bowden, Texas; Cpl. Johnnie Echols, Illinois; Cpl. Hugh C. Krause, Pennsylvania; Pfc. Pat P. Siani, Brooklyn, and Pfc. Junior B. Watring, West Virginia.

He shipped the five soldiers five pounds of ravioli apiece with a note announcing that the feed was on the house and that the post-office limit was the reason he hadn't sent more. If, he added, their commanding officer would send him the necessary request required by the post office to ship a large amount, he'd gladly treat their whole company to a ravioli feed. He also asked them to pass the word along that he'd send any fighting man any kind of home-cooked dinner if he'd just write.

Back came a request from their captain for a ravioli feed for his 125 enlisted men, and Mr. Capaldi shipped it immediately.

Feeding an Army's Stomach

Word of this got around quicker than one of General Patton's tank columns and, in June and July, 300 to 400 letters came from men fighting in every war theater, all requesting one of Capaldi's free and delectable dinners. The whole Capaldi family insisted on pitching in now. Son Frank and Daughter Phyllis helped at the plant; Mrs. Capaldi waited for requests for meals not regularly produced by her husband's company and then cooked them at home herself.

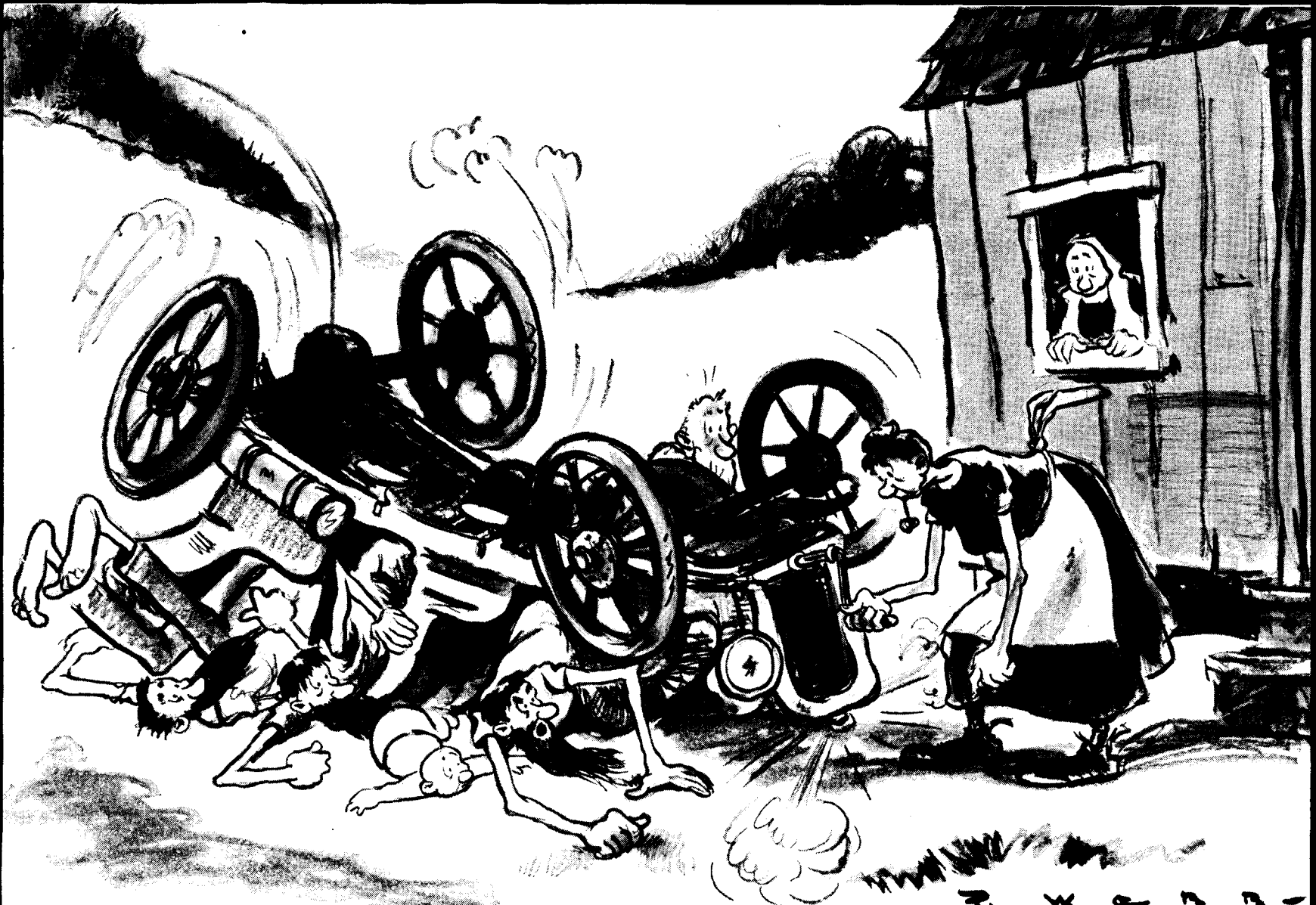
By the end of July, he had shipped more than 15,000 free cans of home-cooked meals overseas at an estimated cost to him of 50 cents for every three cans. But his business had grown from \$22,000 a year in 1937, when he started it, to \$640,000 in 1943.

"And," he explained, "I will be happy to spend all my profits this way."

Capaldi came to the United States from Italy in 1920 and became a citizen in 1930. He has lost all but about one third of his employees through the war, and regrets that his shortage of help may limit the future number of mothers' meals he can pack for fighting men. But Mr. Capaldi has great faith the work will get done somehow.

"You know," he says, "I think lots of other canning plants will do just what I'm doing when they realize how much home-cooked meals mean to those boys." **GENE CASEY**

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS



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"Plug-Chek" Inspection Service is the quick and accurate way of finding the spark plugs that are wasting gas . . . it puts the finger on faulty or improper plugs, may add as much as 12% to the mileage you are now getting from your coupons, according to tests

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Possibly all your present plugs need is cleaning or regapping—a "Plug-Chek" can give you the answer. But if new ones are needed, install Auto-Lites . . . the ignition engineered spark plug.



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STARRING
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Featuring stars of stage, screen and radio and
men and women at the fighting fronts



IN ITS 22 GREAT MANUFACTURING PLANTS, AUTO-LITE IS PRODUCING FOR AMERICA'S ARMED FORCES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR

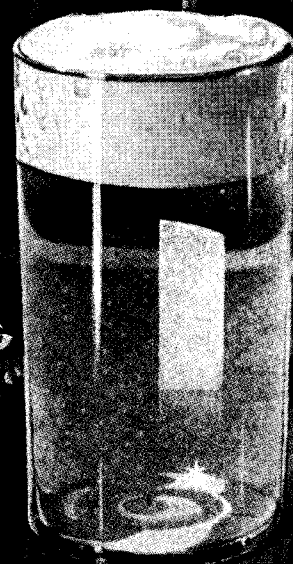


THE *End* OF THE HUNT
FOR GOOD TASTE

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to your source of supply
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Buy MORE
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Blatz Beer

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"He is young," Señor Aguirre said. His dark brown eyes fastened upon Patrick's. "Mr. Graeme has been kind enough to bring me up to date upon your investigations. Would you say Miss Stuart told you the whole truth last night?"

"I don't know," Patrick said. "Probably it's too late. The only thing to do, I guess, is wait until she lambastes them from the States in print. Then you can move in."

"HOW many people have to know?" Patrick said.

"Aren't we a trifle past the thinking stage?"

"I agree with him," Graeme said.

"I agree with him," Graeme said.

"I'm glad you didn't," Señor Aguirre said. "Allow me to proceed. I have mentioned Pepe. A third man is named Benny Lockner. He is a former printer, which of course is interesting. But as far as we know he is a respectable man, with a wife who is going to have a baby. Three of my countrymen are employed at Doctor Lilley's house, and it is to be doubted if they are more than petty thieves. At least, that is their history in the past. Now, you will observe that this is no organization with which to conduct a wholesale black-market ring. The manpower is not there."

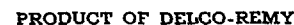
"Probably we are," Aguirre agreed. "Our information represents the sum of a carefully considered series of hints and disclosures made by Doctor Lilley and his associates. We are being rather stupid if we don't consider that it was their purpose for us to find out what we have. They are fighting a delaying action. Perhaps their objective has already been achieved. Certainly it must have been if they are willing to let Miss Stuart go. I can raid them now, but I am sure they would welcome a raid. I am equally sure I would find nothing."

"So?" Señor Aguirre said, and smiled brilliantly. "The gods are rarely offended if we hope. Suppose Doctor Lilley has made one

"And no flies," Patrick said.

"I realize that, sir."

"Where did the money come from to buy the securities?"



Delco batteries have two important assignments to perform these days. They are starting millions of cars and trucks to help maintain essential transportation. And they are meeting the requirements of the armed forces in planes, tanks, trucks and other military vehicles.

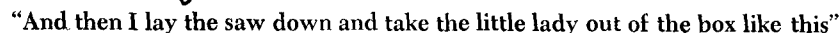
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GENEVA MONTREAL NEW YORK

TEN WORLD'S FAIR
GRAND PRIZES

"Presumably from investors eager to make Doctor Lilley rich."

"From the black-market boys," Patrick said. "Fellows, I'm great at deduction. Can I go now?"

"Resume your vacation," Graeme told him. "Enjoy yourself. You still have a girl left, haven't you?"

"Yes," Patrick said, "a blonde. But I've lost interest in women." He got up from the table. "Goodby, gentlemen."

"Adios," Graeme said.

"Hasta pronto," Señor Aguirre said.

Patrick left the two genial men and took a cab to the hotel. His head ached faintly from the unceasing rehash of what had gone before. He threw himself down on the bed in his room and went through the whole thing for the thousandth time. Something was sticking in his craw. He had forgotten an important point. Maybe he even had an inspiration. If only he could bring it to light!

What had Aguirre said? "Certainly they must have achieved their objective if they are willing to let Miss Stuart go." That was the hitch. Were they willing to let her go? It they went to all the trouble of conning her up until last night, why was it so suddenly off? Somebody had to make a move, and she'd made the first one. That must have thrown them a little. If it hadn't, George would not still have been hanging around. His work would be ended. Yet he was obviously after Patrick. He had been all hot and bothered in the lobby.

THEY haven't tied up the loose ends yet, Patrick thought. They can't let her go. But she had gone. Or had she?

He popped up from the bed in a single convulsive movement, put on his topcoat, dropped the automatic in a pocket, jammed on his hat, and headed out, banging the door behind him.

As he emerged from the elevator, he saw Audrey. She was dressed in a knitted skirt and a sweater, and over one arm she carried a light coat. At the sight of Patrick, she grew pale. Coolly drawing herself up, she sneezed loudly.

"God bless you!" Patrick said. "Honey, you're growing out of your clothes."

"How do you do, Mr. Nevil," Audrey said. "I have to wear wool on account of my cold."

"Isn't it scratchy that close to you?"

"It doesn't bother me a bit."

"Well, I guess I shouldn't let it bother me," Patrick said. "How are you feeling, Audrey?"

"Better," she said. "Patrick, I got your blanket."

"It's not a blanket. It's a serape."

"Your serape. I mean. The message with it was awfully sweet. If I just hadn't happened to meet you now, I'd have written you a note of thanks."

Patrick looked at her with lowering eyebrows. "Just happened to meet me, eh? You've been waiting for me here, haven't you?"

"Don't think that giving me a blanket also gives you the right to insult me!"

"Serape!" Patrick said. "And I don't want to have to correct you again. You wore this pin-up girl outfit for my benefit, too, didn't you?"

"I have never heard anything so ridiculous in my life," Audrey said. "You silly, stuck-up jerk! You'll get your blan— serape, I mean, back the minute I can find a bellhop."

"No, keep it," Patrick started to pass her. "Or give it to the bellhop."

Audrey clutched his arm. "Wait a minute," she said. "I was going to forgive you. What do you think I've been standing here half an hour for, all dressed up? If you try to run, I'll trip you."

"Who told you I was in the hotel?" Patrick said resignedly. "It wouldn't have been George, would it?"

"It was George. He's waiting for you in the doorway."

"Ye gods!"

"I feel I was too hasty last night," Audrey said. "Though it will never be the same again, I'm willing to start anew. Now that Miss Stuart has gone—"

"George told you?"

"Yes. He acts funny today. What's the matter with him?"

"I keep wondering myself," Patrick said. "Look, darling, I've got to run an errand. Suppose I give you a ring this evening? Or won't your mother want a date?"

"Mother has a cold, too. She's in bed. But I need a breath of fresh air. Couldn't I go with you while you run your errand?"

He looked at her sadly, up from the deep pit of his troubles. She was small and lovely and appealing, and her mind was, after all, her own business. Her gray eyes were wide and innocent, her figure beyond compare, and her designs obvious. He liked her, but he still missed that columnist.

"Come on," he said, and groaned softly.

In the doorway was George. He hung his head sheepishly and peered at Patrick.

"You still sore at me?" he asked.

"I never was sore at you," Patrick replied.

"I know I was a nuisance this morning, and I'm sorry. It gets so lonesome just standing around here. Would you and Audrey go to lunch with me? Everything is on me."

"I wish I could, but I have to run out to the airport for a few minutes and—"

"Airport?" George said. The wrinkles on his forehead grew deeper. "Say, can I just go for the ride with you? I'll pay for the cab."

I might as well have you with me, chum, Patrick thought, just in case.

"Sure," he said, "come along."

They got in a cab, Patrick and Audrey in the rear, George in front with the driver. He squirmed about to face the rear, and grinned at them. Patrick told the driver to take him to the airport.

"Say," George said, "this is just like old times. Except Aggie ain't with us."

"Isn't that sad?" Audrey said.

She extracted an atomizer from her duffel bag, carefully squirted her nose, swallowed two arsenical-looking tablets and coughed plaintively. Patrick, who had watched the operation in fascinated silence, put his palm on her cheek. It was cool and healthy.

"You haven't any fever," he said.

"I look better than I am," Audrey said. "My nose is sore, and I'm not in good shape. I need somebody to take care of me."

"If you're any worse tonight," Patrick said, "I'll get a nurse."

"You make me sick," Audrey said. "Sicker, I mean."

"You meeting somebody at the airport, Patrick?" George said.

Patrick shook his head.

"Figuring on going somewhere?" George said.

"Would you miss me?" Patrick asked.

"I sure would," George said.

"Me, too," Audrey said. Her eyes showed sudden alarm. "Patrick, are you getting ready to leave?"

"Could be. Will you go with me?"

"If Mamma's cold doesn't prevent her traveling."

"Oh, swell," Patrick said. "The three of us'll have a wonderful time."

"Yes, there's nothing to beat marriage," Audrey said. "Shall we get married in the church in Taxco? It's lovely, and I think that's where I caught my cold."

"It's not where you're going to catch me, darling," Patrick replied.

"What can I do?" Audrey said to George.

"I've tried everything."

"Give him a cold," George said, and cackled blissfully. "You know, I have more fun out of you two."

AT THE airport Patrick told them to wait, that he'd only take a minute to conclude his business, and hurried into the terminal building. Out of the several girls in blue uniforms, he picked Esther and intercepted her. She didn't seem overjoyed to see him again. "Another woman to meet, Señor?" she asked.

"Yes," Patrick said. "You, my little chili pepper. What are you doing tomorrow night?"

"I have a date."

"The next night?"

"A date."

"The next five nights?"

"Dates."

"How's it for around Christmas?" Patrick said. "I could bring you a present then."

She loosened up in spite of herself. "What about the lady you met here the other day,

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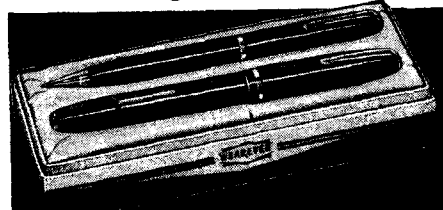


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Señor? Won't she be expecting you at Christmas?"

"She left this morning on the six-o'clock plane. Didn't you see her?"

"I was not on duty so early."

"Find out for me if she went," Patrick said urgently. "It is a matter of considerable importance."

Esther hesitated, frowning at him. As usual, he looked guilty. That appeared to help her reach a decision. She went over to a man at a desk behind the counter. Presently she returned.

"Miss Stuart, was it?" she asked.

"That's right."

"She did not go. At the last minute, she canceled by telephone, requesting that her space be given to another lady who was here."

Patrick's heart gave a great bound. "Are you positive? I called the downtown office and they said Miss Stuart had gone."

"Sometimes when there is a last-minute cancellation the downtown office is not informed until later."

"May I inspect the passenger list of that plane, please?"

"It is not allowed," Esther said. "You must have the proper authority."

Patrick took her hand and patted it with both his own. As he did, he slipped a small leather case into her palm. He turned her hand over so she could see and lifted a flap. Esther's eyes grew big.

"You have seen that badge before?" he said.

"Yes, Señor."

"You will not remember you saw this?"

"No, Señor."

He released her hand, and the leather case disappeared. Esther retraced her steps to the man at the desk. In a moment she was back with the list. Patrick ran his finger along the typed row of names.

"Mrs. Benjamin Lockner?" he said. "You know of her?"

"No, Señor."

"Ask the man, please."

Esther made the round trip behind the counter once more. "Mrs. Lockner is the lady who took Miss Stuart's place," she reported. "It was at Miss Stuart's request, as I said. Mrs. Lockner is going back to the States to have her baby. She is married to an American who lives in Mexico City."

"Mil gracias," Patrick said. He took her hand again and squeezed it. "You have been greatly kind, Esther. I will remember you forever."

"When do we meet again?" Esther said.

"At Christmas," Patrick said. "Wait for me, my love."

He hurried away from her, head down, shoving his hat off his forehead. So they couldn't let Aggie go, after all, he thought. The deal isn't clinched yet. I've still got a

chance if I can find where they have her. I'm all right, anyhow. Now Aguirre has reason enough for dragging them in.

But despite his first real break, he was badly scared. They had Aggie, and they didn't like her. He began to sweat at the thought of what they could and might do to her. His jaw muscles tightened, and he knew he'd go a little crazy if they laid a hand on her.

He was stopped by a detaining tug at his sleeve. He looked up. Audrey was holding him. George stood with her. They had been waiting for him inside.

"Who was that girl in the uniform?" Audrey said. "Why were you holding her hand, Patrick?"

"I was asking her about a reservation, angel."

"Did you have to hold her hand?"

"I was shaking it," Patrick said. "You want me to be polite, don't you?"

"Not to women," Audrey said.

He took her arm. "Come on! Let's go back to the hotel. You're too sick for a quarrel, peachie."

Audrey glared at him but a sneeze cut off her reply.

"Did you get a reservation, Patrick?" George asked, as they left the terminal building.

"Uh-huh."

"You saying where?"

"Sure," Patrick said. He decided to kid George a little longer, just in case. "Tegucigalpa. Audrey and I are going to honeymoon there if we can figure out some way to avoid marriage."

"I wouldn't marry you," Audrey said confusedly, "if you were the last—acheewwww!"

HE HELPED her into the car, slipped in beside her, and closed the door. Instantly he realized that they had a different car and a different driver. A warning, heard before and always heeded, seemed to ring deep in his head.

"Wonder where my cigarettes have gone," he said, and fumbled in his coat pocket. "I need a smoke—"

"Hold still!" George said.

Patrick froze. The little man was in the front seat, facing them. He had removed his hat and was holding it over one of his hands. From underneath the hatbrim peeped the muzzle of a revolver.

"Shall I put my hands up?" Patrick said. This was the stuff he had been waiting for. He was in business at last. He began to feel very happy.

"Give me your gun," George said. "Hand it over butt first or I'll blow a hole in the blonde."

"I haven't got a gun."

"Come on, bright eyes!"

George sounded tough, but he wasn't quite



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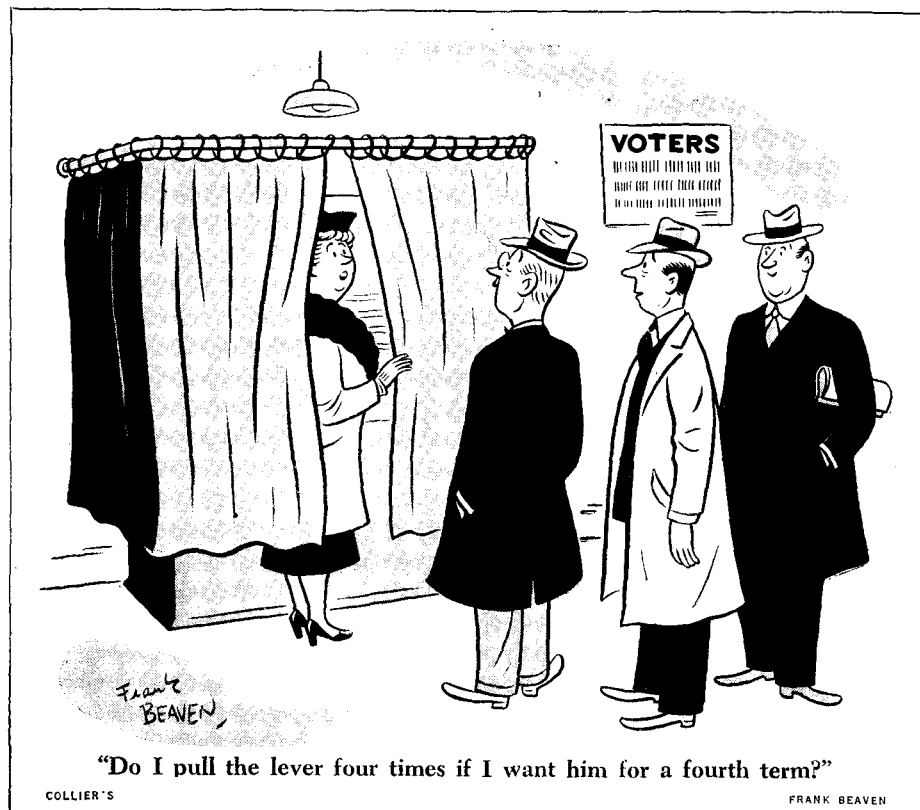
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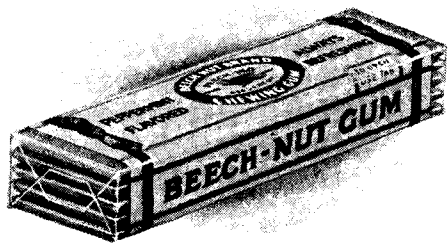
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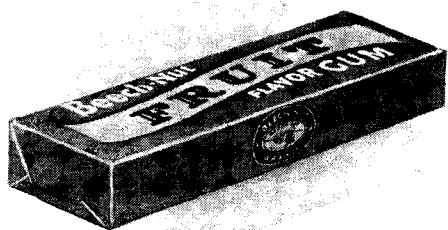
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NONE SO BLIND

by Mitchell Wilson

sure of himself. His pinched face was no longer humble, yet it wore a worried and nervous expression. The hand he extended for Patrick's automatic was not entirely steady. George looked as if he needed a quick drink.

Patrick gave him the gun butt first. He glanced at Audrey. Her lips were parted slightly, and her eyes were very round. She obviously didn't believe what she saw, and she sneezed again. Patrick helped with the wiping of her nose. The car pulled away from the airport, traveling fast.

"I'm sorry I got you into this, Audrey," Patrick said. "I should have been more careful."

"Never mind," Audrey said. "I'm to blame. I knew you were a bad man when I first met you. I should have left you alone."

"But I'm not a bad man."

"Yes, you are—and you're weak, too. Especially about women."

"I guess you're right," Patrick said. "I hate myself."

"Let's keep quiet," George said.

"George, I'm certainly surprised at you," Audrey said. "I thought you drank too much, but I didn't know you were a gangster."

"Shut up!" George said.

"I'm glad Mamma didn't come along. She's idealistic about people."

"It's a wonder she isn't with us," Patrick said.

"I'm telling both of you for the last time to pipe down," George said.

"Being rude won't help you when the cops come," Audrey replied calmly. "I'm sure this is against the law. If you think I'll say a good word for you—"

"Make her shut up," George said to Patrick. "Either that, or I'll cuff her."

"Better relax, honey," Patrick told her. "You're upsetting George."

SHE looked at them soberly and shrugged. It was apparent that she wasn't frightened in the least, but she was terribly surprised and disillusioned. Patrick smiled at her and patted her arm. She drew away from him in an instinctive gesture of distrust.

The car twisted and turned, going down narrow streets where peddlers with their carts, and children and dogs and chickens whisked nonchalantly out of the way.

They were heading back to town, in the direction of the Hotel Cortez. Finally they were only a short distance from it, in the Versailles district. In the middle of a block they wheeled up to high iron gates, the single break in a high, blank wall. Beyond, as a man opened half of the double gates, Patrick could see the house of gray volcanic stone with a slate roof. Then the gate clanged shut behind them and the car stopped under a porte-cochere.

"Get out," George said.

He herded them up the steps. A tall, thin man of fifty with a long face and pouches of dark flesh under his eyes opened the door.

"Here we are, Benny," George said to the tall man. "Take 'em upstairs?"

"Yeah," Benny said.

Patrick looked at Benny—Benny Lockner, to be exact. He wanted to remember him. His wife was on a plane bound for Los Angeles, and she was well on her way. But Patrick was catching up fast. The jigsaw puzzle was fitting together. He had about got it straight.

They caught a glimpse of a huge living room, cluttered with heavy, old-fashioned furniture, bathed in the soft glow of an opaque skylight set in the center of the house. George steered them up a flight of stairs to the rear. On the second floor they passed through a morning room and walked down a long gallery hung with pictures on either side. The gallery ended in a stout oak door with a wrought-iron latch across it. Patrick only half noticed his surroundings. His mind was on Aggie.

"Lift the latch," George said.

Patrick opened the door and entered a bare-walled white room furnished with three or four chairs, serapes in bright colors for rugs, and a small table. Aggie was sitting at the table smoking a cigarette, dressed in the same plain gray suit she had worn the first day he had seen her, and looking cool and composed. She smiled slightly as they came in.

"Where's Mrs. Latham?" she asked. "I'm getting those wrinkles again."

"She couldn't come," Patrick replied, and felt a great deal of irrational delight. "Are you all right?"

"Just dandy."

He bent and kissed her forehead. "I'm glad to see you."

"Are you?" she said. "Even here? Remember how Mother told you to stop playing with those rough boys?"

"I wish I'd listened," Patrick said.

"I don't want to butt into a private conversation or anything," Audrey said, "but would someone please tell me what this is all about?"

"It's very simple," Aggie told her. "No matter what we do, we can't get along with this guy."

"Listen, if you want anything—" George began.

"We don't want you," Aggie said. "Why not blow?"

There was the quick pad of feet along the gallery. Pepe shoved past George to confront Patrick. Hatred made his dark face a shade lighter than usual, and the twin scars stood out on his sunken cheeks. He spread his feet and looked at Patrick, his heavy shoulders bunching under his coat. Patrick's hands rose a little, and he braced himself. He was aware of George circling them worriedly. Pepe said something indistinguishable with his crippled tongue.

"I should have killed you last night," Patrick said. "I won't make another such mistake tonight."

Pepe kicked him. His foot struck Patrick's



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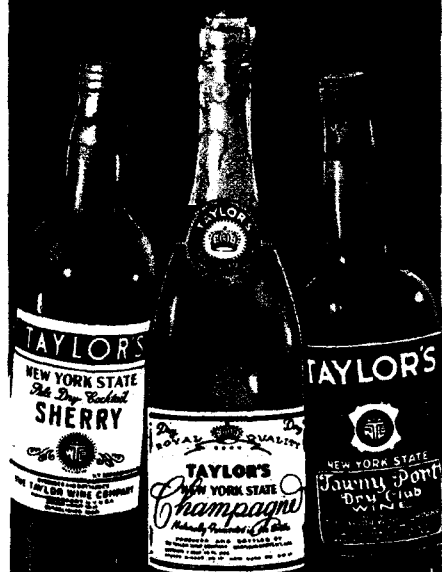


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bad leg, and Patrick's mouth popped open in a stifled gasp of agony. He staggered, trying to keep his balance. Pepe hit him on one side of the head and then on the other, so hard the sound of the blows was like slapping a watermelon. Patrick fell to his knees, and forward on his hands. Stooping, Pepe hit him again.

"Hey, Pepe," George said. "Not too much."

Pepe turned on him, made an animal noise, and raised his hand. George shrank away from him. Patrick's nose touched the floor, and his head was wobbling drunkenly on his neck. He raised it by immense exertion. His mouth was filling with blood.

Audrey was getting ready to swing on Pepe with her duffel bag. Aggie had removed one slipper, risen, and was gripping it by the toe. She aimed at the back of Pepe's head. George stepped in front of them and shoved them back. Aggie called Pepe a bad word in Spanish. He moved to the door, turned, looked at them for an instant and disappeared.

"Keep quiet or I'll come and cave your skulls in," George said. His voice wavered; he was scared.

Patrick was dizzy, and his head fell forward again. He lifted it doggedly and rolled over on one flank, hearing the door close and the latch drop, above the singing in his ears. Both girls knelt beside him. Audrey got a handful of tissues from her duffel bag and passed them to Aggie.

"Here," Aggie said, holding them to his mouth, "spit it out."

"Have you lost any teeth?" Audrey said.

Patrick rid his mouth of the blood and explored with a finger. Everything seemed to be in place. "Just a cut inside my mouth," he said. "I'm fine."

"Now I don't have to ask you which side you're on," Aggie said, "but it's certainly showing me the hard way."

"This is a swell house for me to nurse a cold in," Audrey said.

Patrick tried to grin. "I'm awful sorry, gorgeous. Aggie and I have it coming, but you're just an innocent bystander."

"Let's give him a hand, Audrey," Aggie said.

They got him out of his topcoat and helped him limp to a chair. He held more tissues to his mouth and looked at his bedraggled harem. Both of them appeared grim, competent and entirely unalarmed. His heart swelled with respect and appreciation.

AUDREY fed him a couple of aspirins from her store of medicine, and Aggie lighted a cigarette and put it between his lips. He leaned back, flinched from a twinge in his game leg and inhaled luxuriously.

"Just give room service a jingle," he said. "I'd like a bottle of champagne."

"In a minute," Aggie said. "I want to bring my notes up to date. How do you and the Pride of Seattle enter this picture?"

"I had a hunch about you and went to the airport. As soon as I found out you definitely hadn't left, George made the pinch. Audrey just happened to go along for the ride."

"That's the way I always am," Audrey remarked gloomily. "I go along with some cute boy and I get in a wreck."

"I didn't even have a cute boy," Aggie said. "I thought I was getting in a cab to go to the airport. It was their car. They made me call from here about Mrs. Lockner. Well, I made them come out in the open."

"Yeah," Patrick said, "that you did."

Aggie's eyes were speculative. "Patrick, I've been a trifle naïve concerning you. Who are you? Why are you in this? You're not what I thought you were."

"I get a salary," Patrick replied. "It's just a way of working. Don't you bother your pretty head about it."

"All right. Are you up on this now? Do you know what they are trying to do?"

"I think so. But I don't want to go into it right at the moment. There are a few loose ends, and they won't hold out on us much longer."

"Wait a while," Audrey said, "and Patrick will murder those bums."

"Oh, certainly," Patrick said.

"Isn't he wonderful?" Aggie said. "Audrey, do you want to play me a couple of frames of gin rummy for him?"

"He told all those lies about his work," Audrey said, "and maybe he's got a wooden leg. I wouldn't be bothered."

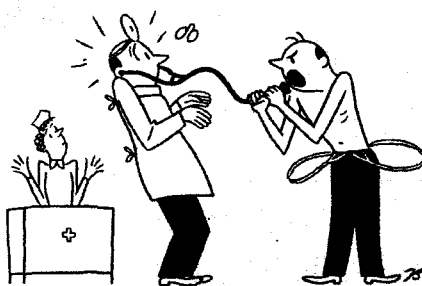
Patrick smiled, but his head was aching dreadfully. He looked around the room. A single window, set high up and barred, was the only opening besides the door. He wondered what Doctor Lilley had in mind for them, whether Aguirre's men might be on the way, and if he could somehow spring himself. He had to before long. His head was aching so hard it made him drowsy. His heavy eyes rested on the two girls for a moment. What a lovely triangle he had with them. It wasn't so bad, this incarceration. He closed his eyes.

PATRICK awakened when a Mexican man brought them a tray of sandwiches and milk. George stood in the doorway to be sure nothing happened to the servant.

Aggie looked at him contemptuously. "You're the lousiest imitation of a gunman I ever saw," she commented. "When did they start letting penmen carry gats?"

George glared at her as she reached in her pocket, took out a pack of cigarettes, and lighted one. Straightening up, Patrick passed the sandwiches. Audrey took one, but Aggie shook her head.

"I never can eat when I'm sore," she said.



"Get Out and Vote!"

The servant went out. George closed the door, and the latch fell into place. Patrick sipped a little milk.

"Were you working with the cops?" Aggie asked.

He nodded.

"Would they have any ideas by now?"

"Maybe."

Audrey had a second sandwich. "The chicken is good," she said.

"What I like about you, Patrick," Aggie said, "is your frank, open and aboveboard manner. Are you trying to conduct this little adventure like one of your romances?"

"Let's not joke," Patrick said. "I'm terribly serious about my love life."

She grinned at him. "How's your head?"

"The headache's gone."

"You look great," she said, and brought a mirror from her purse.

He held it up to his face. His right cheek was red and swollen, and there were blue stains along his left temple. Nothing serious, but the marks of Pepe's blows contrived to give him a peculiarly battered and dissipated appearance.

"I ain't pretty," he said. "What do you girls see in me?"

"I don't see anything," Audrey said, "and I wonder why I ever did. I guess that last girl in the airport is what soured me on you for keeps."

"Oh, no," Aggie said. "Not another one!"

"A cute girl in a blue uniform," Audrey explained. "He held her hand while he asked for a reservation."

"No, I was asking about Aggie," Patrick said.

"You should have brought her along," Aggie said. "Can you eat?"

"I believe so."

She handed him a sandwich, and he ate carefully on the side opposite the cut. Audrey was placidly busy taking two pills, using the atomizer, and applying powder to her red nose.

"Is the cold any better?" Aggie asked.

"What's the difference?" Audrey said. "Aren't they going to kill us here?"

"No, nothing like that," Aggie said.

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"Are the police coming? Or don't you and Patrick want the police to come?"

"Sometimes she sounds like her mother," Aggie said.

"Don't say anything against Mamma," Audrey said. "She told me from the first that Patrick was a no-good bum."

"Now I'm getting lines in my face," Patrick said.

The afternoon wore on, and they alternately dozed and talked desultorily. Aggie exhausted her own supply of cigarettes and started on the remains of Patrick's pack. Audrey continued with her various cold cures. The house was completely silent.

The bright square of the window paled and grew dark. Patrick peered at his watch. It was after seven, and he was getting worried; he didn't have a great deal longer. They could simply sit in this room, and life and crime would pass them by.

Aggie rose and switched on the lights. She paced up and down restlessly for a few moments. "I'm getting bored," she said. "Patrick, give me your views on the situation—and I won't publish them."

He smiled at her and shrugged his shoulders. He'd had plenty of time to think, and the pattern was complete. But there was no use in explaining to her. It wouldn't help them. He was beginning to wonder if he wasn't all washed up.

"You're not much more fun than Pepe," Aggie said. "He couldn't talk, but at least he . . ."

The door opened. His right hand in his pocket, Benny stood in the doorway. "Doctor Lilley wants you," he said.

"Gee, we're going to have an interview," Aggie said. "Give me a minute to make myself beautiful for the fat doctor."

LILLEY and George awaited them in the living room. Flames crackled in the fireplace, and the lights were on. A glow from above still permeated the skylight. Yet the great room, with its heavy furniture and thick draperies, remained gloomy and menacing.

Lilley sat on a couch, with a cocktail pitcher and glasses on the coffee table in front of him. George was upright and leaning against the mantel of the fireplace. He had a drink in his hand.

As they entered, Lilley heaved to his feet. He smiled and bowed to them, an expression of ironic good will on his parrot face.

"Agnes, Miss Latham and Mr. Nevil," he said. "How delightful! Please sit down."

Aggie and Audrey took the couch which stood opposite the one Lilley occupied. Patrick glanced at his two charges. They were calm, slit-eyed and cattily pleasant, and not going to be any trouble at all. He was proud of them. He perched on the arm of the couch beside Aggie, and his fingers tightened reassuringly on her arm for an instant. She smiled faintly.

"Will you have cocktails?" Lilley asked.

"I have made them very mild for the ladies."

Patrick and Aggie accepted, and Audrey refused. Rising to get them, Patrick looked at George, who was having a refill. The little guy seemed both pleased with himself and nervous. He didn't have the guts of the rest of the outfit, and the pressure was throwing him. Patrick served Aggie and sipped his own drink.

"Nice," he commented. "And no pills in it."

Lilley laughed. "Not a single one, Mr. Nevil. I trust lunch was served to you?"

"Yes, thanks."

"I regret I was unable to welcome any of you personally," Lilley said, "but it was impossible. I beg of you not to think I am customarily so discourteous to guests, and forgive me this once."

"Is that what we are?" Aggie said. "Guests?"

"Of course."

"Did you ever consider reducing, Doctor?" Aggie said. "You certainly need to lose a few hundred pounds."

"Mustn't be offensive to our fat host, honey," Patrick told her.

"As you may have gathered," Aggie said, "I don't like him."

"I don't like him, either," Audrey said.

"So many people don't," Lilley replied. "It is the principal sorrow of my life, ladies. I would prefer to be very popular." He turned his attention to Patrick. "I imagine even Mr. Nevil doesn't feel too kindly toward me since the regrettable overenthusiasm of Pepe."

"I blame myself," Patrick said. "I failed to shoot him yesterday evening."

"Yes, he informed me of that," Lilley said. "Nevertheless, I spoke to him sharply for his behavior of this afternoon. Accept my apologies, if they'll help."

"Thanks. They don't."

Lilley smiled. "Granted that it's an odd manner in which to treat a guest, the beating may serve a useful purpose. Perhaps it will impress on you how unwise an attempt to leave here would be."

"I get you, Doc," Patrick said.

The Mexican who had served the lunch came in to announce that dinner was ready. Lilley got up and extended his arm to Audrey.

"Miss Latham, will you lead the way with me?" he asked.

Audrey hesitated, her face getting a pinched look. But Patrick urged her with an unobtrusive hand, and reluctantly she took the doctor's arm and accompanied him. George gulped the rest of his cocktail and headed for Aggie.

"Come on, Aggie," he said, and crooked his elbow.

"Get any closer, punk," Aggie said quietly, "and I'll cut your heart out with a nail file."

Her eyes had grown very dark, and her lips were thin with anger and contempt. And



Question: *Tonight Will He Say "You're Adorable"?*

Answer: *It All Depends.*

Your gown is lovely. Your hair is bewitching. There's laughter and warmth in your eyes. Of course he'll adore you *IF*—and what a vital if—your breath is as dainty and as fresh as the rest of you. Are you sure that it is? You may not know when breath is off-color and so offend needlessly. But why guess? Why take long chances? Listerine Antiseptic offers a simple, wholly delightful precaution that no really nice person should ever omit. Millions know how often it makes off-color breath sweeter, purer, and less likely to offend.

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famous bacon with
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In a new, nation-wide poll
Swift's Premium Bacon got
more than twice as many votes
as the second best brand!

Patrick knew she had both a nail file and the will for the deed. As George sheered off, he grabbed her. They went into the big dining room adjoining.

It was as somber as the living room in furnishings, but bright now with the glow of candles in heavy silver brackets. Double doors at the rear stood open, revealing a glassed-in sun porch and a vista of dark garden. The table was loaded with food, and a second Mexican came in to assist the first in the serving. They all seated themselves, Lilley at the head, Patrick at the foot, and the girls and George in between. After a moment, Benny, who had vanished when they entered the living room, joined them.

"I hope you'll find what you want," Lilley said. "It is a simple meal, but I believe ample."

There were salads, cheeses, ham, beef, veal and sausages. A cold turkey was set in the center of the table, together with hot dishes of beans, rice and vegetables. The servants brought four kinds of wine. Patrick was hungry, as was Audrey, and the food was delicious. Aggie ate only a bit of salad and drank a glass of wine.

TO WATCH Lilley eat was a display in itself. He consumed food silently, speedily and omnivorously, his large hands like twin conveyor belts. The volume was unbelievable, and as the meal proceeded, his face drew closer and closer to his plate. Finally he was through, wiping the wet maw of his mouth with a napkin and conscious of the astonished countenances around him.

"Food is my particular opiate," he said, "and I fear my addiction to it causes me to be thoughtless. Will you excuse my lack of conversation? I feel talk is better after dinner than during the course of it." Tiny beads of perspiration dotted his brow, and he was breathing hard from the load in his stomach. "Are we all through?" he went on. "If so, I suggest the other room for coffee and liqueurs."

He got up with an effort, ushered them into the living room, and settled on the couch, mopping his face with a handkerchief. One of the Mexicans brought him a coffeepot, demitasse cups and an array of bottles.

"Help me, please, George," he said. "I must ration my breath, and too much getting up and down exhausts the supply."

George passed out the cups. Aggie, Audrey and Patrick refused a liqueur. George had a snifter of brandy. Settling back, Lilley contemplated his guests gravely. No one spoke.

"We are a silent, and scarcely gay, group," he remarked. "I'm beginning to think I am not the most stimulating of hosts, and the time I have for entertaining you is growing short. I must soon leave for my regular stint at El Vaquero." He looked at Benny, who had remained standing. "Benny, will you be kind enough to see that the car is ready?"

"Okay," Benny said, and left the room.

Lilley turned again to his guests. "I wonder if you are oppressed by a feeling of personal insecurity. If you are, please forget it. You're here for a short while only; after that, you will be as free as the wind. Unless you attempt an escape, no harm will befall you."

"You're a fool, Doctor," Aggie said, and her voice had the brittle hardness Patrick had noticed on previous occasions. "You can't get away with this. I'll rip you up the back the minute I'm loose. Better let us go now."

Lilley smiled thinly. "You should avoid the melodramatic with me, Agnes," he said. "As you are aware, I am a businessman. I don't murder people, nor do I shanghai them. You are a guest here and you have been treated as such. The airlines office can testify that you called and canceled your reservation in favor of a woman needing it more than you. Your stay here, to all intents and purposes, has been of your own free will."

"Can you prove that?"

"As well as you, my dear. We are in a foreign country, and my word—is as the word of the man associated with me—is as good as yours. The most you can do is hale me into court upon some unsupported evidence. I don't fear the outcome, though you should, since it will expose you to suspicion and ridicule in your position. The same applies to Miss Latham and Mr. Nevil."

"Take a squint at my face, Doc," Patrick said.

"Pepe did that," Lilley replied, "and he is almost unable to talk. I fear the police won't have much luck with him. And certainly you are entitled to damages, if you can collect them."

"Aren't you kidding?" Aggie said. "Our staying here is a side issue. What we know is important. That's going to blast you."

Lilley shook his head. "But it isn't important, Agnes. What you know is what we let you know, to keep your interest whetted. You are in possession of a collection of odds and ends, none of them closely related, and all of them useless unless they are supported by proof. Naturally, you can make every variety of accusation against me. I think I shall sue you for libel if you do. It is libel, you remember, if it cannot be proved."

Aggie leaned forward to get a cigarette from a box on the coffee table. Her fingers shook with anger, and Lilley helped her. He held a match to the cigarette, his colorless eyes triumphant.

"Suppose the cops arrive?" Patrick said. "Care to make a statement on that?"

"With pleasure," Lilley said. "They won't, I'm positive, because of a number of considerations. One is that you will be here only a little longer. I did the obvious in bringing you here, and the police always immediately discard the obvious. Also, the police are celebrated for waiting. They might easily think you went away with George to pursue further investigations, and that their sudden interruption might hinder you. They are far less impetuous than talented amateurs like yourselves."

"I'm not an amateur," Patrick said, "but it's beautiful."

"Isn't it?" Lilley said.

"Just how much longer do we have to stay here?" Aggie asked. "I have a big date with a typewriter."

"Not long, Agnes," Lilley said. "Anyone care for more coffee?" He poured himself a fresh cup, and George came forward to fill his brandy glass. He was watching Lilley as fascinatedly as the rest of them.

"We have to wait," Patrick said, "until about eleven o'clock tonight. Time enough for a Mrs. Lockner to get through the Los Angeles customs and be on her way."

Aggie stared sharply at Patrick, and he heard her breath catch. There was approval and chagrin together in the deep blue of her eyes. He grinned at her.

"Twelve o'clock," Lilley corrected. "Just to be on the safe side. Mr. Nevil, you are a rather acute young man. I made my one mistake in your case by not suspecting that you were a secret-service agent. It is not fatal, however."

THE girls looked at Patrick simultaneously, and both of them were surprised. In addition, Audrey was happy. Patrick knew he should be pleased that he had finally emerged from this mess an honest man. But he wasn't. This was no place to be honest, and it was still a mess.

"I guess it isn't," he said, "But how do you feel about Miss Latham's being in on this?"

"I think it's delightful," Lilley said. "And a happy accident. This experience will give her something to talk about for years."

He smiled at Audrey and then returned his attention to Patrick. "You mentioned Mrs. Lockner, Mr. Nevil. You understand her role in this?"

"If you mean carrying a bunch of cuts for ration stamps under her dress instead of a baby, yes. I figured that out all by myself."

"I'm curious—purely professionally, of course. What is your outline?"

"Like this," Patrick said. "George has been here before as F. A. Bolton. He gets hot with Aggie about the time you are having him down for final corrections on the cuts. It's very awkward for you, because you've been paid in advance through that dummy F. A. Bolton outfit, with Latin-American securities, and you have to deliver. You can't without the last additions by George. So you convert him into bait to lead Aggie away from Los Angeles and also combine George's final work here. Probably you intend to kill her if she knows enough, but I complicate matters by entering the picture."

"You make a bad guess on me, and I refuse to accept a bribe and get out. So you have to play it out, with revisions in the plan as you go along. The only hitch that can come is if Aggie or myself leaves. You are working against time, and Aggie's jump this morning poured sand in the works. All you can do is gather us in and hold on until Madame Lockner gets to Los Angeles and delivers the cuts to the black-market boys. Then you are presumably safe because all the evidence has disappeared, La Lockner has vanished, George is remaining here, and you have no further connection with the Los Angeles black market. You can outface whatever Aggie and I have to tell the cops on the basis that we lack anything tangible to back us up. . . . It looks pretty good."

There was silence for a moment. Aggie stared at Patrick, her lips slightly parted. George drank his brandy in a couple of swallows and broke into spluttering coughs.

"It looks perfect," Lilley said, "and in the main, you are accurate, my friend. But you don't go far enough. I'm going to be frank with you—"

"No, you ain't," George interrupted. "You've said enough—"

"But I haven't." Lilley's blank eyes rested on George for an instant, and the little man's words trailed off. "George is inclined to nervousness, which is a fault. I have a tendency toward vanity when a job is well done. Perhaps it is also a fault. However, I'm being frank with you because you are a reasonable man, Mr. Nevil, and I trust that after my explanation you will perceive the uselessness of pursuing this thing any farther. Agnes, of course, has never been reasonable, but I am leaving her out of my calculations as unimportant."

"I'm all ears," Patrick said.

"The beauty of our arrangement," Lilley said, "lies in its technical accuracy. You may be interested in the details. Our friend George here happens to be the greatest living draftsman, and to begin with, he drew a copy of the Great Seal of the United States ninety times on a sheet of cardboard ten by eighteen inches. We photoengraved this sheet into a zinc cut the same size. Then George drew fifty-two ration stamps on another sheet, and we made a plate. A few corrections, including the latest, have sufficed to make the cuts perfect."

"In Los Angeles I understand they have

the same gray-blue paper as used by the United States government. The seal will be printed first, in a light application, followed by a superimposition of the ration-stamp cut. We have pulled several proofs using this kiss-impression method, and I can assure you our product is indistinguishable from the real thing."

"I was with you up until that last statement, Doc," Patrick said.

Lilley shrugged. "At any rate, allow me to continue. Our sole connection with the black market is the cuts, which will shortly be in other hands. The product is perfect, and so impossible to trace." He spread his palms and smiled. "We have left no trail, Mr. Nevil. It ends here, in our conversation. The situation is like a murder case without the *corpus delicti*."

"Except for the ration stamps," Patrick said.

BENNY entered the room and glanced inquiringly at Lilley. The latter lumbered to his feet. He stopped for a moment, deliberately wiping his mouth with a handkerchief. Then he reached in his pocket, brought out a sheet of gray paper and handed it to Patrick. Aggie moved behind him, looking over his shoulder.

"Here is our final proof," Lilley said. "Would you care to study it?"

Patrick took the sheet of gasoline ration "A" stamps, and as he examined them carefully, the blood drained from his face. He glanced up at Aggie. She was as white as he was. The stamps were perfect. Not one man in a million could have told they were forgeries. Slowly he returned them to Lilley's waiting fingers. Aggie was wetting her lips and taking a long breath.

"Convinced?" Lilley said.

Patrick nodded. There goes the gas-rationing system in the States, he thought, and could not believe what was in his mind. It was inconceivable. A few million of those let loose on the market . . . this fat guy and his helpers can wreck the whole program. He lifted his eyes to Lilley.

"You know what you're doing, don't you?" he said. "You've got a good chance of running second to Benedict Arnold."

Lilley smiled. He walked to the fireplace, grunted as he bent, and consigned the ration stamps to the flames. They melted into ashes.

(Continued on page 46)



Where good taste counts

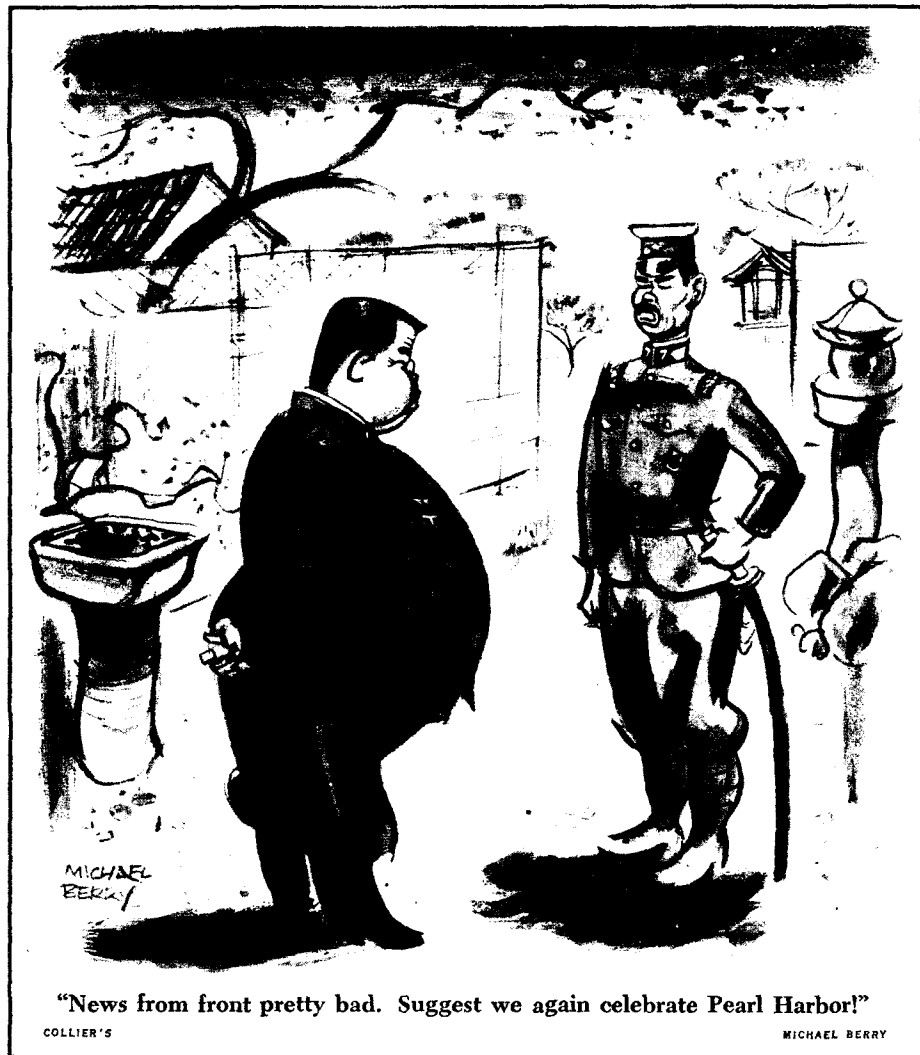
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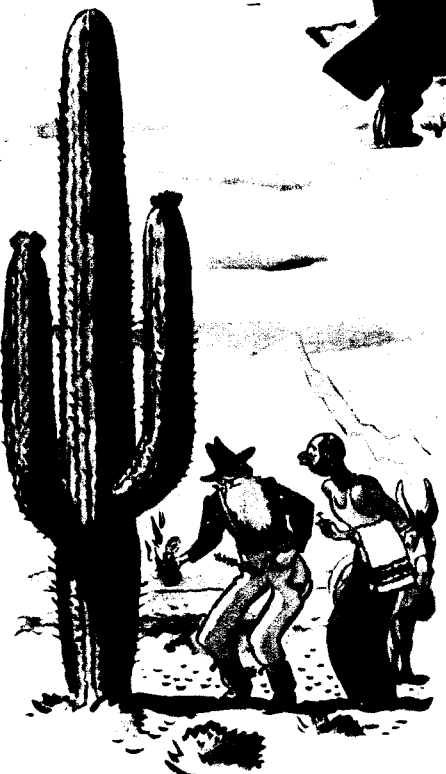
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THE Heroes

PORTRAIT BY
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**MICHAL
KLEPFISZ**

III

THE mortal remains of Michal Klepfisz molder under the ruins of Warsaw's ghetto, side by side with the crumbled bodies of those whom he captained, but his flaming soul marches on. The heroism of the young Jewish engineer has been hallowed by the highest decoration in Poland's gift, and wherever Poles fight on the battle fronts of the world, his name is a clarion.

Honor richly deserved, for not in the whole history of warfare is there record of any more gallant defense than the last stand of Michal Klepfisz and his people against German fury. At no time was there even the hope of victory; just the stark determination

to die bravely rather than ignobly. Half-armed when they answered the battle call of their youthful leader, and tortured by hunger and thirst from the very outset, a pitiful host of men, women and children beat back a Nazi army for seven long, terrible weeks, a handful of survivors surrendering only when the last crust had been gnawed, the last shot fired.

On the day that Adolf Hitler entered Poland he screamed his hate against all "non-Aryans." What he ordered was not arrest or imprisonment but extermination. Jews by the thousands were clubbed to death in the streets, shot in public squares and burned to

Perilous Holiday

Continued from page 45

which he stirred thoroughly with a poker. Then he straightened, his brow damp with perspiration, and raised his hands in a gesture of negation.

"Unique," he said. "The final evidence vanishes before your very eyes. Good night, Agnes, good night, Miss Latham, good night, Mr. Nevil. By the time I return, you will be gone. Believe me, you'll spare yourselves a good deal of trouble if you simply forget our association."

They watched him leave with his ungainly, elephantine tread. He seemed the epitome of evil—gross, corrupted, sick and repulsive, yet with a chill intelligence that left them all helpless. Patrick's throat was dry and his muscles tensing involuntarily. The sand had almost run out. He had to move somehow.

The front door shut on the sound of the car motor. Benny came back into the room. "Better take 'em upstairs, Benny," George said. He was reaching for the bottle of brandy again.

"All right," Benny said. "Come on, kids."

THEY filed out, Aggie in the lead, Audrey walking alongside Patrick, Benny behind them.

Upstairs, as they crossed the morning room and started along the picture gallery, Aggie slowed and looked back at Patrick. Her eyebrows lifted imperceptibly. He took it as a warning and a sign that she was going to attempt something, and he shook his head, not getting her meaning precisely, but certain that he didn't want her to interfere and possibly be hurt. Her eyebrows stayed up. He braced himself for what was coming.

"Audrey, I think I'm catching your cold," Aggie said. "Let me have your atomizer."

"Gosh, I'm sorry," Audrey said. "You're the second person I've given it to." She removed the atomizer from her duffel bag and handed it to Aggie. "Don't shoot too much

in, or the stuff will make your head ache; it's awfully strong."

"I'll be careful," Aggie said. Her eyes were on Patrick.

"I don't believe in that kind of treatment," he said hastily. "The old-fashioned way is the best. Don't use it."

"I like to experiment," Aggie replied. She squirted her nose tentatively. They reached the oak door. Audrey went through first. Aggie drifted behind. As Patrick stepped aside so she could precede him, she bumped into him.

"Excuse me," he said, and moved farther away from her, balling his fists.

That gave Aggie the room. She thrust the atomizer in Benny's face and squeezed the bulb. A stream of ephedrine jetted into his eyes. His hands clawed up, and he opened his mouth to yell. Patrick landed two punches, both high, and Benny's head banged suddenly on the doorjamb. He fell forward, his cry subsiding to a groan, and Patrick caught him, lowering him face down on the floor of the room. Aggie moved inside and pushed the door almost shut. Audrey stood looking at them in complete and rigid surprise.

"I think Mother is going to be sick, Patrick," Aggie said faintly. "She's a nervous woman away from her typewriter."

"Be sick quietly," Patrick said.

Removing his belt, he bound Benny's wrists behind him and got his gun. Benny was limp and hard to handle, and Patrick presently found Audrey kneeling beside him and helping.

Patrick's tie served to bind Benny's ankles, and he gagged him with his handkerchief. Benny began to make odd noises and squirm, but Patrick was sure he wasn't conscious yet. "Mightn't he choke to death?" Audrey whispered.

"Wouldn't that be too bad?" Aggie said.

"Well, let's not do anything against the law," Audrey said.

"I'm leaving," Patrick said. "Want to come with me or stay here?"

"I'm going," Aggie said.

"I'm going," Audrey said.

cinders in blazing homes and synagogues. This vast and insensate butchery was brought to a halt by the cold cunning of Heinrich Himmler. Why take the trouble to hunt Jews singly? How much better to mass them where they could be dealt with as a whole? Acting on this suggestion, ghettos were established in every principal Polish city, and the Jewish population was herded into them with bayonets.

In Warsaw, the "closed, contaminated area" was surrounded by a concrete wall, eight feet high, with Storm Trooper guards at every entrance and exit. Into this cattle pen were packed some 250,000 Jews, stripped of all but the clothes they wore, denied sanitation and even barred from food supplies. Soon, however, the wretched inmates began to be shipped away at the rate of five or six thousand a day, presumably to the labor camps of the Ukraine or the Reich.

It was a lie that did not serve for long. Back to the ghetto came slow trickles of information that told of unimaginable horrors. Freight cars filled ankle deep with quicklime; other cars hermetically sealed and flooded with poison gas; thousands dumped out into the winter forests to perish of cold and hunger; other thousands machine-gunned in lonely places and left for wild beasts to fight over.

It was in this black hour that Michal Klepfisz raised his voice even as Judas Maccabeus in an earlier day. The son of distinguished educators, and himself an honor graduate from the Warsaw Polytechnical Institute, he had fought the Germans until Warsaw's surrender and then gone underground. Holding high place in the secret organization that formed to continue resistance, he left it to join his people when Governor General Hans Frank established the ghetto. First to realize the deadly intent of the Germans, young Klepfisz asked the doomed population to choose death in battle rather than by Gestapo torture.

A call to the underground brought arms, ammunition and food, all slipped in at night. Machine guns, hand grenades and knives for

the most part, and in sadly insufficient quantities, but when actual war opened on April 18, 1943, the Germans were thrown back with heavy losses. Quitting the fatal business of direct assault, the Nazi commanders decided on bombardment, both from land and air. Day after day, batteries and planes rained destruction on the ghetto. Incendiary bombs started raging fires, and the defenders fought desperately in an inferno of smoke and flame.

Sleepless, tireless, Michal Klepfisz led charges and repelled Storm Troop sorties. It was in one desperate hand-to-hand grapple that he met his death, but with his last breath he called upon his people to keep up the struggle. According to *Swit*, the Polish underground radio station, he saw the utter annihilation of 250,000 Jews as a tragedy that would wake the civilized world to a full realization of Hitler's menace and German bestiality.

Obedient to his dying urgency, the Jews fought on. The Germans ringed the ghetto with men and guns, cutting off all possibility of food and ammunition, but still resistance continued. Not until June did the end come, and even then there was no white flag. Only a cessation of firing, the sudden horrible silence of the tomb. And when the Germans entered, suspicious of a trap, they were met by only a few thousand ambulant corpses, too weak to hold the rocks and knives that were their only weapons. Enraged by their losses, shamed that German might had been mocked for seven weeks by half-armed, hunger-weakened representatives of an inferior race, the conquerors gave free rein to their angers and ferocities.

On February 18, 1944, General Casimir Sosnkowski called together the Polish army in Scotland that he was readying for the invasion of France. As the veterans of many campaigns stood before him with bared heads, he awarded the *Virtuti Militari* to Michal Klepfisz, "dead on the field of honor," and commended him to every Pole as an example of courage and patriotism. . . .

GEORGE CREEL

"If you make any noise," Patrick told them, "I'll brain both of you."

He opened the door and looked down the gallery. It was empty. As he started out, he remembered something, turned and gripped Aggie's waist with his free arm.

"This is in gratitude and appreciation," he said.

"I told you I felt upset," Aggie said. "Kissing me may make it worse."

"Something might happen to us," Patrick said. "In that case, it won't matter."

He kissed her hard on the mouth and released her. Audrey was watching the operation frowningly. Her eyes were disillusioned, and Patrick felt suddenly ashamed.

"You're next," he said. "Pucker up."

"I've got a cold," Audrey said, "and my heart's broken."

"If Aggie can stand it, you can."

He bent to kiss her, but she pushed him back.

"As soon as you kids get your romance untangled," Aggie said, "how about getting out of here?"

Patrick grinned at them and led the way out. The gallery took minutes to do, the way he traveled, setting his feet down slowly, testing for loose boards before he trusted his weight, pausing frequently to listen. Behind him, his harem faithfully mimicked his movements. He was thinking of how to manage things as he reached the morning room. Señor Aguirre had mentioned three of his countrymen as working for Lilley. One was gone in the car with the boss and wouldn't return for a while. Benny was out of action. That left two other servants, plus George and Pepe. One of them must be guarding the gate, which left three for him to handle in the house. It wasn't too tough, but the problem of getting over the high wall or trying to force the gate had him stopped. He decided to let matters ride for a while.

They descended the steps in shrinking procession. A couple of the steps creaked loudly. Patrick didn't stop. He was afraid George might be getting suspicious at Benny's absence. And he wondered where Pepe had been all evening.

He halted at the living-room doorway and peeped around the corner. George was sprawled on a couch, his back to them. His head drooped and he appeared to be dozing. Patrick waited patiently. George did not change position. The door leading out to the porte-cochere was terribly tempting to Patrick, but he was positive he could never make it. He was certain to rouse George, and the man at the gate would see him. Pepe might be outside, too. An idea occurred to him. It might work, although it would take a lot of doing. Any decision would probably be the wrong one.

Patrick wished fervently he didn't have the girls with him as he motioned for them to pass the living-room entrance and go on down the hall. Audrey went first, Aggie at her heels. George remained unstirring.

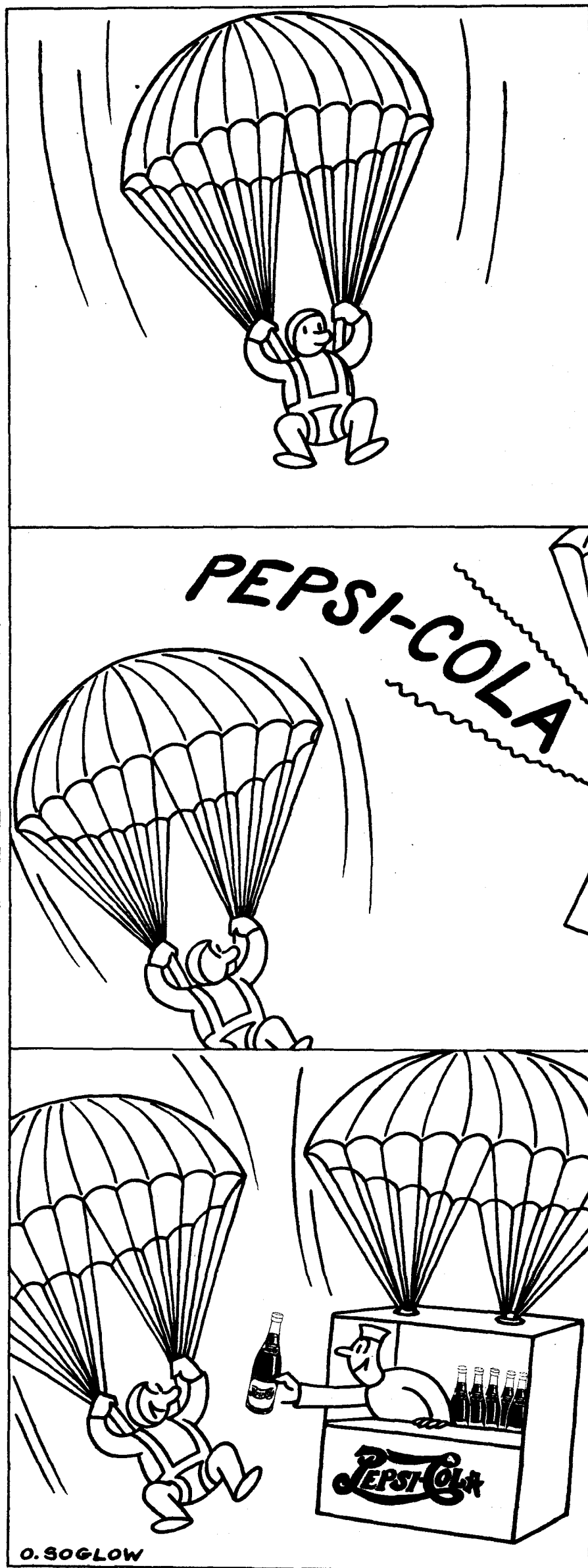
CATCHING up with the girls, Patrick took the lead again, and they arrived at the end of the hallway. He tried the door there. It was not locked, and he swung it open with infinite care. Only a few small rasps betrayed him. The room was in darkness, but before he closed the door from the hall, he had a glimpse of another door, on the far side.

"Conga line," Patrick whispered in the darkness. "Watch your feet."

Audrey put her hands on his hips. Aggie took hold of her and they traversed the room, a step at a time. Patrick fumbled for the knob of the second door and got it open, and when they were inside, waited until Aggie had it closed.

Proceeding this way, the conga line made its way through another connecting room which Patrick judged to be a library, and brought up at a hallway identical to the other on the porte-cochere side of the house. Patrick peeked down it and stood listening. A door at the far end was partially open, and from inside came the clink and rattle of dishes and pans; stale cooking odors were in the air.

He motioned for his women to follow, and began the trip down the hallway. Aggie softly pulled the library door to behind her. Taking care, Patrick made no noise. At last



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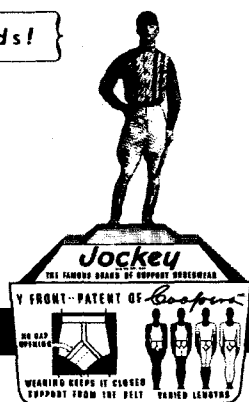
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he reached the door and pushed it a sixteenth of an inch at a time until he had enough of an opening for a view.

The spacious kitchen was revealed, with a laundry beyond. To the left was a butler's pantry. At the sink in the kitchen, his back to Patrick, was a Mexican washing dishes. Patrick waved to his charges to hold still. He was going to continue to inch the door open, when suddenly the man turned in his direction and saw him. Instantly Patrick flung the door wide and covered him with the gun. The man's eyes popped and his hands shot into the air.

"Be silent or I will kill you," Patrick whispered in Spanish. He walked over to the man, Audrey and Aggie behind him. "Turn around."

The man wheeled about. Patrick's thumb slipped the hammer to safety, he palmed the gun and slapped it against the side of the man's head. There was an audible crack, and the man slid quietly to the floor. Patrick looked at his two charges; their faces were white, their eyes very big, their expressions a curious mixture of horror, stealth and excitement. He wanted to laugh aloud.

"Stand still," he whispered. "I want to find the master switch and douse the lights in the house. Then we'll work our way through the dining room and out on that glassed-in porch we saw when we were having dinner. We can get into the garden from there."

They remained rigidly together while he scouted the kitchen and the butler's pantry. In the end of the latter was a swinging door Patrick was positive gave entrance to the dining room. He cracked it and saw the dining room as he had anticipated. The candles had been extinguished, but a little light came from the living room. He let the swinging door close and cautiously resumed his search for the master switch, finding the metal box on the wall of the laundry. Waving for the girls to join him, he opened the box and took hold of the switch.

"This is it," he whispered, and took another look around to get his bearings. "Conga line, children."

Audrey's hands settled on him. He tugged at the switch, a spark leaped, and blackness hit the house like a blow. Patrick moved blindly for the butler's pantry again.

It seemed minutes until the swinging door yielded to his hands and they were in the dining room. In the meantime he had heard George's startled voice calling from the living room, and the crash of a falling chair.

Now Patrick oriented himself by the dim and lifeless glow that must be the glassed-in porch and started for it. For the first time he stumbled and almost fell. He halted abruptly, and Audrey bumped against him. His breath held, he listened.

There was movement behind him in the kitchen, and the loud tick of a clock from the living room. And there was something else—an infinitely soft shuffle of feet, or of knees and hands, either in the glassed-in porch or the dining room—he could not tell—and it died away as Patrick listened.

The skin was crinkling on his back. Audrey's hands tightened on his hips. He lowered the gun level with his waist and moved it in a slow arc, staring desperately into the blackness. The shuffle began again, but he still could not place it. Then it died away, resumed and faded; metal tinkled faintly.

PATRICK was sure it was Pepe stalking him, yet he dared not move. A man with a knife had a big advantage in that darkness, especially over another man with two women to protect. He searched frantically with burning eyes and saw nothing.

Now there was more noise from the kitchen. And mingled in it was the whispering shuffle in the dining room, very close. Patrick cursed himself for cutting off the lights and leaned back against the girls, trying to protect them with his body. He heard Aggie choke a sob and felt Audrey jab her warningly. The blackness was tightening like a noose around his neck.

The lights flashed on in the living room. In the path of radiance which came through the dining-room doorway stood Pepe, half crouched, a broad-bladed knife extended in front of him. He glared at Patrick, his eyes full of animal consternation.

"You had better move, Señor," Patrick said softly in Spanish. "It is this I have waited for."

Pepe's arm darted back, and he flung the knife. Mixed with Aggie's scream was the whirr and glint of the blade past Patrick's head. It sliced into the wall, dappled him with broken plaster and dropped to the floor. Into the preceding sounds merged the bark of Patrick's gun. Pepe clutched at the dining table and tried to keep from falling; then he slowly crumpled underneath the table.

THE swinging door from the butler's pantry was flung open. George popped into the room. Patrick's gun centered on him. George's gun was up, but he did not fire.

"Let loose of it," Patrick said. "And thanks for the lights. This is on me, George."

George hesitated, and his nerve went in the waiting. His gun fell from his hand. Audrey swooped to get it. George was looking at Pepe.

"Get going," Patrick said to him. "Audrey and Aggie—follow us, but keep about six feet behind. Fall on your faces if any shooting starts."

He jammed the muzzle of his gun in George's back. The little man was shaking.

"Through the porch," Patrick said, "out into the garden, and around to the front gate. Remember if they try to stop me, you get it first."

In the garden, George stumbled over a



"Get Out and Vote!"

shrub, and Patrick had to grip him by the slack in his coat to keep him from going down. They found a path and rounded the rear corner of the house. Patrick saw shadowy figures closing in on them and ducked low behind George, frantically waving behind him to the girls. His gun bored into George.

"Speak up," he said.

"Don't shoot," George called quaveringly. "This is Richards. For God's sake, don't shoot. He's got a gun in my back!"

"Don't you shoot, either, Señor Patrick," Señor Aguirre said. "Let us save everyone here for other things."

A flashlight went on, and Señor Aguirre stepped into the circle of radiance. There were policemen around him, carrying rifles and submachine guns. He had a very big pistol, and he was smiling.

"Listen, I have the dope," Patrick said, and held his watch to the light. He had no more than enough time. "Where can I reach Mr. Graeme?"

"He is outside in a car," Señor Aguirre said. "We will go visit him together in a moment."

A policeman fastened manacles on George. Others got Benny and the servant and reported that Pepe was dead. Aggie was holding a hand over her mouth and looking peculiar, and Audrey was sneezing. Patrick hurriedly patted his charges on their backs and followed Aguirre to the street.

Mr. Graeme sat in the rear of a sedan with the dome light on, benevolent and calm as usual. "You have kept me waiting, Patrick," he said, and smiled.

"We missed you, Señor Nevil," Aguirre explained, "and hunted everywhere for you. Unfortunately my man lost your car after you left the airport. We did not think of Doctor Lilley's house until tonight."

"Exactly as the fat doctor predicted," Patrick told him.

"So?" Aguirre wore his largest smile. "Well, when we did settle on the house, we

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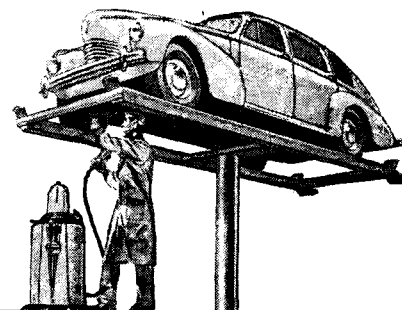
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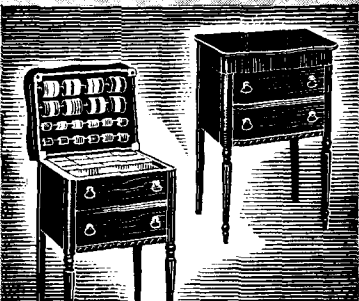
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feared to enter on account of you and the ladies. But when the lights went out, and the shooting began, we took the man at the gate and entered. To you was reserved the pleasure of killing Pepe."

"You killed him?" Graeme asked.

"Yes, sir," Patrick said. "Since you haven't asked me what I know, I take it you checked at the airport after I did, drawing the same conclusions, and that it is already arranged for Mrs. Lockner to have a reception committee in Los Angeles."

"Yes; an unobtrusive affair," Graeme said. "We'll let her lead us to the gentlemen of the black market. Is that your solution?"

"Here's the whole story," Patrick said. "I would have given it to you sooner, but I was slightly detained."

He told them the events of the day, starting at the airport. Señor Aguirre rubbed his hands together and chuckled. Graeme nodded and beamed.

"Two old spiders," Señor Aguirre said. "Now we have the fly. We are fortunate with such bright young men for bait."

"I broke out because of a brunette and a blonde," Patrick said. "Don't forget that."

"No, indeed," Graeme said. "I'm not too old to see the uses of blondes and brunettes. . . . Patrick, my heartiest congratulations. You shall have another vacation."

"No, sir," Patrick said. "I refuse. Put me to work."

Graeme smiled. "Very well. As you wish."

"Now we have the fly," Señor Aguirre said. "But we still must make sure of him. Will you accompany us, Señor Graeme?"

"No, my part is done," Graeme said. "Let us breakfast together tomorrow, gentlemen. Good night."

HIS car rolled off. Patrick went in search of his harem and found them a little way down the street in company with a policeman. Aggie was over her queasiness and smoking a cigarette, and Audrey, her duffel bag restored to her, was dabbing gingerly at her nose with tissues.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," Patrick said, "but I had to see my boss."

"Is he pleased?" Aggie asked.

"Uh-huh, but I gave all the credit to my girl friends."

"He must be used to that if he knows you."

"Just give me credit for not sneezing," Audrey said. "Gee, I thought I was going to blow up a few times."

"You are a wonderful blonde," Patrick said, "which nobody can deny. We're going to El Vaquero to see the Wizard of Ooze. Why don't you girls attend the ceremony before you return to the hotel?"

"Let's go, Seattle," Aggie said. "He's part ours."

"Just like Patrick," Audrey said glumly. "All right."

They joined Señor Aguirre and a police inspector in a car, and drove to where the garish El Vaquero sign painted the night sky. The place was crowded as usual. They walked inside, hearing the music of the hot band.

Doctor Lilley was standing up in front with one of his captains. He saw them coming and must have known that his goose was cooked, but the expression on his face did not change. His bow was the essence of courtesy.

"Good evening," he said. "Can I help you?"

"Very much," Señor Aguirre said. "Tonight we do not want a table, Doctor, but only you. For a long time."

"Good," Lilley said. "We have no tables."

The attentive captain brought his boss his hat. He accompanied the group outside. The police inspector opened the door of the official car.

For an instant Lilley looked back at El Vaquero. Then his colorless eyes flickered over the faces of the people around him.

"I erred on the side of mercy," he said; "an understandable weakness I have not been much given to. But that can be said in my favor, even if it won't happen again."

"It won't happen again, Doctor," Aggie said.

"I perceive your meaning," Lilley said.

"Goodby, Agnes."

"Goodby, Doctor."

"Goodby, Mr. Nevil. It has not been a pleasure meeting you."

"So long, Doc," Patrick said. "Unhappy landings."

"Don't try to say goodbye to me," Audrey said. "I wish I'd never met anybody here."

Lilley merely bowed to her and entered the car. Señor Aguirre shook hands with Patrick and bent low over the hands of Aggie and Audrey.

"It is not often that such beauty concerns itself with such evil," he said. "The republic will be grateful."

He got in the car with Lilley and the police inspector. They drove away. As they left, Señor Aguirre waved to them cheerily. A policeman—there seemed to be a great many of them around—summoned a cab for Patrick and sat beside the driver. Patrick settled himself in the rear between his girls. He put an arm around each of them and sighed contentedly.

"I'm tired," he said. "I couldn't dance with either one of you tonight."

"Where to, sir?" the policeman said.

"Hotel Cortez," Patrick said.

It was only a short distance, and they rode in silence.

At the hotel, another policeman was waiting with Aggie's luggage, salvaged from Lilley's house, and people stared at them as they went in.

"My mother is going to ask me where I've been," Audrey said. "What am I going to tell her?"

"Nothing," Patrick said positively. "That's official."

"I have to register again," Aggie said. "See you later, kids."

She turned away. As she did, her eyes met Patrick's. Their glances held for an instant. Patrick's heart bounced uncertainly, like a tennis ball with a bad spin on it. Then he remembered Audrey and felt lousy. It certainly was a great little triangle. Aggie went over to the desk, trailed by the policeman.

"Well," Audrey said, "I've had a perfectly lovely time—and this is our last date."

"I admit it was uncomfortable," Patrick said. "I'm sorry."

"I don't mean that," Audrey's face was very solemn. "Patrick, this can never be. You must realize that. Whatever we have been to each other is now at an end. We've just got to try to forget. You understand?"

"Yes, Audrey," Patrick said.

"I want to live in Seattle," Audrey said, "and I would like a cute boy with just one girl. Me, I wouldn't like to have to shoot it out with people every little while. Going out with a boy and wearing a bulletproof vest is not my idea of fun."

"Yes, Audrey."

"You're not hurt?"

"No, Audrey," Patrick said.

"I'd let you kiss me goodbye," Audrey said, "but you might catch the cold."

"Yes, Audrey," Patrick said.

SHE shook hands with him and walked off to the elevators. There was a discouraged slope to her shoulders. Mother was going to be sore, and they both had colds. The vacation was over. Patrick could not help feeling a little sad.

He had a drink in the bar and went upstairs. His room seemed suddenly quiet and barren, now that it was all over. He took off his shoes and lay on the bed, staring at the ceiling; that ceiling had been a great comfort to him, at one time or another. It was this time. He picked up the phone and asked for Aggie.

"Hello," he said. "This is Patrick."

"Oh, yes," Aggie said. "The guy who was going to entertain me in Mexico City. Well, you did."

"What are you doing—typing?"

"Yes."

"I'm lonesome," Patrick said.

"So am I."

"Let's get together."

"Where will the three of us go?"

"Two of us, from now on, baby."

"I'll meet you in the lobby in fifteen minutes," Aggie said. "And right now, Patrick, my darling, I hope I never see a typewriter again."

THE END

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Smoky Mountain Boy

Continued from page 22

The Hambricks have been in the Great Smokies for generations. Clifford is the first of the clan to venture into the outside world within the memory of those living. Who the first Hambrick to come into the region was, they do not know. They can follow a trail of relatives back across the mountain ridges to the east, each new generation having moved a little westward. But after four generations, the trail ends—within thirty miles of Graysville. Sergeant Hambrick's mother is part Cherokee, which makes Clifford think fighting is in his blood. Like most of the families in the Great Smokies, they are very religious, and Clifford is no exception. While we were there, the whole family, including sleepy little Marvin, attended every session of a revival at The Church of God.

God-fearing, hard-working, the Hambricks have had bad luck of late. Mr. Hambrick, who has dug coal under the mountains for over twenty years, began coughing a year ago and was finally ordered by the doctor to leave the pits—a victim of silicosis. Since then, he has been able to work only at odd jobs of painting or carpentry around the village. Only the help they get from Clifford enables the family to make ends meet. They are very crowded in their present three-room home. When Clifford and Rosalee are there, there are nine people and only three beds. Before winter comes they will have to move, for the house is so dilapidated it offers little protection from the weather.

Joining the Army was something like falling off a log, says Cliff. For five years, ever since he quit school at the eighth grade, he had been working at a small local mine, digging coal or loading it. Mining there is completely unmechanized. The coal is picked and blasted out by hand and loaded by hand; ventilation is by means of fire flues which create hot drafts to draw off the bad air; the coal is dropped down the mountainside to the tipples by cable cars—two loaded ones pulling two empties to the top as they come down. The wage scale averages \$2.40 a day. It took the earnings of both Clifford and his father to keep the family eating.

Often, when there were no orders for coal, there was no work. When that happened the task of finding fresh meat for the family fell on Clifford and his rifle. "That's one thing," says Clifford. "If you can hunt you can always keep yourself supplied with fresh meat in these mount'ins. If you go back far enough, you can git yourself a wild turkey,

and there is wild pigs, and if you don't want to go that far, you can take a five-minute walk and git yourself a mess of rabbit."

A dead shot, Clifford likes nothing better than hunting. Even when working, he spent as much time as he could traipsing through the rocky, wooded mountains.

"Me and my cousin Harry Goin," he says, "we was always together, huntin' in the mount'ins all day and settin' round all night playin' gee-tars and singin' that ole Wabash Cannonball. We were back there in the mount'ins every day, huntin' and climbin' round those cliffs up there lookin' for eagles' nests and wild turkey. Sometimes we'd go huntin' mount'in lions. Sometimes we'd go huntin' nothin' but rattlesnakes. Wouldn't waste a bullet on them. Jest git a ole forked stick and jab it down on his neck, pinnin' his head down so's you could either cut it off or step on it.

"Well, like I was sayin', me and my cousin Harry was always huntin' and shootin' and climbin' round in the mount'ins. One day we figured we'd jest go down and join the Army. Things were pretty slow, and I hadn't worked at the mine for over three months. So we went down to Dayton to join up and I lacked six days of bein' old enough. That's how I remember the date, July 12, 1941. So I jest lied about it, and they sent us to Fort Oglethorpe.

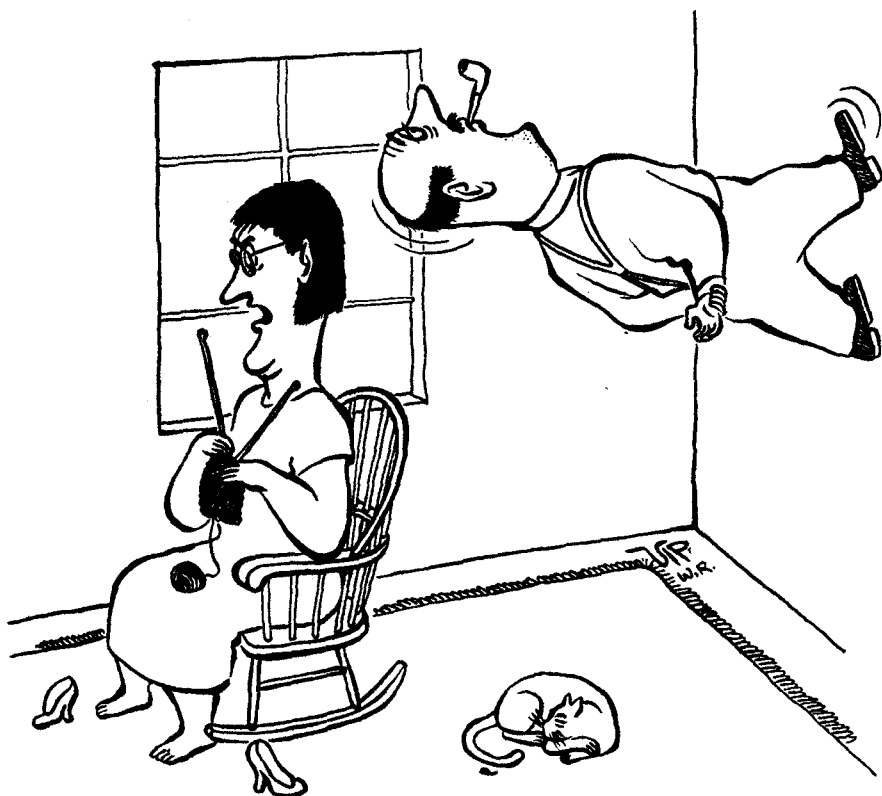
Separated by the Army

"Now, the funny thing is that me and my cousin Harry figured we'd jest join up together and be together, like we was always together huntin' and shootin' in the mount'ins. Well, you know what, we was together jest the day we joined. The Army sent me in one direction and him another, and I haven't laid eyes on him since. He's over in New Guinea fightin' those Japs, and I never even got a crack at them. Harry ain't even been home once, jest shootin' them ole Japs. Boy, I sure would like to get a crack at them!"

No one in Graysville thinks it unusual for Clifford to be one of Uncle Sam's best soldiers. They don't see how he could be anything less.

"Man alive," said one villager, "that boy was raised with a rifle in his hand, huntin' and shootin' in the mount'ins. There wasn't a day when he wasn't out shootin'. He was a dead shot; I'd say he was the best shot in the county."

But Clifford says it wasn't that easy. "Sure



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I could shoot, but there is some difference between my way and the Army's. Boy, they wrap that rifle strap around your arm and twist till your back is broke, and then you're supposed to shoot. I'd been shootin' my way all my life and it jest tied me up in knots. Still I always got my bull's-eye. After a while I got on to it, and then it was all right, though I'd still rather shoot my way."

But Army life on the whole appealed to Clifford, especially the food and the pay. Soon, in the 34th Infantry Division to which he was assigned, he found a buddy, a boy from the same Tennessee hills that he came from, Joe Williams of Cleveland, Tennessee. They spoke the same language, and it was almost as good as having his cousin Harry with him. Just before the 34th shipped out in the spring of 1942, Clifford and Joe snagged a two-day leave in New York City. They saw the tall buildings, but Clifford was more impressed by the people.

"Boy," he says, "I never saw so many people in all my life, all kinds of people pushin' and rushin' around. Everything was hurry, hurry. Never could figure out where they lived. They'd jest disappear and then there was new ones, all rushin' around like the others."

"We didn't get to see the sights like most folks do. We got in that subway train and we didn't know how to git off. So we jest stayed on. We was on it ten hours. At first we were afraid to ask about it. Then we started askin', but we couldn't understand what people said and they'd rush off shoutin'! So we jest set tight. Finally, we saw that we kept passin' the same places, so we figured how it worked and jumped off."

When the 34th Infantry arrived in Scotland, a call went out for volunteers for special and dangerous combat missions. Clifford and Joe immediately joined up.

"We figured," says Clifford, "it was fightin' we came for, and the sooner it started, the better."

For months the boys—assembled into a group later to become famous as the Rangers under Colonel William Darby—were trained by British Commandos in assault tactics against supposedly impregnable targets.

"That's where comin' from the mount'ins came in handy," says Clifford. "We had all that cliff-climbin' to do and it was easy after climbin' around these mount'ins looking for eagles' nests. And later on, in Sicily and Italy, we often had to climb up cliffs to get at the Jerries, and there wasn't nothin' to it for me."

The Rangers spearheaded the Allied invasion of North Africa, landing at Arzeu beach near Oran.

"We cleaned up the beach," says Cliff, "after a pretty fair fight, then after a battle, took Oran. Then we moved on to take St. Cloud. Things got tougher and there was a big fight for St. Cloud, and that's where I got mine. We were marching down the road from St. Louis into St. Cloud. Everything looked fine and there wasn't much trouble

except from snipers, and all of a sudden we were ambushed by a French machine-gun crew. I was the third man in the file, carrying mortar ammo, and the first burst caught me. Bullet went right through my ankle. I lay there, cursin' and sweatin' and hurtin' somethin' awful. My buddy, Joe, was right behind me and he pulled me off behind a G.I. truck and gave me first aid. Our fellows went after the machine gun with hand grenades and knocked it out. What made me sore was that was the day the armistice was signed and the fightin' was over in Algeria."

Clifford spent the next ninety-five days in the hospital. Luckily for him, the machine-gun slug had not ruined his foot. He could walk on it, though not long marches, and it gave him considerable pain. He rejoined the Rangers at El Guettar Valley in time for the decisive battle there which turned the tide for the Allies in Tunisia. Assigned to light duty because of his wound, his job was to bring up food, ammunition and other supplies from the rear.

No Notches in His Belt

Despite his local and Ranger reputation as a sharpshooter, Clifford doesn't claim to have killed any Nazis. "I've shot at enough of them, and I think I killed seven or eight, but I never saw none of them fall, so I'm not claimin' I killed them."

The most interesting part of the war for Clifford was not fighting, but people. Having spent a lifetime in the isolated Tennessee hills, he never came into contact with the world's various nationalities until he joined the Army. There he met an Italian boy who was later to become his captain, a Russian, a Rumanian, a Jewish boy and several Catholics. A Scotch girl taught him to jitterbug, and cockneys in the Commandos taught him to fight. He visited French homes in North Africa.

Of the British he says, "If they had our equipment, no army could lick them." But best of all he liked the people of Sicily, saying, "Now there is a great people, real polite and generous. They want to make you right at home. I'd like to go back there someday."

Clifford hopes to stay in the Army after the war because he likes it, he can do a soldier's job well, and considers his pay good. Flicking his blue, silver-wreathed Expert Combat Infantry badge, he says, "And I like the extra ten dollars a month this brings."

His wife Rosalee wants to settle down on a farm if he gets out of the Army—and that is a possibility because of his wound and because he suffers from attacks of malarial fever.

But in Graysville, Messrs. Small and Marsfield, owners of the mine, want him to come back and work there. "He can have a job here any time," they say.

THE END

INCREDIBLE NERVE

The Exhibitors

Milk thief in
East Orange, N. J.

Woman in Chicago

Thieves in
Bradenton, Florida

Counterfeiter in
Wabash, Indiana

Holdup victim in
Tulsa

Confidence man in
San Francisco

The Exhibitions

He left notes requesting extra quarts of milk in empty milk bottles.

She asked the court to adjudge her husband insane because he dared to talk back to her.

They phoned the owner of a safe they had stolen to ask for its combination.

He made counterfeit nickels with one side blank.

He asked the bandit to give him a receipt for his \$8.

He wired a request for a \$25 loan to a Chicago saloonkeeper he had stuck with a \$1,700 rubber check.

—W. E. Farbstain

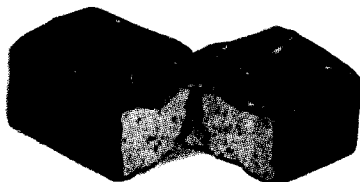
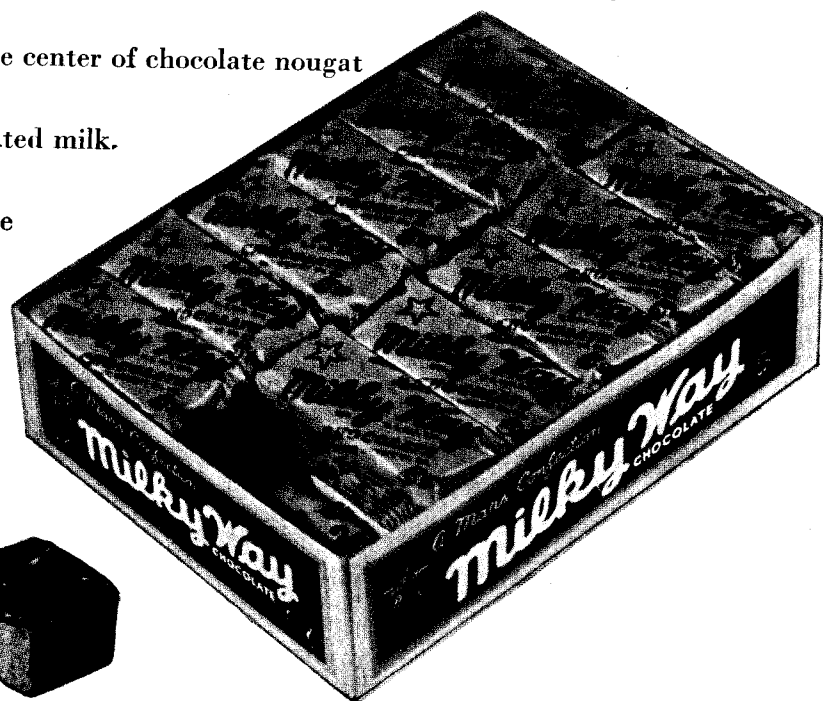


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KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS

I looked up at a jay bird in the water oak. He would squat down and let out a big squawk, and from down in the creek another jay bird would answer him. I said, "My old dog yonder is about ready to go on a pension. I been thinking if I could find me a good, young dog to break, I'd buy him, if he didn't cost too much." The jay bird squawked. "Now that little bitch there, she's sort of small for heavy cover, and she breaks shot. But I believe with a lot of work I could make a pretty good dog out of her, if you're of a mind to let her go."

"She don't belong to me. She's Billy's."

"Surely he don't intend to just let her set out her best hunting years."

The man said, "I don't want to give you no short answer, but she just ain't for sale. Billy never told me not to sell her, and I don't hunt, myself, but I want her here for him when he comes back."

"Where's he at?" I asked, desperate.

"Well, somewhere out yonder in them islands, that's all I know. I ain't heard from him for quite a spell now. They said he helped when they took over that Tarawa island," he said, rocking. Then he added, "They got him listed as missing."

Missing for eight months. My heart give a little pound, because I knew I might get hold of that dog yet.

"You think he's coming back?"

"I figure he is," the man said.

I kept my mouth shut, waiting.

"Ain't no doubt in my mind about it," he said. He rocked forward and got up, motioning to me. "And when he comes, everything's going to be just the way he left it."

He led me into the house, and into Billy's room. There was a big feather bed, with a red bedspread on it, and a marble-top table on which was an oil lamp with a flowered shade. Over the mantel there was a shotgun, fresh-oiled, resting on deer-foot racks. A dog whistle with a worn rawhide thong hung from one of the deer feet. There were pictures of women on the wall, mostly legs and breasts, cut from calendars and magazines. A wild-turkey beard was stuck to the wall; he must have been a big one, twenty pounds or more.

The man went over and straightened one of the pictures.

"When he gets back, everything's going to be ready for him." He nodded toward Sis, and added, "That little dog is his pride and joy."

I finally left, seeing I wasn't getting nowhere. All night I studied and studied, but I couldn't figure anything out. I knew if I outright stole the dog, old man Clarke would hunt me down like a chicken-killing possum. And it wouldn't be possible to run Sis in a field trial, with the word out that she was a stolen dog.

NEXT day, I went back to the same woods and fired my gun off, and after a few minutes, sure enough, here comes Sis. She stood there watching, waiting for me to start hunting. She was a funny-acting little dog, when she wasn't at work. She just stood still, never wagging her tail or acting excited or eager at all. When you'd pat her, she'd just stand there, polite, and wait until you got the patting over with. You could see she didn't really care a great hell of a lot about any man except one with a gun in his hand.

But I could tell she wasn't calm like she looked. The muscles in her hind legs trembled, and every now and then she yawned quick-like, the way a keyed-up dog does.

It was funny to see the change come over her, when she started hunting. She changed from a scrawny, little yard dog to a flashy fireball. And guts? Mister, she had guts. She was little, but cover didn't mean anything to her. If she couldn't smash through it, she'd go over in quick jumps. I've seen her hit a catclaw briar patch and never slow up, coming out on the other side with her tongue bleeding and thorns all over.

Well, I had to have her. Every now and then you see a man get that way about a woman—he's just got to have her, no matter

what. But I wanted that dog worse than I ever wanted any woman. There's women everywhere, but there wasn't another dog in the world like Sis, and I knew I could make a mint with her.

But I had to play it careful. I had to stay in good with the old man. And yet, some time soon, I had to convince him his son was dead. I had to play it careful and at the same time I had to play it fast, because I was about broke.

Old Man Clarke liked for me to hunt Sis. I quit tolling her to me with the gun; instead I'd ride right up to the house and get her. Generally he'd be sitting there on the porch, rocking and smoking. As soon as I'd come in sight, he'd stand up right quick, like I might be somebody else, then sit back down again when he saw it was just me. He liked me right enough, but it wasn't me he waited for.

BY THE time I'd been around there a couple of weeks, I knew his schedule. He was in the fields by daylight, working, directing the Negroes, plowing. About eight he come in and eat the breakfast the old Negro woman had ready for him. Two places was always set at the table. If I happened to get there about breakfast time, as I often managed to do, a third place was set for me; nobody ever sat at that second place. After breakfast he would go out on the porch and smoke and rock until the mail carrier come. He'd hear the mail car long before I ever did. When he started knocking out his pipe, I knew the mailman would be along soon.

The mailman would drive up and stop at the box, and Clarke would just keep rocking until the car left. Then he would walk down to the box and take out the mail. A letter from a mail-order house, a circular from a store in town, the paper, a salve sample—stuff like that. Clarke would come back in, lay the mail on the table in the hall, and go back to the fields.

By the time I'd hunted Sis a half dozen times she was steadied down just enough. And she was right. One day we come in about midmorning. The mailman had come and gone, and Clarke had looked at the mail and not found what he looked for and returned to the field.

I opened up the paper and turned to the sports section, and there was a picture of a man and a bird dog, it said: "Robert Turnbull and his pointer Mustang to enter Ridgeview Open." I looked at the date of the trial, and it was next week. My hands trembled a little with excitement, and I began to figure.

Clarke came in at noon, took another glance at the mail and sat down, sort of tired and discouraged-like.

"You heard nothing from your boy yet?" I asked.

"Nope." He said it sort of slow.

I shook my head sad-like. "War is a bad thing."

He didn't say nothing, just rocked. And I knew that it wouldn't be long now.

In a few minutes I showed him in the paper about the field trial.

"I believe Sis might have a chance in that trial," I said. "It'd sure be a fine thing to have a field-trial winner for your boy, Billy, if he comes home."

It was easy. He didn't seem to care much, one way or another, and give me expense and entry-fee money, and off I and Sis went.

This Ridgeview Open was a one-course trial. A one-course trial isn't a real field trial, it's a city substitute, but it's better than no trial at all and it pays money to the winner. Instead of hunting native birds in their native woods, the dogs run a circular course. At the end of it is a bird field, where they've released a few half-tame pen-raised quail that half the time won't set to a point, won't fly, and liable as not will go running *chee-chee* right between your dog's legs. But, like I say, it's better than no trial at all, and the good handlers and good dogs come, and the trial pays good cash stakes, and that is what counts with me.

This Ridgeview course is in a rolling, rocky, red-hill country with a little creek running through it. You could sit on the high hill and watch the whole business.

What I liked was the horses. They belonged to a cavalry outfit and they were big and able. There was a mare I liked, and a soldier was holding her for Roy Daney, but I told him Roy Daney had sent me for her, and got on and rode off.

It began to mist rain, right from the start. Cold, too. But they were tough judges, Adams and Eubanks, and they just turned up the collars of their slickers and never said a word about quitting. For two days it rained, off and on, and the little creek that ran through the course began to swell, and those red-clay hills got thick with mud, and every now and then a dog would decide he had enough, and would just quit. One little bitch made a long cast and disappeared, and when they found her, she was curled up in her pen in the barn, asleep.

But when it came Sis's first time to run, she didn't quit. She ran like she was just crazy about bad weather. She handled nice, and when we come around to the bird field I worked her in close and in a minute, bang, there she was a-pointing.

"Point, Judge!" I called, and drew out my blank pistol.

When I walked up beside Sis, there sat the quail by a little rock, without a speck of grass around it, and I saw Sis trembling like she couldn't stand it much longer.

"Don't you grab at that bird!" I said under my breath.

Then I said, "Shoo!" and the quail stood up, but instead of flying he began to run off, going *chee-chee*.

"There goes the bird, Judge!" I yelled, but Eubanks had judged over me before and he knew I was slick and he didn't take my word for nothing.

Anyway, there went the bird, slipping off through the grass and nobody knew whether Sis was telling the truth or false pointing. I stuck the pistol at the ground behind the bird and pulled the trigger, and *furr*, that quail come out of there like a skyrocket.

They called Sis back for the second series. And the dog we drew to run against was Mustang, Turnbull's dog. When it came time, the weather just wasn't fit to be out in. But Adams and Eubanks just pulled their necks a little deeper into their slickers and said, "Let's get going."

Sis was ready. And so was Mustang. When

we let them go, they disappeared over the crest of the hill. Neither one showed up for a few minutes, and Turnbull and I rode along chatting away like we wasn't a bit worried. Then when we reached the next hill I saw Sis hurrying through a little short-leaf-pine grove. We made a turn to the left and in a minute there she was, already made the turn and out front again.

And before long the judges began passing little glances at each other. Maybe they had guessed that they were seeing as pretty and gitty a ground race as a dog ever run.

The cold stinging run even began to get old Mustang. Oh, he ran level enough, but not with his old-time punch. But Sis—you'd have thought it was blue-sky weather.

She ran along, merry as a squirrel and light as a feather, just about as far out as she could reach and still be seen. And moving fast. I don't see how she done it, with the mud soft and deep like that.

THEN we came to that creek, and it was all out of its banks, swollen and muddy. Before I noticed it, Sis had crossed the little wooden bridge and was well on up ahead, staying along the side of a small mountain. Now I didn't know what to do because before long the course turned back to the left again, and the ford she was supposed to cross back over would be four feet deep in rushing water. Of course I could cross the bridge myself and ride her down and bring her back across it—but she was making the best cast of the day, and that would spoil it.

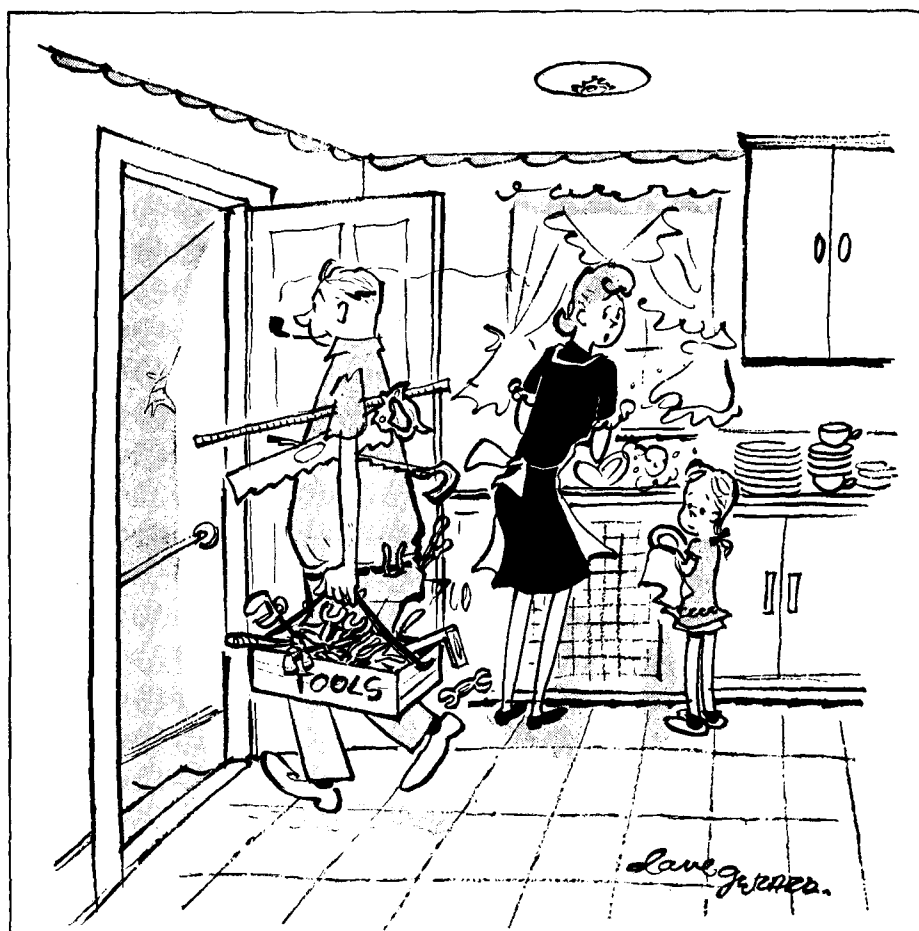
"How can I get her back over, Judge?" I asked, for they had run several braces before that day.

"They all been having trouble," the judge admitted. "There's another bridge about a mile down beyond the ford. If a dog got over, they been using that."

I didn't like it a bit. Just when the final left turn of the course came, I had to go on another mile and get Sis and bring her the whole mile back. It would sure break up her race.

And I sure needed to win. I aimed to go back, finish convincing Old Man Clarke his boy wasn't coming back, and then pay him a hundred dollars—out of my win money—and get out of there with Sis. Now, though, it looked like I might not have any win money, and all because a little creek had gone wild—

The mare mucked along, bogging down to



"Oh, oh, I was afraid of this! Daddy's discovered that little leak in the faucet"

COLLIER'S

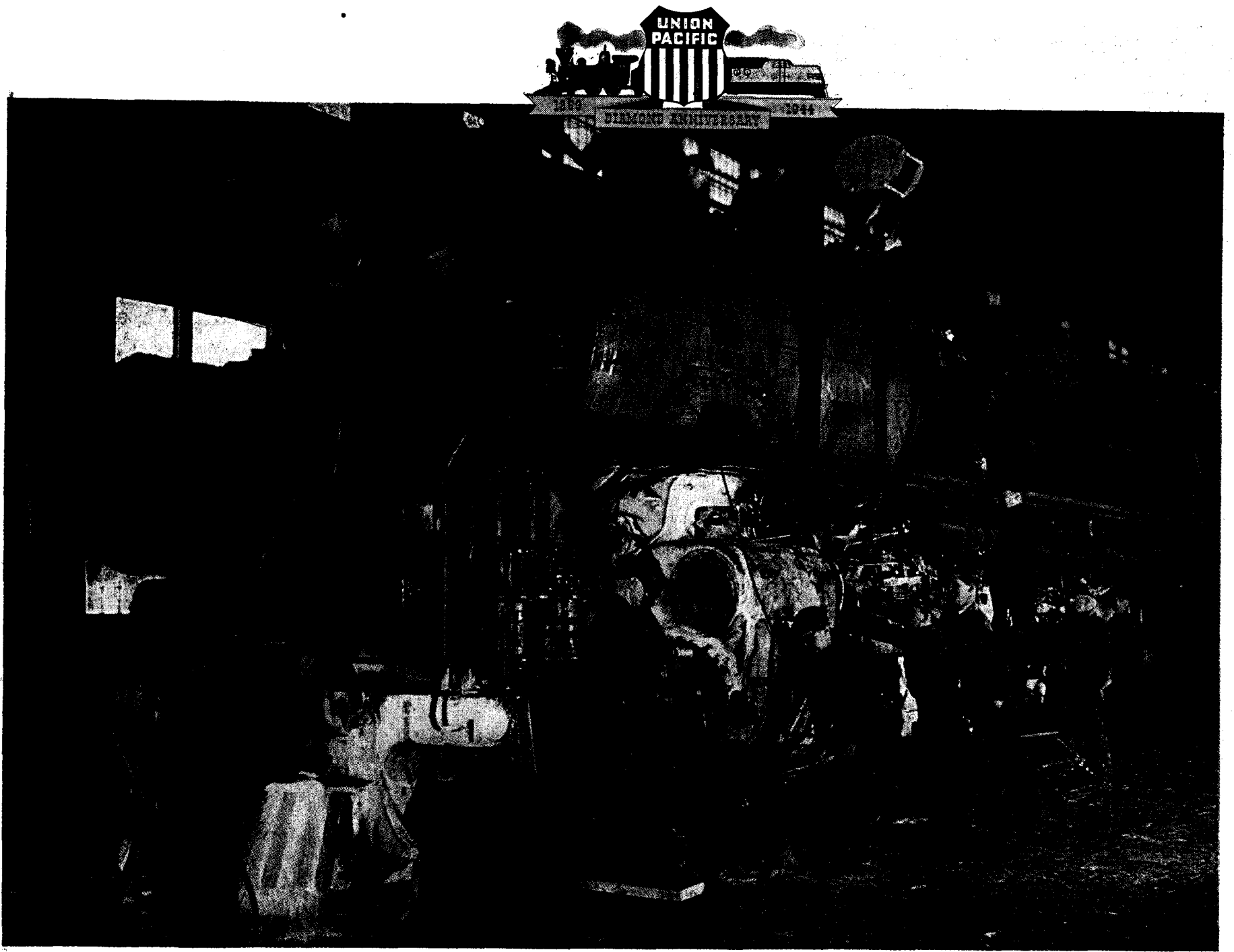
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THE PROGRESSIVE
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her knees every now and then, and we watched Sis sprinting across that hillside. She was a sight to see. Right about then is when that funny feeling began to come over me. All along I had been framing up a lot of talk to give old Clarke, working on him about Billy. But now I sort of wanted all that out of my mind, and somehow just watching that little dog run is what caused it.

Then the course swung to the left, and my dog was on the other side of the creek. I held my hand up so Sis could see me, and got ready to ride on down to the bridge and bring her across. I blew my whistle; I didn't see her. Then she appeared, right at the ford, and for a second she stopped there and looked at me across that boiling stream. And something in that way she stood there told me what to do. I stood in the stirrups and yelled, "Here, Sis, here!"

MISTER, maybe you won't understand this; but right then come the biggest thrill in my life. I'll even say this, right then my whole life took a sharp turn. I just couldn't go on being a sharper and a bum after what that dog did.

It wasn't much, in a way. She just jumped in and swam the creek. But all morning long not a dog had had the guts to try that torrent. They were all big and tough, too—and Sis weighed thirty pounds. But when I called her, that's all she needed to make up her mind. In she went. I dug my heels into that mare, scared that I had drowned Sis. But just as I got there, out she climbed, fifty yards downstream. She gave herself a quick shake and was out ahead again, bird-hunting.

The dogs worked the bird field out and had a find apiece, but there wasn't any doubt as to who had won.

I was rubbing Sis dry with a croker sack when they told me she took first. And as they turned away, Adams muttered, "Damnedest little dog I ever see." And I thought I'd remember that to tell old man Clarke.

When I got back next day, although it wasn't time for the mail yet, Clarke wasn't sitting on the front porch. This was a puzzle.

and I couldn't figure out what had happened. I went inside, and there he sat, staring at the fire. Had his old bedroom slippers on, and I knew he hadn't even been to the fields that morning.

"Here's your champion bird dog," I said. He looked up, sort of vacantlike. "Billy always said she'd make a good'un."

In the kitchen I could hear the cook singing low.

I asked, "You—heard anything?"

He shook his head. "Ain't heard nothing. Ain't going to. I cain't fool myself no longer. He ain't coming back." Clarke went over and got his work shoes and put them on. He said, heavy-like, "I want you to take Sis. No sense in keeping her around here, when she could be an enjoyment to somebody."

Well, there it was. She was mine, free. Right then I should have thanked him and turned around and got out of there. And yet, I'm not sorry for what I done.

I said, "Wait till you hear what I got to say. Up yonder, I run into Olin Brand. He's got a son in the Navy, and they wrote him up as missing, just like your boy. Well, Olin and his wife held on to hope for about six months, and then they give up. One day, up come Olin, Jr., like he had just been around the corner. Seems like he had made it to some little island, and the natives nursed him well and kept him right there until he was rescued. Olin says you can't never tell, in this war."

Clarke was staring at me. "Made it to an island!"

"That's what he said."

"Didn't have no way to let anybody know!"

"That's the way it was."

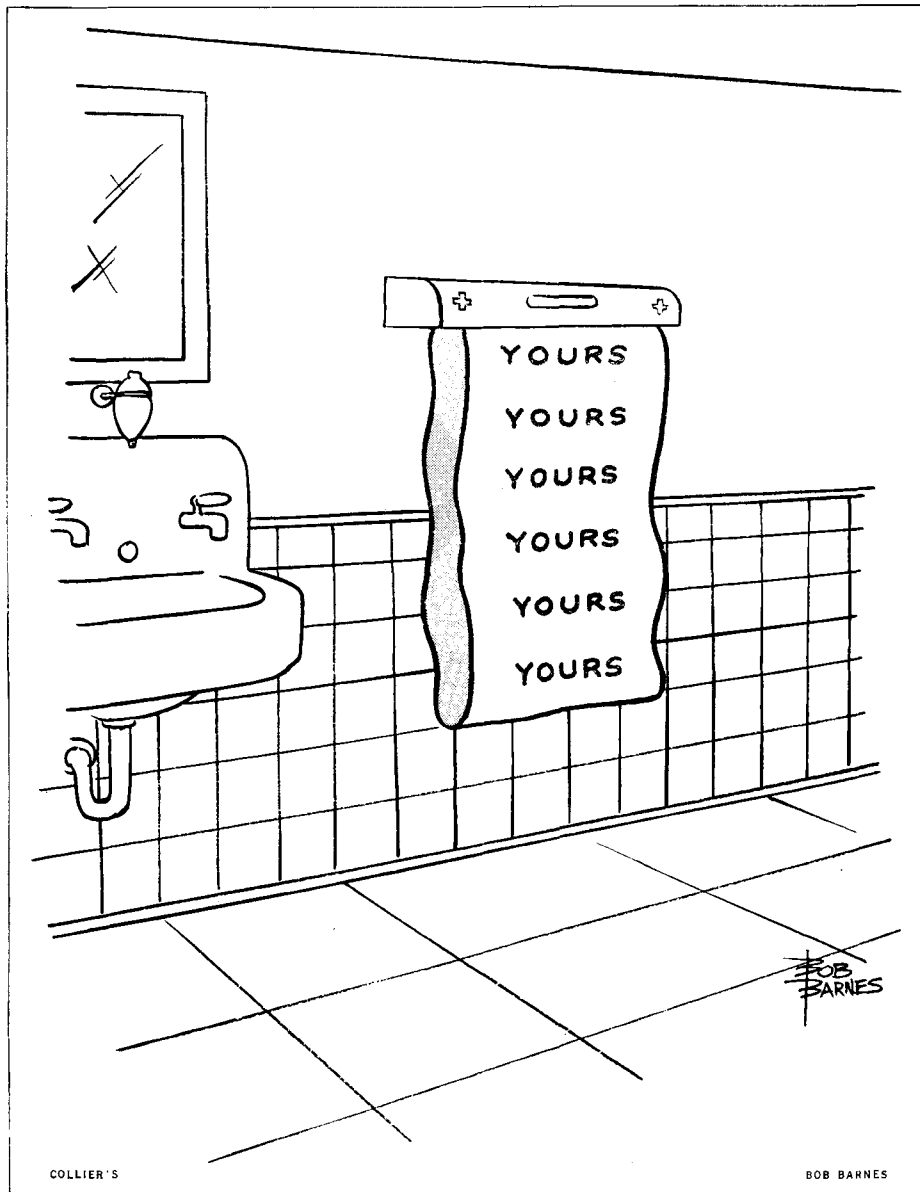
"They ought not to have give him up,"

Clarke said. "You cain't ever tell until you know."

"I figure it that way."

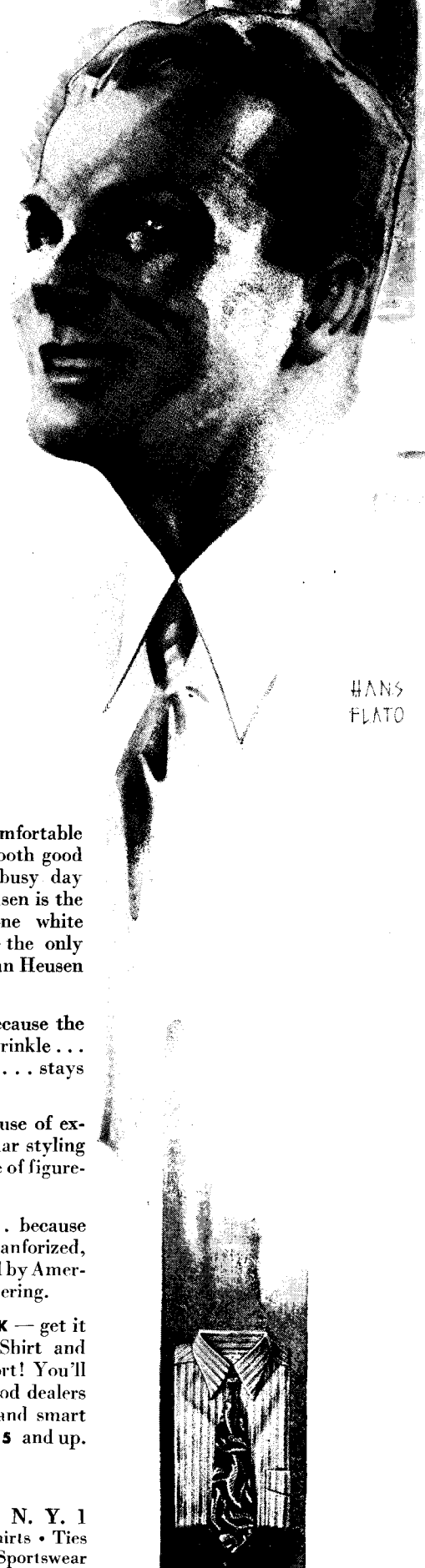
Like I say, I guess I was crazy. But I'm still not sorry. Anyway, I rode off, and when I took a last look back, there on the porch lay the best bird dog I ever blew a whistle over, and there he sat, rocking and smoking, and waiting for his boy to come home.

THE END



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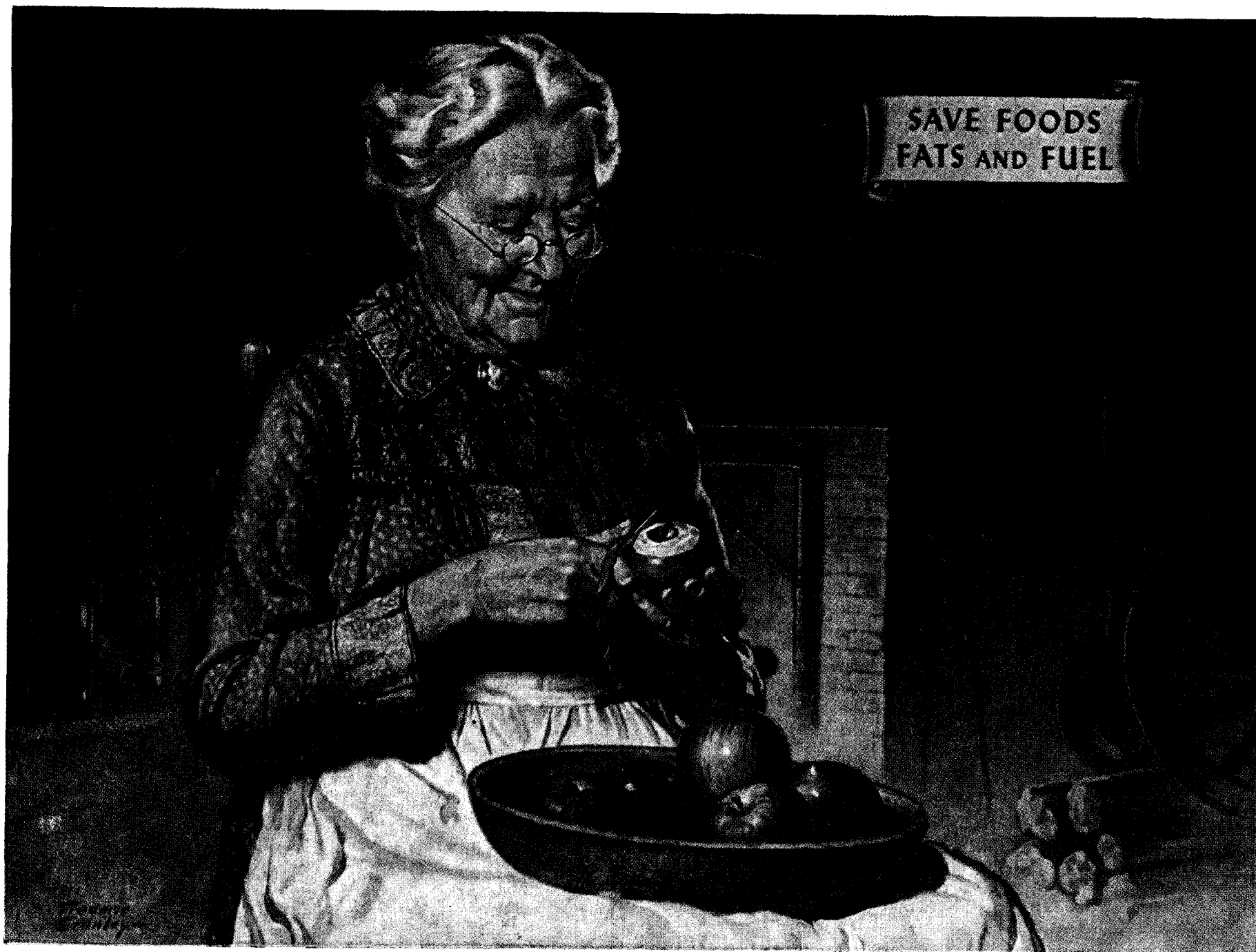
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A N H E U S E R - B U S C H . . . S A I N T L O U I S

The Ship That Wouldn't Sink

Continued from page 13

New England who was represented by the little pile of letters and the photograph, but John had never seen her. She was, as a matter of fact, the little sister of Joe DeLude, the tailor.

Wohlschlaeger's interest in her had all come about much earlier when he'd one day seen her picture in the tailor shop. Joe had enjoyed talking about her so much, and himself saw her with so much affection, that John had said, "Well, we been shipmates for a long time, Joe, and she seems like a mighty sweet girl. How about giving me a tumble to her by letter?"

Joe thought that over and decided John would be a nice fellow for his sister to know. Both men wrote letters and sent them off together, and when Joe's sister had answered Joe's letter she'd also answered John's, and thereafter whenever there was mail call and the ship's company stormed down upon and engulfed the tiny post office, John would bounce up to the window and say: "Okay, Red, deal me out about a half a dozen letters from you-know-who, and also give me some mail for Joe."

After that, John would go to his bunk, re-read his own letters and start answering them, not en masse, but one at a time, letter for letter, telling her every place he'd been, things he'd seen or thought, and giving descriptions of whatever curios or Oriental linen Joe had added to his collection.

Then there'd be nothing more to do but dream until the next mail call, and wonder how she actually was in person.

January 13th found the Marblehead in large and gorgeous Saleh Bay on Soembawa

Island, surrounded by the green and purple hills, the clear blue water alive with exotic fishes.

Then on the morning of January 15th came two messages of a less dreamy and nostalgic and peaceful tone. The first stated that there was a concentration of Japanese shipping off Celebes, and that a light cruiser would be nominated to go up and attack. There were two light cruisers available. Then the second message came. It nominated the Marblehead.

Orders to Attack Jap Shipping

Captain Robinson smiled. "Gentlemen," he told his officers, "I have a piece of news for you. There is a Japanese concentration at northeast Celebes. This force consists of two cruisers, one light, one heavy; ten or so destroyers, and twenty transports. We, in company with four destroyers, the Ford, the Pope, the Parrott and the Bulmer, have been delegated to attack this force."

Early the next day, the old four-piper cruiser and the four little 1,000-ton World War I destroyers, all of them her senior, but full of the physically tough romanticists that destroyer duty invariably attracts, slid out to sea.

Not until the little and technologically decrepit striking force was at sea was the word passed among the crew regarding the job ahead. The enthusiasm was terrific. There was tenseness, too.

In the wardroom, an officer ordered coffee, watched to see if the cup trembled in the saucer, saw that it didn't, then, when the

mess boy was gone, remarked to those beside him upon the quiet, nerveless stoicism of the Chinese. But when he lifted the cup to his lips he found that it was empty.

In the sick bay, Chief Pharmacist's Mate Ace Evans now left the paregoric bottle out on the table. There had been a very light flare-up of dysentery in the late afternoon. Also traffic at the drinking fountains was heavier than usual. Everybody, for some reason, was thirsty.

Commander Van Bergen moved to a forward window, stood and looked out at the Marblehead's slender, racing stem. As he stood there in forward control on what might well be his last night, Van Bergen thought of how he had dressed down a man a few nights earlier for sitting while on watch on the bridge.

"Just because it's dark here you needn't try to take advantage of the watch officers," Van Bergen had said sharply. "It's your duty to be on your toes both physically and mentally."

"But, Mr. Van Bergen—"

"No excuses. You have been explicitly ordered to remain standing while on watch."

"I am standing, Mr. Van Bergen. You see, I . . . I just ain't very tall. I'm Shorty Hornung."

There had not been anything to say besides, "Sorry, Hornung. Damn' black night."

As the hours passed, men's minds in their focusing were themselves stripped for action. Then came news. The skipper's voice was heard over loud-speakers throughout the ship: "The enemy has moved. Due to the uncertainty of their position, we are turning back. I'm sorry. Better luck next time." Men looked at one another in strangely pained bewilderment. On this, the Marblehead's wedding night, the bride had disappeared.

The Japanese concentration had moved but had still to be dealt with. On the afternoon of January 20th, while both the Marblehead and the Boise lay at anchor in Koepang Bay, a stir of excitement began to materialize inside the officers working on the coding boards. The Japanese force had been sighted heading toward Balikpapan. An attack was ordered. But it was to be led by the Boise. Already destroyers were sliding out of their nests and coming over to fuel from the Marblehead. Why not? She wasn't going anywhere.

One of the first to arrive was the Pillsbury. A man on the Pillsbury yelled up at the men on the cruiser, "Why don't you guys transfer off of that thing and join up with the fighting Navy?"

The Retort Sarcastic

"We're scared to," Bull Aschenbrenner yelled. "We couldn't stand up to being shipmates with such tough guys as you."

A roar of laughter came from the rest of the Marblehead gang.

By dusk the destroyers had been fueled, bringing the Marblehead's oil supply down to forty per cent, and all ships stood out of the harbor, the Boise group headed for their rendezvous with the enemy, the Marblehead, escorted by the Bulmer, going to Surabaya.

That evening as the Marblehead steamed along to her unexciting destination, the Bull stood out on deck a while and thought about home and particularly of his grandmother, who had raised him since his mother died when he was three months old. He called her "Ma," and she called him "Shinny" and had never believed he would reach the long-pants stage without falling in the Minnesota River, a block away from their house, and drowning.

Tonight he just had to write home. He'd address the letter to his cousin Virginia, who would see that it got to all the family. He went to a table, laid his paper out on the scrubbed wood and wrote:

"Dear Virginia: There ain't much to write, and you must excuse this paper but this was all I could get my hands on right now, but I always say it ain't the paper that counts but it's the writing that makes a person feel good at heart. Well, how are you? I hope fine and I'm not so bad myself. I still got hopes I can drop my anchor in New Ulm again some day. Virginia, I bet you felt like a big shot to be a bridesmaid. And I bet Jeanet will be like the

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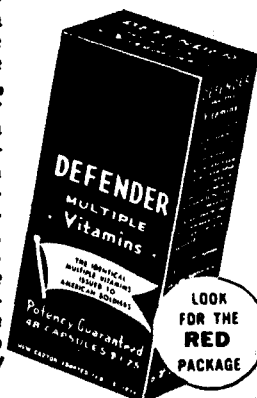
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WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"Oh, I must see that tonight! The Japs bombed us during a showing of it in New Guinea, and we missed the ending!"

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Queen of Sheba after she gets stuffed into that outfit you explained to me. I sure was glad to get them paper clippings so I could get the low-down on that fire. I know where that farm is.

"Say hello to Ma and I sure am glad to hear she is O.K. again. I think a lot of all of you. Every night before I fall asleep. And tell Ma not to worry. I am O.K. and always will be, I hope. I would have sent you all a Christmas present but the postage was so much I couldn't afford it but when I come back I will bring something along for all of you. I sent Ma ten bucks for a present, I think that was O.K., don't you? . . . That rolling stone, Shinnny.

"Love and kisses XXXXX to all."

Calamity in Sapi Strait

The Boise was due to pass through Sapi Strait at dawn, but as she charged through Sapi Strait, there came a weird rumbling from below. She had struck a coral head. Her bottom was damaged, and it was plain she could not make the speed required for her mission.

The oil of the Boise was transfused into the Marblehead's bunkers, and the Marblehead was ordered to cover a destroyer attack on the Japanese force in the Makassar Strait. Meanwhile, dapper Admiral Glassford moved his flag aboard The Galloping Ghost. The attack was to occur on the night of January 24th. The destroyers made contact with the enemy, but the Marblehead did not get into the action.

Hours passed. At dawn, Lieutenant E. M. Blessman was catapulted aloft with "Tex" Jennings, his radioman and gunner, and they swept the sea with their scout observation plane (SOC).

Later, according to the destroyer division commander's message, seven enemy ships were sunk, and an undetermined number damaged.

It was not until January 31st that the Marblehead again was ordered to stand by for an attack on Balikpapan, which had fallen to the enemy. The enemy force there consisted of two cruisers, twelve destroyers and a number of transports. Admiral Glassford, meanwhile, had removed his flag from the Marblehead, which had been a flagship for little more than a day. The attack was scheduled to occur at 3:30 Sunday morning.

The plan of attack, developed while the

ship was under way for the target area, was for the destroyers to lead the attack, traveling fast in in-line formation using "curved fire ahead" with torpedoes. The Marblehead was to support with her main battery. Then, as the destroyers retired, the cruiser was to get on the tail of the line, let go with her own torpedoes and cover the retirement.

Throughout the afternoon the striking force was clocking off 100 sea miles every four hours. Late in the afternoon one of the lookouts thought he saw an airplane in the distance off the starboard hand. But, when questioned, he said he couldn't be sure.

He had. This Japanese plane saw the striking force and relayed the news to the Japanese commander in Balikpapan. The reception was swiftly and forcefully prepared. Five more Japanese cruisers and a number of submarines were ordered to Balikpapan immediately. By sundown this powerful force was deployed to catch the little American striking force in a cross fire that should accomplish its destruction in something less than five minutes.

And the Marblehead and her destroyers were steaming toward this trap at twenty-five knots.

Captain Robinson, dining alone, thought of Admiral Hart and the really outstanding intelligence with which he had handled his little Asiatic Fleet prior to the opening of hostilities. On Sunday, November 25th, Admiral Hart had called a special conference of his skippers and said he felt an attack was imminent and wanted his forces deployed.

Even as far back as April, 1941, Admiral Hart had got his people out of the habit of being in port in Manila Bay over the week end. Sunday, throughout military history during the Christian period, had been the principal day for surprise attack. Moreover, whenever during the week there was a small crisis of any kind, Admiral Hart scattered his fleet.

Well, Admiral Hart had done his job and was still doing it.

Now, with the most flexible orders, it was up to Captain Robinson, and the thousand-plus Yankees at his command, to play the part of David, and play it well or die. He found himself remembering a few lines Admiral Hart had passed on to him months earlier, a prayer on which Hart had leaned whenever he was up against anything that seemed too big to handle.

"Dear God," Captain Robinson repeated

Says Which?

I

Here are fifteen sayings by famous Americans. Some are of historic significance. All are—or should be—known to everybody familiar with American history and tradition. See if you can match each saying with the name of its author, which is included in the list below. Twelve correct would be a good score on this test. Answers on page 67.

1. The world must be made safe for democracy.
2. The public be damned!
3. Don't give up the ship!
4. War is hell.
5. Give me liberty or give me death!
6. There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time.
7. I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.
8. A great social and economic experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose.
9. Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.
10. To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.
11. You cannot fool all of the people all the time.
12. Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead!
13. No reply was necessary and none was made.
14. No more privacy than a goldfish.
15. We took a hell of a beating, but we'll be back.

Herbert Hoover, George Washington, Woodrow Wilson, Calvin Coolidge, William H. Vanderbilt, Daniel Webster, General Joseph W. Stilwell, General William T. Sherman, Admiral David G. Farragut, Patrick Henry, General Jonathan M. Wainwright, Abraham Lincoln, Irvin S. Cobb, Captain James Lawrence, General U. S. Grant.

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now, "give us the strength to accept with serenity the things that cannot be changed. Give us the courage to change the things that can and should be changed. And give us the wisdom to distinguish the one from the other."

Despite the fact that the Japanese controlled the air, there was a lone long-range Navy scouting bomber in the air. It dared not come in too close range of the Japanese fighter planes at Balikpapan, but just at dusk it peeped over the horizon, saw the trap that had been set, and reported it to American headquarters in Surabaya which, in turn, got the word to the striking force.

Realizing that to persist in the attack meant throwing away both his men and his ships without adequate return, Captain Robinson ordered a reversal of course. He was going back to get more guns.

As the turn was begun, one of the officers was taking a look around to see that no lights were showing. In passing one of the 3-inch guns he heard one man stationed there angrily demand, "Who gave that order for us to turn back?"

A man beside him said, "The skipper." "Well, that's okay," the first voice said. "But we don't want none of those shore-based so-and-sos telling us what to do."

The officer smiled and went on, unrecognized, to finish his inspection.

The following day, Sunday, in a spectacularly violent rainstorm, the Marblehead rendezvoused with the heavy cruiser Houston, Captain Rooks commanding. Nine 8-inch guns had been added to the striking force. There were more to come.

Orders arrived for the American ships to proceed to Madura Strait and rendezvous with the Dutch flagship De Ruyter, carrying Admiral Doorman.

However, on the afternoon of February 3d, a flight of about forty Japanese bombers passed over at great altitude on its way to bomb Surabaya. Only one plane lingered behind to get accurate reconnaissance data on the ships.

At midnight of February 4th, the Marblehead which, earlier in the evening, had received aboard a local reserve officer, Sub-lieutenant Luxemburg, for liaison, stood out to sea in company with the Houston, the De Ruyter, the Tromp and seven Dutch and American destroyers, under Admiral Doorman's command.

They ran roughly north all night and, a little after nine o'clock in the morning, a messenger on the De Ruyter ran to Admiral Doorman with a dispatch from Surabaya. At once he ordered the following message flashed to all ships: "Thirty-seven bombers to Surabaya, course SSW. Report timed 0810."

But by the time this message could reach Captain Robinson, the Houston was signal-

ing: "Strange aircraft sighted bearing 023 true." At the same time a lookout on the Marblehead yelled, "Planes approaching from the east."

Those with glasses could see them approaching at about 17,000 feet, and that the planes were twin-engined, twin-tail heavy monoplane bombers. By now it was possible to detect the unusually high dihedral of the wings, which had the shape of the German Junkers 86K. On the wings and tail of each was the red sun of Japan.

Already the surface ships were beginning, according to doctrine, to scatter. On the bridge of the Marblehead, Captain Robinson was snapping out orders that were being relayed by talkers through their telephone chest sets and thence throughout the ship. The general alarm was set off. Over the loud-speaker were coming the words: "Air defense—man your battle stations."

In every passageway and compartment, men were going into action. Cooks were cutting out galley fires, messmen tearing off their aprons as they ran to ladders and started down. Each time they passed below a deck, a steel hatch clanked shut above them. Seamen overhead spun the locking wheels which caused steel dogs to extend from the hatch covers and make the hatch cover one with the decks. As magazine crews reached the bottom of the ship, powder magazines were unlocked.

Preparations for Battle

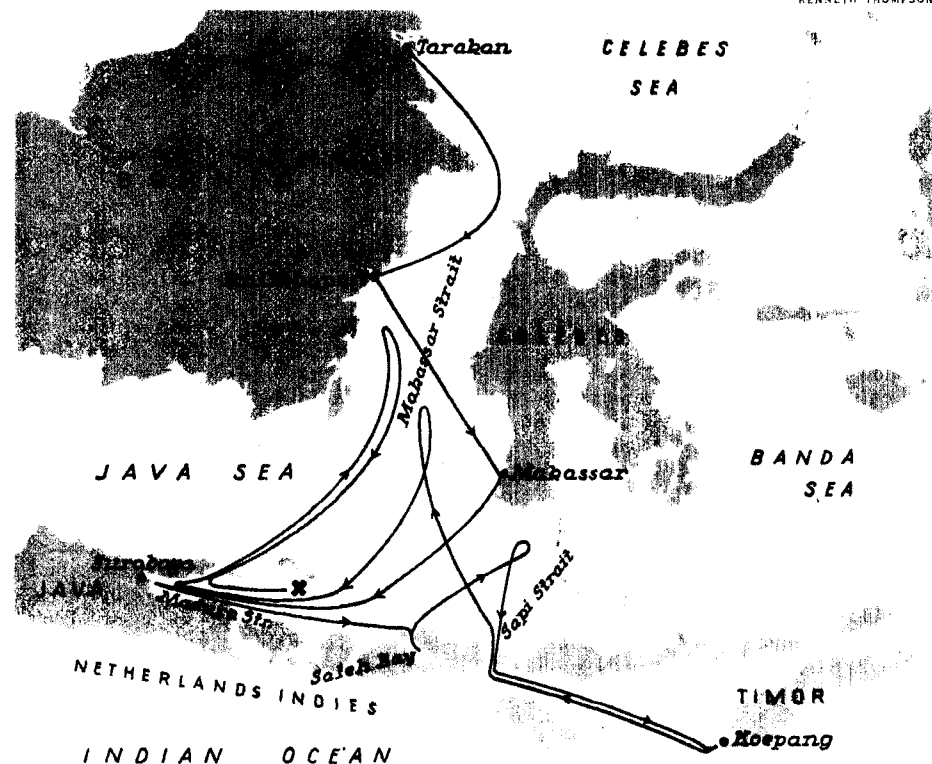
Ammunition trains for the A.A. guns began to move. Men in the fire rooms lighted off the remaining six boilers. Valves turned, and the streams of black oil flowed faster into the roaring fireboxes. Doctors and Hospital Corps men were evacuating the sick from the more exposed sick bay to a better protected part of the ship. Officers strapped on their pistols. Damage-control parties ran to their stations to wait, locked in, to fight out the sea when it should start into the ship. Men poured into the 6-inch mounts, dragged shut the steel doors and dogged them down.

Topside, the yard-long shells flowed from man to man to the 3-inch guns. Gunners strapped down their helmets over their chins, so that the blast of the guns would not carry the helmets away. Code books were ready to be dropped over the side in weighted bags. Back aft, Machinist's Mate Dale Johnson was jettisoning 4,000 gallons of aviation gas into the sea.

Seventeen thousand feet up, the first wave of nine Japanese planes had started their power glide on the ships.

As the preaching hot-shell man—the Deacon—reached his station, he looked in the sky, pointed to his long, heavy asbestos gauntlets and said, "Hand me those gloves. Here is some killing the Lord will forgive."

KENNETH THOMPSON



"Get Out and Vote!"

As Captain Robinson brought his ship right, in accordance with the scatter plan, the gunnery officer, Commander Van Bergen, was watching the enemy.

"They're dividing into squadrons, Captain," Van Bergen said. "Apparently one for each cruiser. One squadron is heading this way."

"Very well," Robinson said. Then to the quartermaster: "Steady her on 85 true." "Aye, aye, sir. Steady her on 85 true."

"Captain," it was Commander Van Bergen speaking, "I think they are about to start their run on us."

The captain turned to the seaman at the engine-room telegraph. "All engines ahead full."

"All engines ahead full, sir."

The captain beckoned to young Bishop, the ship's junior aviator, who had come to the bridge for a better view of the scrap.

"Bishop, keep your eyes peeled on those planes and give me the word about a minute and a half before bomb release, so I can maneuver out of trouble."

Bishop grabbed his glasses and glued his eyes to the sky.

"They're at their release point, Captain."

"Give her left full rudder, Quartermaster."

"Left full rudder, sir," as the wheel spun.

Very carefully the quartermaster of the watch was writing down each alteration of course and speed in the log.

Down in the ram room where Tex Owens was on watch in place of his friend W. A. Patterson who was on the sick list, he saw the starboard ram drive the arm of the rudder yoke a full stroke backward and felt the ship heel to starboard as she began her fast port turn.

Flak for the Enemy Planes

Topside, the 3-inch A.A.s began kicking the deck and sending their projectiles tearing through the air. Each gun at the moment of firing looked like a geranium blossoming on a long gray stem. As the range decreased, the fuse setters reduced the time at which the shells would explode after leaving the gun, so that overhead it appeared that the planes were climbing down a stairway of brown-black puffs. Now there were two waves making their runs on the Marblehead, nine in the first wave, eight in the second.

Then both waves passed over the Marblehead at 14,000 feet without dropping bombs. More planes were coming.

Meanwhile, in forward repair, Bull Aschenbrenner begged so hard to be allowed to watch a minute or two of the shooting that he got special permission to go topside. As he came out on deck, the Marblehead was splitting through the water at twenty-nine knots. He saw nine planes start their run, saw the A.A. shells going up to meet them.

On the bridge, Bishop said, "Captain, they're at their release point."

"Right rudder fifteen degrees. Tell engine room all speed possible."

Now, in a very quiet voice, Van Bergen said, "The bombs have been released, sir. It's going to be close."

Over the loud-speaker came: "Seek cover! Bombs coming! Lie flat!"

All hands not required by their jobs to remain topside had been ordered below, since the Japanese had in recent engagements been using antipersonnel bombs that exploded on contact with the first solid object they encountered.

When Van Bergen had said this stick of bombs was going to be close, he was

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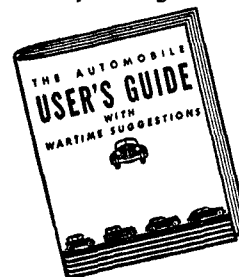
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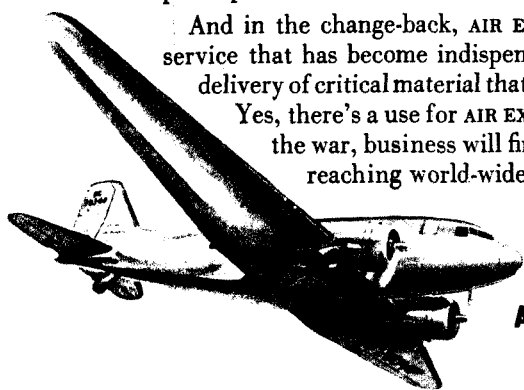
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right. The sound of plunging bombs cutting through the air whispered in his ear. The sea rose and erupted. Men atop the foremast were drenched. The bombs had smashed into the water and exploded sixty-five yards away.

But as the planes passed over, one of them began to smoke, and the A.A. gunners began to whoop and yell. Suddenly the plane turned straight down and crashed into the water. The Bull tore back to his station and yelled: "We just got a great big bastard!"

In the improvised sick bay in the torpedo workshop, the pipe-rimmed wall bunks were being readied to receive the wounded. Instruments, in pockets on a wide stretch of canvas, were hung against the bulkheads. Morphine and tannic acid were at hand.

As Doctor Ryan worked beside Pharmacist's Mate Ace Evans, he said, "It's too bad this attack caught many of the men half dressed. If we get hit, that's going to make the burns worse."

Other men down in the magazines, Chinese and Americans, surrounded by enough gunpowder to break the ship into pellets, also (except for those men handling 3-inch ammunition) had nothing to do but wait.

At 9:55, when the fight had been only six minutes old, Hing, the captain's boy, had abandoned his post in the ammunition train.

"Hey, you!" a petty officer had yelled. "Get the hell back in line and keep on passing them shells!"

"Very sorry," Hing had said, hurrying away. "Captain have coffee every morning at ten o'clock."

With that, he was gone. Five minutes later, he'd served coffee to Captain Robinson who, hardly noticing what he was doing, had drunk it. Then when Hing had returned the cup and tray to the pantry, he had gone below and again taken up his work in the ammunition train.

The time now was exactly 10:25. A wave of eight planes was beginning their bombing

run. The ship's position was latitude 7 degrees, 23 minutes, 30 seconds south; longitude 115 degrees, 46 minutes, 30 seconds east.

On the bridge, as the guns once more started firing, Commander Van Bergen said, "Release point reached..."

At 12:26, Quartermaster of the Watch Grant, who sat on the deck tailor-fashion with his log, wrote, "Eight planes passed overhead."

As he wrote, the bombs had already started their curving trajectory, aimed straight for the Marblehead's naked decks.

Captain Robinson and all the other men topside watched the bombs coming and could see they were not going to miss.

Over the loud-speakers came, "Seek cover. Lie flat."

A Moment of Earnest Prayer

Ski Wardzinski, who had so long been convinced that his own death was imminent, had sunk to his knees between the catapults a moment earlier and said, "God, please don't let them hit us." He had just regained his feet and gone back to work when the bombs struck home, and the Marblehead leaped, racked and twisting, into the air.

The men on the Houston's bridge thought they saw daylight between the Marblehead's keel and the sea. Then the ship was engulfed in a blinding flash, and she disappeared behind a wall of fire and water.

The Houston's quartermaster shook his head and said, "There goes the Marblehead."

This is the first of three articles from the book, "Where Away," to be published shortly by Whittlesey House, New York. The second article will be published next week.

12,000,000 in Search of a Leader

Continued from page 11

bawled his reply to a conservative youth who had timorously suggested that they should go slow, should consider what the future might think.

"Future? Future?" the aroused lad yelled. "Hell, we're the future!" As suddenly as he blurted this out, silencing the shy one, his words became the meeting's theme. The visitors from Capitol Hill, themselves veterans of World War I, looked swiftly, knowingly at one another, nodding their heads. These lads, as a group, might be going nowhere in particular, might never get themselves organized. Nevertheless, what the kid tail gunner had blurted out was probably in the minds of twelve million soldiers, sailors and Marines who were still fighting this war. And as far as anyone knew, there was more than a mere suspicion to the same effect in the minds of their brothers in British, Russian, Chinese and French uniforms, too.

Sure, they were the future. They were inheriting. Tomorrow it would be their job to make something workable out of wreckage. As the old-timers present thought of that, these kids grew in stature. And about all the older minds could manage to produce were a few trite comments: "What a spot for a Huey Long," and "It was nothing like this in 1919."

Somewhere between seventy-five and a hundred such groups were meeting in thirty states, some already organized and working smoothly, some just milling around, groping for entity; and more were cropping up daily. The Army and Navy and Marine Corps were honorably discharging men at a rate of thirty to forty thousand a month. Perhaps the attitude of these men toward their elders, toward their lawmakers, their rulers—resentment, suspicion—was temporary and would vanish as they eased themselves back into the old routine, as the pain of their wounds subsided. And maybe not. We may set down only what that attitude is now: a growing conviction that their fathers didn't know how to run a country.

One of the congressmen leaned over our

shoulder and whispered, "Twelve million of these guys! Twelve million former servicemen can be wrong. But who the hell's going to stop them from being?"

These lads called themselves the American Veterans of World War II. They claimed to have a potential membership of 51,000. They said they'd actually have that many if only they could organize themselves, produce a leader, find the money. At the moment, they were passing the hat for small funds for postage stamps, for the few dollars a charter would cost. With the stamps, they'd reply to the stack of letters they had received from similar groups from New York to California. We looked through the letters hastily. They were all very much the same—clamoring for leadership, vaguely distrustful of old-established veterans' organizations, eager for a voice to obey.

All Groping for Organization

There were letters from the Student Veterans of World War II, Veterans Incorporated of Los Angeles, World Liberators of New Orleans, American Fighters of Kansas City, Federal Advocates of Chicago, American Guardsmen of Denver, Veterans Club of Cleveland, Veterans Club of Columbia University, and of the University of Michigan and the University of Southern California. That gives you an idea.

Sure, their members were individually joining the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. But if these letters advanced any one common idea, it was this: That the writers wanted their own national organization, as veterans of all our wars have had their own. They regarded the World War I organizations as stale, rigid, bartering. They thought that twenty-five years had dulled their edges, substituted the cynicism of the tired and conservative for the aggressive liberalism of youth.

This came especially from the student groups—the lads who were back in the classrooms from which the Army and Navy had

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drafted them, who were being rehabilitated on college campuses under the G.I. Bill of Rights (which is already under attack and which is pretty sure to be amended and broadened by Congress) and under the rulings of the United States Veterans Bureau, which presently is going to be the official godfather of more than seventeen million veterans of this and past wars. At least twelve million names on the bureau's rolls will come out of this war. If you're poking around for something to think about, try that.

As these groups form, they come in for something more than casual inspection by the F.B.I. We are assured that this does not indicate governmental nervousness. Rather, we learned, it was to protect the new veterans from rackets. After World War I, when there was no F.B.I. to shoo off the rowdy outfits, more than two hundred associations, clubs, guilds and whatnots broke out with drives for veteran membership.

No Better than Booby Traps

The War Department's files contain the names of 176 of which about 150 were either proved phony, or were so far on the grab-and-run side that they were no better than booby traps. A few were frankly Communist. But only a handful of these two hundred-odd organizations survived. A number of them fetched up in the courts, sued by disillusioned members, and several racketeers running such bingos went to jail.

Not that a few won't appear—or reappear—now. At this boring meeting of the American Veterans of World War II, two of the lads told us that they had had offers of financial assistance from a politically radical group and from a powerful conservative organization—both of which were rejected. The kids added that the F.B.I. seemed particularly interested in these. For what it's worth without proof, they told us, too, that several of the World War II clubs already formed were at least Pink, if not Red. However, we shall have to wait for dependable evidence of all that.

Both the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars are sending missionaries into the field. The Legion is the more active, its scope being wider. The V.F.W. accepts only men who have served overseas, just as the smallest of the three old agencies, the Disabled American Veterans (membership about 35,000) is limited to men with service-incurred disabilities.

The Legion with its \$100,000,000 worth of property, its fifty-eight departments and 13,000 posts, its scores of welfare, rehabilitation, Americanization and auxiliary activities, has given membership to about 350,000 veterans of World War II. Many of these were brought in by Legionnaire fathers. Some were members of Sons of the American Legion, one of the organization's auxiliaries.

When we got into this war, the Legion had a membership of 1,300,000. It expects that the new veteran members will presently far

outnumber the old. Like the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Legion concedes that its control will be taken over in due time by the kids. Its officers go further than that. They predict that out of the 12,000,000 will rise leaders who will sit in Congress and doubtless control that body; that to a degree never dreamed of by the old veterans, the new veterans will become governors, mayors and legislators, that they will write and adopt national legislation, that presently they will elect a President, that they will control the political destinies of the United States for many years to come.

The Legion, a conservative body, sees in all this a tremendous task for its current setup. It is convinced that it is up to the Legion to steer the youngsters away from both Fascist and Communist influences, to keep ever before the young eyes old-fashioned Americanism.

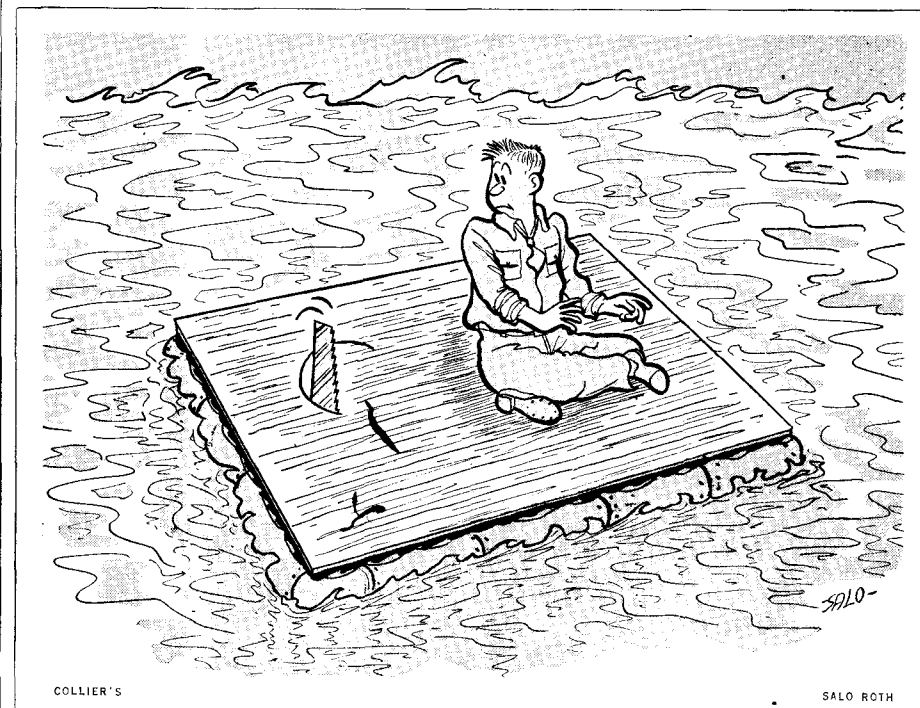
The Veterans of Foreign Wars, making no pretense to the wealth and activities of the Legion, claims to have already increased its prewar membership of 230,000 by the addition of 400,000 veterans of World War II. Thousands of the new veterans have joined both old organizations.

Neither the Legion nor the V.F.W. believes that its current drives for young membership will discourage the formation of a World War II organization. Both of them profess to believe that there should be one. But in the meantime they are working hard to maintain their own influence socially and politically. Between them they wrote the G.I. Bill of Rights, which is the foundation on which future legislation for veterans will be built. Legislation for World War I veterans fills an oversize book of almost eight hundred pages, and none of these concessions to old servicemen are in danger of being written off by anything short of the death of these veterans.

Strong Belief in Their Right

Nor is there any sign that today's servicemen have lost any of their determination to have their own organization. The youngsters believe that their own association will come into being much as the Legion had its birth in Paris in February, 1919. Led by the late Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt, then a lieutenant colonel, twenty National Guard and Reserve officers founded it at a dinner at the Allied Officers' Club. It lost no time in overshadowing the already existing Veterans of Foreign Wars, just as, by sheer numbers and political activity, it made the nation forget that there were such outfits as the Spanish-American War Veterans.

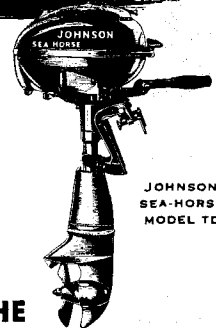
The new veterans are not yet coherently thinking or talking politics. They still have founding troubles to keep them busy. No Theodore Roosevelt has appeared to be their rallying point. Some are talking of Commander Harold E. Stassen, who left the governorship of Minnesota to join the Navy. This may be news to Stassen. He is a



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Republican liberal and an internationalist. We were told that in the West there was some talk, too, of Colonel Phil La Follette, who once was governor of Wisconsin and is now on General MacArthur's staff. This may be news to Colonel La Follette, too. He was a leader of Wisconsin's Progressive Party, now all but defunct. Unless the war has changed his mind—as it has so many others—he is a nationalist. But someone of the caliber of these two men—someone now in uniform—has yet to appear to be the Ted Roosevelt, of the new veterans. There is plenty of time. The war is far from finished.

However, that's all background stuff. In this meeting of sixty-nine men who called themselves the American Veterans of World War II—leaderless, all but aimless—there were just about sixty-nine conflicting ideas. A young giant whose reconstructed face refused woodenly to show the emotion within him said that he had joined the Global Veterans, a New York outfit. He didn't seem to know much about the Global Veterans, but he had sent them three dollars because the name had reflected his ideals. He told what his theories were: National organizations were apt to be only that—national. Nationalism, he said, led to war. Hitler and Mussolini preached the kind of nationalism he meant. If there were to be no more wars, the veterans of this one would have to see to that. He wasn't very clear about it, but it was not too hard to read his thoughts. Peace negotiated by diplomats, by politicians, by financiers, by industrialists, was sure to be nationalistic, selfish, vengeful, hate-breeding and war-planting. He was for a league of world or global veterans—common men who did war's dirty work, who would dictate a common people's peace.

A tall, thin sailor who looked as though he had not yet got out of his blood the chill of the cold waters of the mid-Pacific on which he'd been adrift for seven nights and days announced that he belonged to the American Veterans Committee, another New York organization which was asking veterans of World War II to be Americans first and veterans second. He got attention for longer than his predecessors because he had mentioned a group which had organized itself, which was growing slowly and without hysteria. A few jeered the committee, called it a group of intellectuals for intellectuals, starry-eyed, snobbish.

The tall, thin sailor didn't seem to mind, bothering neither to deny, defend nor protest. The American Veterans Committee offered him something that he could hold with. He was asking this meeting of the American Veterans of World War II what they stood for, what they had to offer to many thousands of men to whom the world tomorrow meant "something more than bonuses, pensions, government grants and privileges."

From his pocket he drew a copy of the Bulletin of the American Veterans Committee. He was warmly in favor of its sentiments and of its editor, who is also chairman of the committee, Charles G. Bolte. Mr. Bolte, twenty-five years old, enlisted in the British army soon after leaving Dartmouth College in June, 1941. He lost a leg at El Alamein, was returned to his native America, worked for a while for the OWI.

New Veterans Seek Broader Ideals

His committee was formed in January, 1943, because, he says, none of the existing veterans' organizations offered ideals broad enough to satisfy him and his co-founders. There are more than two thousand members. There is no initiation fee, no dues, and there may be no assessments. He who signs up pays four dollars a year for The Bulletin, issued every two weeks.

Mr. Bolte says that members of the A.V.C. are committed to only two propositions: The statement of the committee's intentions and "a free conference after demobilization, when the Planning Committee will pass out of existence, and the association will be in the hands of all the members."

This Statement of Intentions reads thus: "We look forward to becoming civilians, making a decent living, raising a family and living in freedom from the threat of another

war. That is what most Americans want from the last war. They found that military victory does not automatically bring peace, jobs or freedom. . . . Therefore, we are associating ourselves with American men and women regardless of race, creed or color, who are serving with or have been honorably discharged from our Armed Forces, Merchant Marine, or our Allied forces. . . . Our aims will include: Aid for every veteran and his family during demobilization; a job for every veteran, with private enterprise and government working together to provide full employment; thorough social security; free speech, press, worship, assembly and ballot; disarmament of Germany and Japan and the elimination of the power of their militarist classes; continuance of the United Nations as partners, acting together to stop any threat to peace."

And to this Mr. Bolte adds that it will be the intention of the A.V.C. to further its program by "political and social action within the community, state and nation as well as on the international level through an international veterans' council. . . ." His committee has no enthusiasm for the Legion, particularly, he says, for its labor policies.

Dissenters Speak Their Pieces

All of which was moonlight and roses to a couple of youngsters who lost no time in saying so, making themselves heard by sheer aggressiveness. One had had his legs crushed while in training in Louisiana. The other had been stitched across the shoulders by a machine gun in Italy. They were both realists from the big city, both were isolationists and, neither holding nor seeking political office, said so boldly. Both were for anything that would prevent another war, although they were sure that another was bound to come. But the Italy veteran said that he was against entering into international combinations even if it were done in the name of peace preservation because "it will cost us more to keep them quiet than to let them fight."

What he wanted to know was: "What are we veterans going to get for fighting and getting shot up? What is this outfit going to demand of the country—jobs, dough, or what?"

And his pal said, "Yeah, what are we here for—to kid ourselves?"

To what extent all this new veteran activity reflects the opinions, the theories, the political and social aspirations of the twelve million, nobody can possibly know now. But if you want any further evidence that the new veterans will come forth with an organization of their own, accept the fact that more than a dozen groups of American servicemen have formed after a fashion in various foreign parts. They have got together on the northern tundra, in the Pacific jungle, in London, in Rome, in India. They talk of organizing as veterans of this and that campaign, veterans of this and that service arm. They write idealistic and usually ponderous declarations of principles. Some declare that they will include the women—the Waves, Wacs, Spars, the girl Marines.

At least one—as yet unidentified by name—has made itself heard from the Pacific. This group, through its appointed spokesman, Lieutenant (jg) William F. Quinn of the staff of Fleet Air Wing One, has adopted a lengthy and solemn platform. It professes itself to be "dissatisfied with existing veterans' organizations, anxious to unite to further the peacetime purposes of this war." It has offered its own views to a number of infant organizations at home (such as Mr. Bolte's), hoping "to stimulate discussion and promote a permanent association of all new veterans."

The platform contains six "fundamental tenets." Boiled down, they are: That the United States shall maintain armed forces powerful enough to compel peaceful arbitration of disputes between nations; that we retain alliances formed in this war "with world powers whose foreign policies are not antagonistic to those she (the United States) has formulated"; that the United States favor a world organization for arbitration; freedom of enterprise; that we shall "avert class consciousness by giving full aid and co-operation to capital, labor, agriculture and other simi-

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lar groups"; to extend the Bill of Rights to all minority groups dwelling within the borders of the United States.

Lieutenant Quinn says that the six tenets have had wide acceptance by our Armed Forces in the Pacific and are their answer to their eternal question: "What are we fighting for?" He wants it noted, too, that "there is no mention of bonuses, pensions and other fuels of the gravy train." Veterans already back in civilian life regard these final words of Lieutenant Quinn with a touch of skepticism. They ask him to observe that the preamble to the constitution of the Legion, written just after the close of World War I, was scarcely less idealistic than his six tenets: "For God and Country, we associate ourselves together . . . to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent Americanism; . . . to inculcate a sense of individual

mutual benefits, to aid and supplement one another through co-operation, to guide and assist returning veterans in their problems of readjustment."

If he achieves national organization, he adds, however, his outfit's objectives will not suffer in liberalism in comparison with those of Mr. Bolte's and Lieutenant Quinn's groups.

In the meantime, industrialists, labor leaders and politicians are watching with solicitude, plus a touch of anxiety. The question of who shall guide the twelve million, of what voices shall rally them, of what counsel will prevail among them when they meet to become the country's most powerful political influence, has promoted a number of solemn gatherings in the Army's vast Pentagon Building and elsewhere. They have been unofficial meetings, but important Army and Navy executives have attended. The voices of labor and of management have been heard. The American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars have lent their ears. No minutes were kept, no policies arrived at, no suggestions offered to any of the early leaders of the prospective organization of new veterans. All very casual.

Labor Eyes Problem Quizzically

But the C.I.O. and the A. F. of L., for example, while eager to sign up new membership from the ranks of the many thousands of soldiers and sailors who have been made into expert craftsmen by modern mechanized warfare, are just a trifle puzzled by what they will do with them and for them. Great numbers of these service-made craftsmen were, before the war, mere handymen or completely ignorant of mechanics.

From many camps and war theaters comes the assurance that few of these new machinists, electricians, radio technicians and such have any will to return to their former unskilled and poorly paid occupations. If they are all to have skilled jobs in industry after the war, industry will have to swell its pay rolls considerably. And this is not taking into account the thousands of civilians whom the war has also converted into skilled mechanics and technicians, and who will not return to the farms and store counters if they can help it.

Industrialists and other businessmen are taking an even broader view. Without assuming to know what *will* happen, they are quietly concerned with what *may* happen if by chance there should be considerable unemployment. At the head of all the declarations of principles thus far adopted by the early spokesmen of the twelve million is the demand for jobs. Very few employers are neglecting to speculate on what could happen to the country's commercial and industrial pattern if there should be considerable unemployment, and some first-class demagogue should rear himself into the leadership of a vast army of disillusioned men.

It's all very interesting, isn't it?

Official Washington is either too occupied with more immediate problems or prefers to do no speculating at all on all this. The few officials and politicians who will discuss it insist that their opinions be "off the record." They recognize, however, the danger of a demagogue-led mass of unemployed. They know, too, that the new veterans, well organized and capably led, would be able to take matters political into their own hands.

Judge Edward N. Scheiberling, newly elected National Commander of the American Legion, has this to say about it:

"It is clear that those returning from the Armed Forces will dominate political trends in the nation for many years to come. It is almost certain that they will elect a President in the not too distant future.

"They will be called upon to give their individual support to new economic, social and political movements, some of which will be good, others bad. Upon the direction in which they move, especially if there should be severe depression at any time, may hinge the continued existence of America.

"It is imperative, therefore, that they choose able leadership which is both responsible and clear-sighted. Their problems will be complex and difficult."

THE END

ANSWERS TO SAYS WHICH? PAGE 61

1. Woodrow Wilson, 2. William H. Vanderbilt, 3. Captain James Lawrence, 4. General W. T. Sherman, 5. Patrick Henry, 6. Calvin Coolidge, 7. General U. S. Grant, 8. Herbert Hoover, 9. Daniel Webster, 10. George Washington, 11. Abraham Lincoln, 12. Admiral David G. Farragut, 13. General Jonathan M. Wainwright, 14. Irvin S. Cobb, 15. General Joseph W. Stilwell.

obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy. . . ."

Of course, there was no direct mention of global co-operation to preserve peace. The Legion's constitution was adopted in November, 1919. The Senate had rejected the League of Nations in June of that year. In 1920, by an overwhelming majority, the United States was to repudiate Wilson and internationalism, and retreat to isolationism. This time, the young veterans say, it will be different. Perhaps it would be just as well to wait until the whole twelve million are heard after Japan has been licked—say in 1947.

"We have no thought," said Lieutenant Quinn, "of a new organization immediately. But we want to make our ideas known. We want to challenge the existing veterans' groups to take a farsighted view of our post-war affairs."

Entertained at the White House

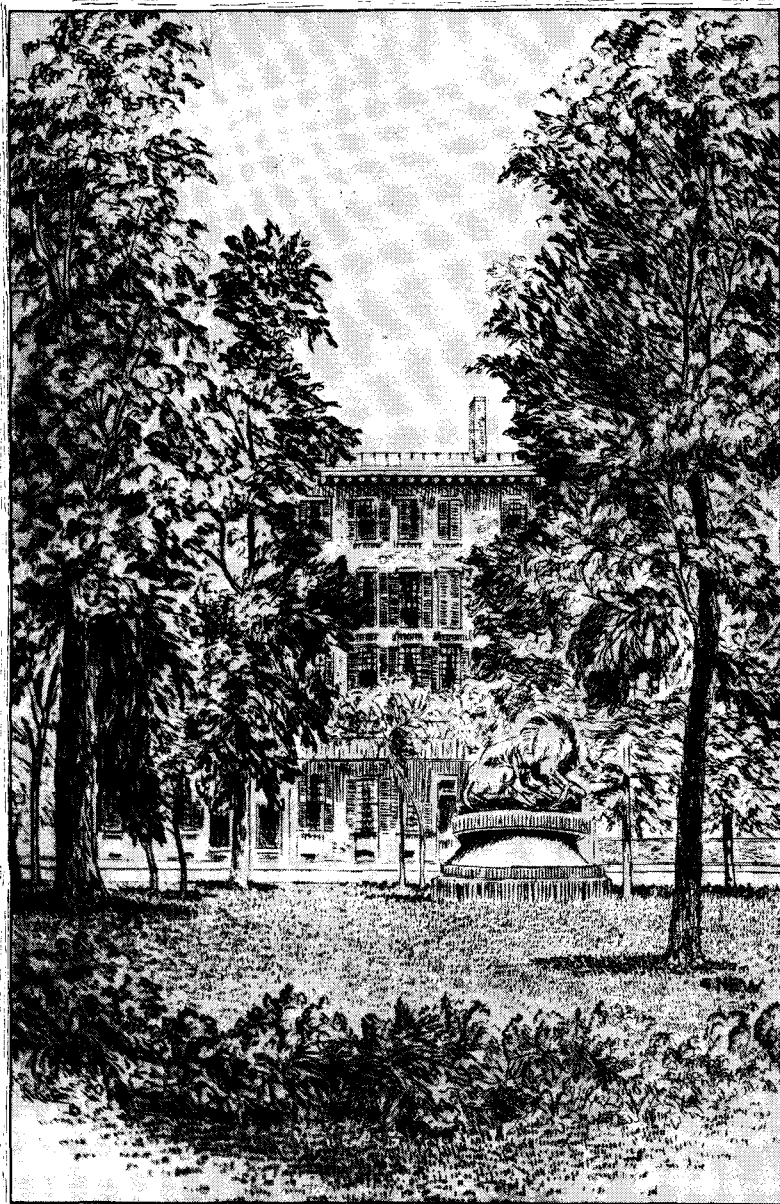
At least two young veterans active in organizing the men and women of World War II have been entertained at dinner by Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House—Mr. Bolte and Mr. Elmo Keel. They were invited by Mrs. Roosevelt with her assurance that she was very interested in their future welfare as well as that of all the twelve million. Neither of these guests has her permission to quote her directly, but most of the talking was done by them—setting forth their ideas which, incidentally, are not far apart.

Mr. Keel, a master sergeant in the Army Air Forces in Burma and China, is now a G.I. student (electrical engineering) in George Washington University at Washington, D. C., where he helped organize the Student Veterans of World War II. He is now its president and is temporary chairman of the American Veterans of World War II, which we saw in the throes of organizing. In December, 1942, Mr. Keel was badly wounded by shrapnel in the head and chest.

The aims of the Student Veterans of World War II are somewhat narrower than those of the American Veterans Committee and less comprehensive than those of the Pacific group. The students, according to the preamble of their constitution, aim "to secure

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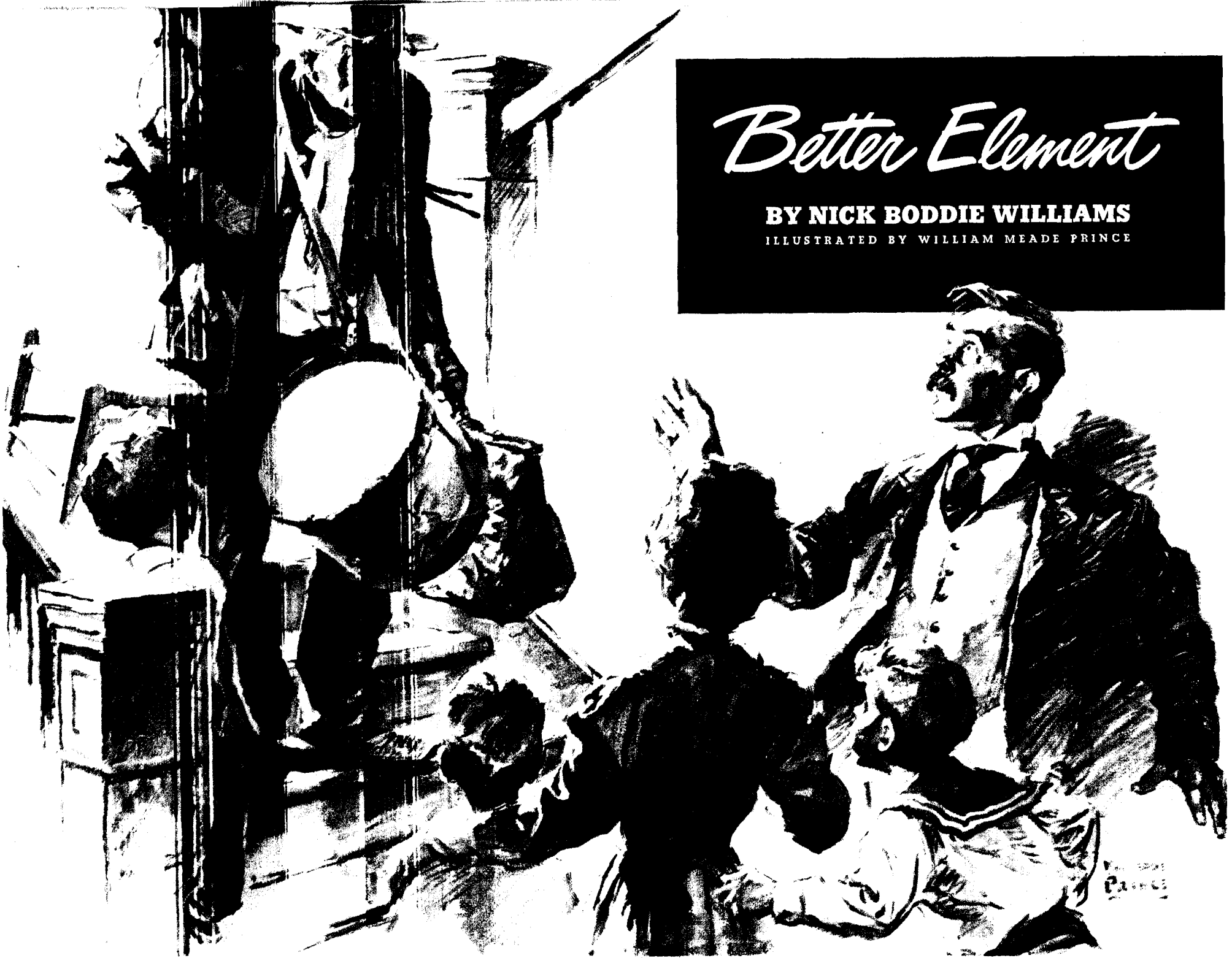
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Better Element

BY NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



Uncle Ned came banging back down the stairs. "Dang you, John, you've crossed the Rubicon," he cried

Father learns that a little drink can mean a big headache—especially in politics

MY MOTHER was tatting. We used to wonder what she did with all that tatting, yards and yards of little loops and whorls. She certainly couldn't have put all of it on petticoats. Of course that wasn't really the idea. It was her balance wheel. It was like smoking was with men. Or maybe swearing. It kept her steady when a crisis was at hand. And that Saturday night there was a crisis in our family.

We three boys should have been in bed an hour before, but in all that tension we'd been forgotten. We were keeping out of sight, having a game of parchesi on the dining-room rug, and peeking through into the living room, where my father was walking up and down. Father was a big man, nearly six feet three, with all those muscles that he'd built up chopping weeds on that Kentucky tobacco farm where he'd been born, and when he walked he thumped.

That thumping, continuous like that, would have been enough excitement for us. But there was more. Upstairs, in the guest room, we could hear my father's Uncle Ned beating out a tattoo on his drum. It never ended. It just kept rolling. We knew he

was sitting up there alone, happy as a jay-bird, his legs propped on the cane chair he'd brought with him when he came to visit us, his gray Confederate campaign hat pulled down across his eyes, his face for all the world like one of those brown twists of raw tobacco that he'd brought from Kentucky.

We weren't sure what all of it meant—that drum, and Father thumping, and then the talk. But we were scared. We'd gotten used to smelling trouble in our family.

"It's not that I mind personally," my mother said, tatting excitedly. "I never wanted you to go into politics. But since you're in . . ."

My father stopped. "Great Scott, Nan! Nobody really enjoys a little drink as much as I do."

"That's not the point," Mother said. "You're getting beaten. And if you really want to be an alderman—well, it just seems to me you could give up—"

"Confound it, I *can* give up drinking," Father roared. "Any time, any time—but . . ." "I was talking about it with the other ladies at the Altar Guild," Mother said serenely, "and they said what a pity that a town like Birmingham should get a bad name just because every Saturday night when the coal mines pay off—"

"Don't forget," Father said, "those miners vote, too."

"But they're split up," Mother persisted. "And if you come out for Local Option

you'll get all the better element. I've checked around. You couldn't lose, John."

Just then, upstairs, the drum roll rose to a mighty roar, and we saw Father scowl.

"If you don't mind defeat I can stand it, John," Mother hurried on, tatting like fury. "Of course people will gloat, but if you think that giving up an occasional drink is too great a price—"

"Oh, all right, all right!" he burst out, whirling. "I'll do it, Nan. I'll come out for Local Option tomorrow!"

The tatting shuttle clicked triumphantly. Mother stood up. "Nothing can stop you now. I've got to telephone—"

THERE was a commotion. Mother going down the hall, and Father stomping through into the dining room. He was still keyed up, snapping his fingers the way he always did when he was busy thinking, and absently he opened the sideboard door and took out a bottle Uncle Ned had brought him from Kentucky. Then we heard a cork pop.

"Why, John!"

Mother was standing with the phone book in her hand. She looked as if she'd caught him with a snake.

"Why, John," she said. "And you just promised me—"

"Just smelling it," said Father evenly.

Then a high, thin voice came from the hall, and Uncle Ned sauntered in. "Boy, I'm sure parched."

My father cut his eyes at Mother, standing like a stone wall. Then Father fidgeted. He'd known that this was something he would have to face, but it was tough. "Well, Uncle Ned—"

"Come on, boy, pour us a swig. Since I been seventy, I've sort of tapered off. So when I die I won't thirst in my grave." Uncle Ned smirked, not really thinking what he'd said was funny, and not caring a rap. "Come on, boy, pour it out."

The bottle budged in Father's hand.

But Mother said, "Now, John!"

"You got the palsy?" Uncle Ned demanded wickedly. "Here—" He seized the bottle and sloshed out a drink.

"Well, Uncle Ned—"

Uncle Ned drew back. "Durned if you ain't acting peculiar. What ails him, Nan?"

"It's just this, Uncle Ned," she said, straightening up. "John's coming out for Local Option."

"What?"

Father gulped quick and said, "It's the election . . ."

For five whole seconds, Uncle Ned just stared. And then his lips began to work, as if he were attempting to shake off paralysis. And then he jumped.

"Oh, my fat cow!" he howled. He really did—he stood right there and howled, flapping his skinny arms against his chest so hard his hat slid back. "My own dangned nephew!"

(Continued on page 74)

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WINES Bottled at the Winery

Greece Was Ready

Continued from page 16

They went now to students and private citizens of all classes and circumstances, and invited these to join the movement. The masses whom Greeks call *laos* (and you had better note the word well, for you will hear it mentioned often in the future) responded.

Within a few weeks they had formed a central committee to co-ordinate resistance activities and to serve as a nucleus for participant parties, including radicals, Socialists, liberals, Communists, agrarians, the popular Democratic Union, and the ragtag and bobtail of others.

They dug into cellars and slit their mattresses, and brought out old pistols, sabers, muskets and stocks of dynamite they'd once used for clearing patches of meadow of rocks. They gathered food and stored it and shared it, so that all might have some. Clandestine newspapers appeared, and so was born in September, 1941, while the Fascist and Nazi hierarchy was settling down comfortably in the best hotels and finest villas for a long and profitable occupation, the *Ethnikon Apeleftherotikon Metopon*—the National Liberation Front, soon to be known as EAM.

With the exhumed weapons and with what ammunition and other weapons they managed to buy from Italian soldiers or from grafting Fascist officers, the resistance movement armed their mountain bands of ill-clothed, poorly fed and unpaid volunteers. A few raids on Fascist and Nazi troops produced machine guns, blankets, ammunition and grenades, and now EAM had an army, and they called it ELAS (Greek People's Army of Liberation), although its members will probably remain known to history as Partisans.

Greece is a land of barren mountains, stripped of forests, its soil eroded and impoverished. Its crops and beasts are still those of the Bible—olives, raisins, wine and currants, a few sheep and many goats, for these can find fodder where even sheep cannot. Greek economy was based largely on these crops and on tobacco, but you can't eat tobacco.

Six thousand died every month in the Athens area in the winter of 1941-1942. On the eve of liberation—by which time some relief reached Greece through the Swedish-Swiss commission of the International Red Cross—they were still dying at the rate of two thousand a month.

Somehow EAM and its army survived that memorable winter. The price the Greeks have paid for not wanting to live on their knees can be reckoned now in one million dead from starvation and other causes, in another million rotting with tuberculosis, in 763,000 made homeless by Nazi-Fascist reprisals which destroyed 651 towns and villages.

What Greece Needs Now

The only hope of the future now for what was once a nation of 7,300,000 proud, independent, hard-working and peaceable people rests with the Allies and with the United Nations' Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. It rests, too, with those Greeks abroad who will have the courage and selflessness to return to their homeland and restock it and rebuild it. Greece is beyond sulfa drugs and handouts. It needs blood transfusions.

But there is hope, and that this hope is real, that it exists at all, is due to Apostolou and Yannopoulous and Cladakis and several hundreds of thousands of others like them. By October, 1941, our three friends counted 40 per cent of the entire Greek population in the resistance movement.

Across the Mediterranean in Cairo, there existed since the dismal April when the Greeks were overwhelmed by the Nazis after having soundly thrashed Mussolini's Black Shirts, a government-in-exile formed by King George II. Its premier was one Emmanuel Tsouderos, a spare-haired, elegant man who had been a follower of white-bearded republican Eleutherios Venizelos.

Tsouderos possessed, on paper at least,

a reasonably liberal political record. But Tsouderos hated Communists and Communism, and he saw in EAM not a people's movement of all political shadings but a threat to monarchy and to the old ways of Greek life.

The government he formed was a government of the most conservative elements in Greek politics and included (unfortunately for Greek unity) a number of gentlemen who had refused to take the responsibility of leading the resistance movement.

Tsouderos lived in a villa in Zamalek, a stuccoed, pretentious suburb of Cairo. His cabinet lived at Shepherd's and the Continental, where their principal worry was an occasional cockroach. They, or their families, and hosts of friends, danced in jasmine-scented nights at Auberge des Pyramides or Shepherd's Garden and played politics and intrigued in a planet all their own, unrelated to the small universe of blood and terror, bleeding feet and weary backs, death and disease that Greece had become.

Urgent Need for Supplies

From the mountains and hills of Greece came frequent appeals by messengers and clandestine radio for food, clothing, weapons, ammunition and medicines. The British were fighting with their backs to the Nile throughout the summer of 1942. Erwin Rommel's Afrika Korps was being supplied partly by way of Crete and Greece. The Greeks did what they could to interrupt the Nazis' flow of munitions and reinforcements, and the effort was enough to evoke praise and good wishes from GHQ in Cairo. Some supplies—mostly bandages and disinfectants and a few automatic weapons—were dropped to Greek guerrillas by parachute, but in almost insignificant quantities.

For this, some blame British indifference or lack of understanding. But the reasons for the paltry aid the Greeks received lay deeper. One reason was simply a matter of priorities. When the grand strategy for the Battle of Europe was drafted, following the victorious North African campaign, it was decided that the main direct Anglo-American military effort was to be in France. Top priority was assigned to the allocation of shipping, men, weapons and supplies for this campaign. Second priority was given to the Italian campaign; and the Balkans, except for Greece and, to a certain extent, Yugoslavia, were to be largely a Russian concern.

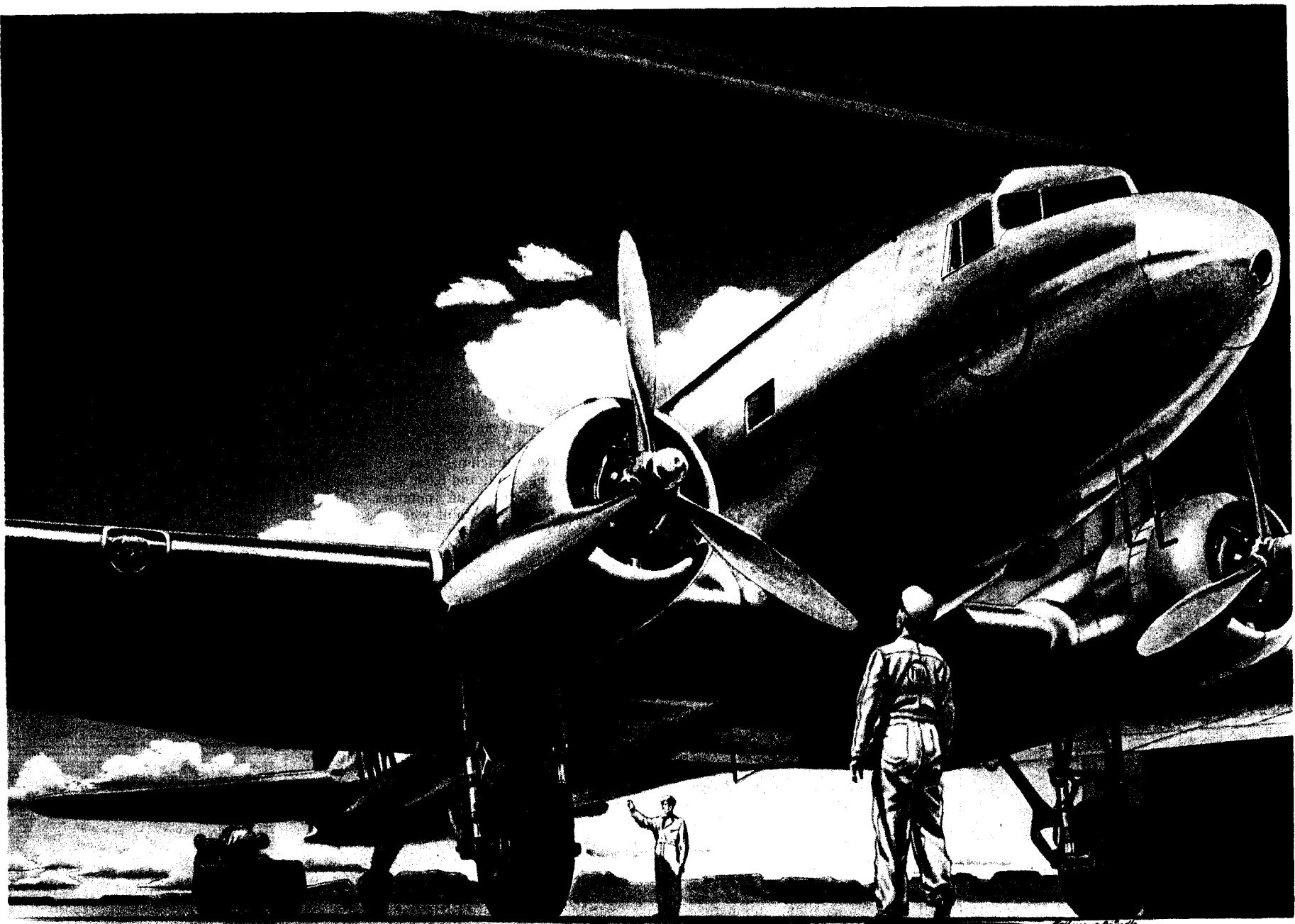
There simply wasn't enough left in the way of shipping and manpower to do much about Greece. The British, with later the help of the United States, did, however, arm and equip a small army of Greeks in the Middle East, enlarged and modernized the Greek navy and formed a Greek air force.

What was done seemed little after the heroic stand the Greeks had made against the Germans in the spring of 1941—a suicidal struggle, hopeless from the start, which nevertheless helped to save the Middle East.

The Greeks certainly felt that they deserved more material aid than they received, but once they became reconciled to the fact that the last to go down in Europe would not be the first to be liberated, they expected better political treatment than they were given. They hoped particularly for British and American sympathy for their desire to settle the question of monarchy, the underlying cause of Greek dissension.

Not all Greeks want to see King George II out. But there are enough who do, to make the issue one which the Allies were obliged to recognize after months of stalling. The Partisans and the EAM finally proved to the Allies and to the Greek government-in-exile that the king wasn't wanted in Greece; at least, they proved it sufficiently to cause George to announce that he wouldn't stay on the throne unless a plebiscite held six months after liberation approved him, and to cause a new government to be formed, including five EAM ministers.

The Greek case against George includes a widespread antipathy on the basis that he's a foreigner. George, son of pro-German King Constantine who was forced to abdicate for his efforts to line Greece up with the Austro-Hungarians in the last war, descends from the ancient Danish house of Sonder-



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burg Gluecksburg. The Greeks speak of him, however, as "the German king."

A stronger argument against his return to Greece is that he permitted the rise of Dictator Metaxas. The popular antagonism against George asserted itself strongly enough in 1923 to force his abdication. He was restored to the throne in 1935, after a long exile in England, and within a year the Greeks had Metaxas. A point in George's favor is the fact that he supported Metaxas when the latter, aware of the people's sentiments at the time, rejected Mussolini's ultimatum to surrender in October of 1940.

George's only other claims to the throne are those involved in the complexities of the constitution and the business of the divine right of kings. Had the royalist generals and politicians assumed the burdens of leading the country out of the Nazi-Fascist wilderness, the monarchic question might have remained in the background until after the war. But they did refuse, and the result was civil war.

By the spring of 1943, EAM's army numbered some 30,000 men officered by soldiers trained in its own schools and by former Greek army cadres. The size of ELAS was limited only by EAM's inability to obtain enough weapons. Its leader was Major Gen-



"Get Out and Vote!"

eral Saraphis, forceful in manner and speech. Saraphis is a professional soldier with a republican political background.

ELAS obtained light automatic weapons through the British military mission attached to its headquarters, and acquired mortars and artillery pieces from the Italians when the latter stumbled out of the war. It became an efficient, well-organized, effective weapon against the Germans.

Meanwhile another "army" emerged in Greece. This one was headed by General Napoleon Zervas, one of those generals offered the leadership of EAM's army by Apostolou, Yannopoulous and Cladakis. Zervas' army was called EDES (Greek Democratic National Army), and its mission can be deduced from the character and background of its leader.

The Makings of a Leader

Saraphis doesn't possess either the characteristics or the aptitudes to make him, as leader of ELAS, the Tito of the Greek Partisan movement. Zervas, however, definitely fills the role of a Greek Draja Mikhailovitch. His refusal to lead the EAM's army was based on ideological grounds. He said he didn't want to have anything to do with "Reds."

Zervas was a career soldier. He had been a colonel in the Greek army but was retired—some say expelled—by the republican government in 1926 for his political views labeled "reactionary and unprogressive" by persons who knew him then.

Zervas was arrested on suspicion of plotting against the Nazi-Fascists in 1941; he was held for twenty-four hours and released. With five officers who later deserted him to join ELAS, Zervas went up into the hills and started a guerrilla army of his own. He mumbled enough clichés about freedom and "Long live Hellas" and social justice to convince some Greeks and a few British officers of his sincere desire to kill Huns. He obtained British help.

About one thousand Greeks rallied to Zervas, inspired by patriotism but certainly equally as much by gold. Zervas offered each

trooper one pound sterling in gold and an equal amount monthly for each soldier's family. By the fall of 1943, Zervas had approximately three thousand guerrillas, and the frustrated soldier-politician had an army dedicated in principle to the job of liberating Greece from the enemy, but equally determined to rid Greece of "Reds."

To understand the appeal of a fistful of gold sovereigns to a Greek, you need to know something of the economic havoc contrived in the country by its conquerors. The Germans saddled Greece with a monthly occupation bill of three billion drachmas, and by the end of October, 1943, they had exacted a tribute of one trillion, one hundred and ninety-seven billion drachmas, or roughly sixty times as much money as was contained in printed notes in the Greek treasury on October 1, 1941, when inflation had already begun. By October, 1944, an American dollar which in prewar days bought 132 drachmas was valued at 1,000,250 drachmas.

Greeks carried their marketing money in suitcases and paid 72,000 drachmas for an oka of rice worth 21 drachmas before the war; 90,000 drachmas for 35 drachmas' worth of olive oil; and 6,000 drachmas for 6 drachmas' worth of potatoes. Matters reached an absurd point when the paper on which the money was printed was worth more on the black market as paper than as money. Prices increased two thousand times but wages only two hundred times. Zervas' gold was a powerful lure, and his ranks swelled. His salary, by the way, was sixteen gold pounds a month.

Civil War Breaks Out

In October, 1943, the inevitable happened. Civil war broke out in Greece. Undoubtedly each side sought to establish its supremacy in the land in anticipation of an early invasion by the Allies. Indisputably, ELAS saw EDES as a band of men who had abandoned their primary objective—that of killing Germans—in order to destroy the people's army. EAM's Partisans saw in Zervas and his guerrillas a pack of reactionaries fighting to restore the king, or at least to reinstate old regimes whose leadership had refused to participate in the resistance movement.

Zervas and company accused the Partisans of outrages against the Greek patriots. ELAS, Zervas said over his radio and through a well-established propaganda channel with a terminal in Cairo, was an army of Bolsheviks, intent on destroying private property and propertied people and so raising the bloody banner of class struggle. Zervas' Red-baiting propaganda campaign coincided curiously with the Nazi line, and it was subsequently discovered that the members of EDES forces did co-operate with the Germans in attacks on the ELAS army. When later a truce was signed between ELAS and EDES, one of the terms of agreement was that Zervas would denounce and dismiss collaborators among his officers and men.

General Saraphis doesn't deny Zervas' accusations of outrages committed by the ELAS troops. He does say that Zervas' propaganda exaggerated the extent of punishment inflicted on quislings by ELAS bands. Excesses were bound to occur in a mass uprising of the dimensions of the EAM movement.

The EAM's program is clear on the subject of private property and on what kind of government Greece shall have after the war. Respect of human and property rights is one of the principles laid down in the EAM's indoctrination course for all its officers, men and workers. Regarding the form the Greek government shall assume, the EAM party platform says it must be up to the people to decide freely whether they want a king before he or any member of the royal family returns to Greek soil. On one subject the EAM program is adamant. The National Liberation Front pledges itself resolutely to impede any attempt to impose dictatorship "of any kind" upon the nation.

Immediately the civil war began, the British stopped arms shipments to both ELAS and EDES. This didn't stop the fighting. Zervas had the help of from 6,000 to 10,000 troops commanded by the Greek quisling, Rallis, armed by the Germans and known as "security battalions."

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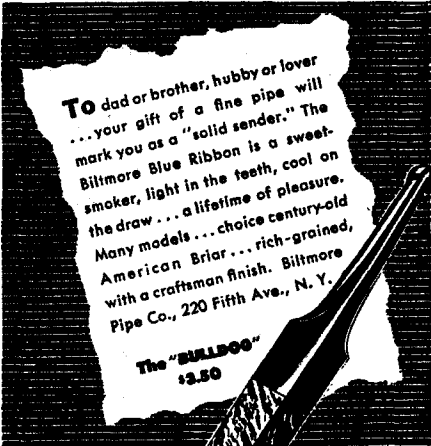
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Zervas and his traitorous allies definitely got the worst of the fighting. The ELAS army was better led and better equipped. It was reinforced by at least 5,000 well-armed Italians and had the equipment of two Italian divisions, disarmed when the armistice was signed with Italy.

The National Liberation Front extended its activities against the Germans and its control over Greek territory. By the time the Allies were ready to enter Greece with bread and bully beef for the hungry and medicines for the sick, the EAM's army controlled ten or eleven major ports, while the Zervas mob held only one unimportant portlet, and the political supremacy of EAM was as well established as its military control of the situation.

The events in Greece from October, 1943, to February, 1944, when the truce was signed had violent repercussions in the Middle East. Greek soldiers and sailors, bored with months of waiting for action, and aware of the true state of affairs in Greece, became restless.

Early in March, EAM formed the National Liberation Committee and declared it a *de facto* government of the country. A surge of triumph rippled through the ranks of men who had drilled and sweated in desert camps for nearly three years, preparing for the day of their nation's liberation.

On the morning of March 31st, a delegation of thirteen senior officers of the Greek army and navy called on Premier Tsouderos. Five of the most senior officers were received by Tsouderos in his private inner office. He listened to them with the manner of a banker hearing a prospective borrower's plea for a large loan which he hadn't the faintest notion of granting.

The officers' message was brief and to the point: "Unless you resign, and a government is formed containing a number of ministers representing the National Liberation Front and the National Liberation Committee, we cannot answer for the behavior of the army. The men are restive and demand inclusion of EAM representatives in the cabinet, and we particularly demand your resignation."

Tsouderos told the officers to wait. He made a phone call or two. When he reappeared before the assembled officers in the anteroom, he told them he would consider what they had told him. That night a Greek field regiment bivouacked near Cairo, put its officers under arrest and took command of the camp—in short, they mutinied.

The rebellion spread from the army in the Cairo region to the navy in Alexandria with the cry: "We want the National Liberation Front represented in the government." Greek ships at Port Said echoed the cry, and Tsouderos, on April 3d, resigned.

King George called on young Sophocles Venizelos, son of the Greek republican idol, to form a government. Now Venizelos is

liberal, but he resembles his father politically about as much as Jimmy Walker resembles Joe Stalin. He made radio speeches promising an EAM government representing all Greek public opinion, but he failed to see or understand what many in the democratic camp of the Allies still fail to see or understand: that, in the antagonisms of revolution, as in war, there aren't "many" shades of opinion, but only two.

In the minds of the people involved—of those who have gone hungry and fought, have killed and have seen their fellow men killed—there are only two definite colors of opinion and no shades in between—black and white, evil and good.

Venizelos' government, which still included Tsouderos and right-wingers and pallid liberals, didn't suit either the Greeks in Greece or the Greeks in the Middle East. The rebellion among the armed forces continued. Venizelos lasted only long enough to quell it by force with the aid of volunteers drawn from the army and navy, wisely more interested in a unified Greece on the eve of liberation than political satisfaction.

Dedicated to Be a Savior

Venizelos resigned, and there arrived on the scene a tall, long-faced, eloquent gentleman in his middle sixties named George Papandreou. He appeared in Cairo as though out of the mist. To a friend of mine he said, "I've been appointed by God to save Greece." An opponent irreverently remarked that Papandreou ought to have had a more direct mandate from the people of Greece.

Papandreou's political background is a liberal one and, in spite of the criticism aimed at him from all quarters, he formed a government which, for the first time in the wartime history of Greece, resembled a coalition government. It included five members of EAM in key cabinet posts.

This isn't the end of the story, just as it isn't all of the story. The rest of it will be written in Greece by Apostolou and Yanopoulos and Cladakis and hundreds of thousands like them. These, like the French, Italians, Yugoslavs and other peoples of liberated Europe will prove to you that democratic forces at work on the continent are irresistible. Whether the banner that people will fly there will be red or not depends on us. Allowed—as they have been in France—to settle their problems in their own dynamic way, they will remain what they have always been: antitotalitarian and fiercely democratic. If frustrated, they will turn their faces away from the light of the Lady with the Torch and toward the red glow of the political creed—Communism—which has asserted itself as the energizing force that gave Soviet Russia power and glory and prestige.

THE END



Haven't You Forgotten Something?

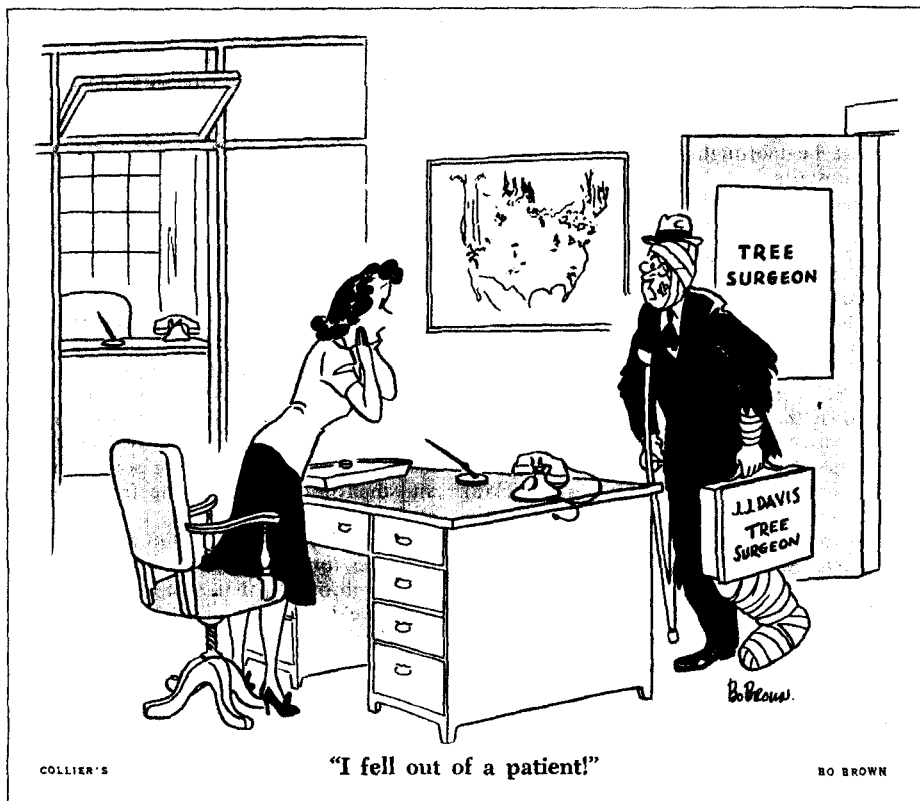
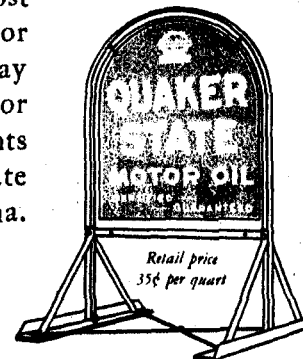
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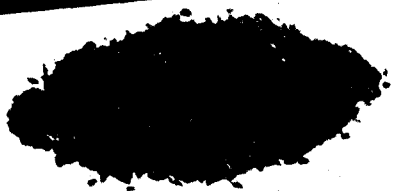
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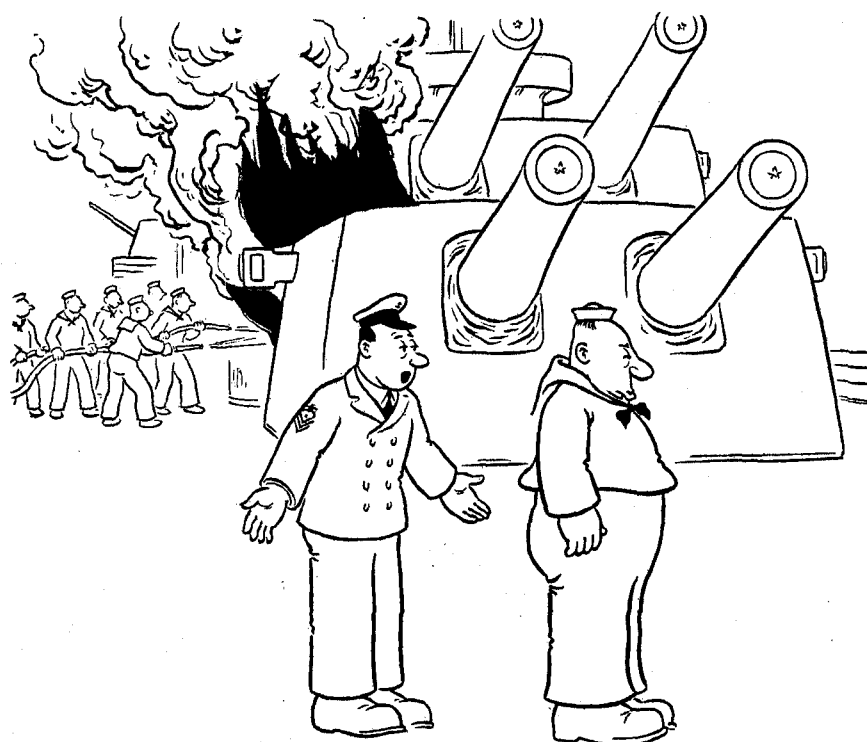
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"But, Alfred, you should be glad that every time a difficult situation arises somebody else gets to handle it"

Better Element

Continued from page 69

His eyes filled suddenly with tears, his hand trembling as he grasped Father's arm.

"Why, John," he cried, "half yore people made their reputation making whisky. Kentucky bourbon, boy—why, it's been meat and bread and—hell, it's the bridge that took us through. You can't go back on all that, boy!"

"I've never heard a more impassioned plea for vice," my mother snapped.

"Look, boy," begged Uncle Ned, tears glinting on his leathery cheeks, "I'm an old man, I'm a tired old man with not much time to live—"

"But, Uncle Ned, I promised Nan—"

"You promised Nan!" howled Uncle Ned. "You mean you got the gall to stand right there, hiding behind yore wife—"

Father turned red. "Confound it, Uncle Ned, I hate to lose. You know yourself—you lost a war once—"

"Not hiding behind a woman's skirts, I didn't!"

"I'm not hiding!" Father cried. "It's my own idea."

That crushed Uncle Ned. It simply flattened him. We boys thought he was going to drop right there. His head hung sideways like a drooping flag. He didn't say another word. Just turned, taking that bottle that he'd brought with him, and slowly went upstairs.

Nobody spoke at first. We heard him moving in that room upstairs, dragging around.

"It's all right, John," Mother said finally. "He'll get over it."

"I don't know, Nan. I feel—well, like a Benedict Arnold. I've broken his heart. Why, he almost raised me on that farm of his—"

THEN Uncle Ned came banging back down the stairs, his campaign hat tilted down across his eyes and the drum dangling from his neck. He had his satchel in one hand, his cane chair in the other, and sticking from the pocket of his pants was the bottle.

"So long!" he shrilled.

"Uncle Ned! Now, wait a minute, Uncle Ned—"

"No, dang you, John, you've crossed the Rubicon," he cried, and, jaunty as sin, he marched down the hall and out the door.

Mother looked furious. "So there's your poor, heartbroken Uncle Ned, with not much time to live! That old pirate!"

"Oh, let's go to bed," said Father bitterly.

It sounded, right then, as if Mother had

won. Father was feeling pretty bad about it all, but he was standing hitched. He certainly wanted to win that election, and for the next few days, after he came out for Local Option, things began to look up.

It really seemed that the better element had been looking for a man like him—a big man, a two-fisted man. And then, he had that glamor that a convert always has. Not that he'd ever been a heavy-drinking man. But he had never been in favor of prohibiting things, unless maybe murder. The change, Mother said, made him a sensation.

"The Altar Guild," she purred, tating away, "thought you were so impressive, John. They're already on your side."

"I'm glad to hear that," Father said. "If I had to eat any more of those measly little cucumber sandwiches—"

Mother pursed her lips. "The Roebuck Ladies' Aid are working hard for you. And don't forget, the Idylwyld rummage sale—"

Father stomped straight into the dining room. He gave the sideboard door a yank. And then he remembered and said, "Damn!"

But the Ladies' Aid and rummage sales were only part of his campaigning. Mother insisted that he take us boys downtown to his campaign headquarters to show the better element what fine, smart boys he had. We wore our new white sailor suits for that, with white stockings and hats with red and blue ribbons, and I guess we did look nice.

A lot of ladies pawed us some and kissed us and pinched our arms and said that Father must be proud of us, and Father fidgeted, but Mother beamed.

And then, while all this genteel chattering was going on, my brother Henry yelled, "There's Uncle Ned, there's Uncle Ned!"

And there he was, straight across the street, perched on the iron balcony of the Hotel Kenaston, with one leg swinging in the air while he beat on that drum.

It was quite a stunt, and there was always a chance that he'd fall off the balcony. In no time at all, it drew a crowd below. He just perched there, teetering some, and now and then he pulled a bottle from his pants and took a swig.

"John!" Mother cried. "Go get him down!" Father looked carefully. "I'd just as soon not climb out on that balcony. The way he feels, we'd both get killed."

"Oh, John! Why, everybody knows that he's your uncle. And look at him!"

"He's certainly got a glow."

"A glow! Oh, John! Of all the wicked, evil old piratical—"

Father went out. Just then, Uncle Ned stood up and took a bow. While people

clapped, he fired a bale of dodgers into the air. Then he backed through the window, while he beat on that drum.

When Father returned, he had one of those dodgers crumpled in his hand. It read: "A Vote for Williard is a Vote for Petticoats."

"Fight fire with fire," cried Mother, working on a new idea. "Print some yourself—'A Vote for Williard is a Vote for Home.'"

"Whose home?"

"Why, my home, these little children's home—"

"Father," Henry piped up, "Uncle Ned's back—he's skinning the cat."

He certainly was. He hung right on that balcony and skinned the cat. Then he skinned it again, and while the people in the street let out a yell, he fired another bale of dodgers down on them.

Father groaned dismally. Maybe because he was afraid for Uncle Ned's old bones. Or maybe he could see how hard that kind of politicking was to beat.

BUT it got worse. It got almost unbearable. Each time Father came out with the ladies who were helping him campaign, Uncle Ned, across the street, would pop out on that balcony. Then he'd yell down:

"You, John! Don't skulk behind them petticoats—I see you plain. You, John—this is yore poor old Uncle Ned!" With that, he'd flourish his bottle high and take a handsome swig. And then, just for good measure, he would give the rebel yell: "Yee-oowwww!"

Father would duck in spite of himself, giving a sickly grin. The ladies would look sympathetic as they clucked their tongues.

Of course Father didn't take this lying down. He did his best to get the Hotel Kenaston to transfer Uncle Ned's room to the alley side. They said he'd paid a whole month in advance, and besides, he was an old man and needed the sun, and anyway they were for him. Then Father tried the police.

"He's creating a nuisance," Father said. "Abate him."

They said a man could take a drink on his own balcony. A man could holler at his relatives. A man could politick, even to skinning the cat.

"All right!" cried Father, getting red. "But when I'm alderman—"

Right then, we knew that Uncle Ned was getting Father's goat, or he'd have never made a threat like that. He didn't believe in threats. He usually went in for action. The trouble was, he couldn't think of anything.

"If you'd go reason with him," Mother said, "maybe—"

"Reason with him!" roared Father. "Great

Scott, Nan! He's having the time of his life, making an absolute fool out of me."

"Not with the people who really matter," Mother said. "I wish you could have heard what they were saying at the Sans Souci today—"

"Old women!" Father snorted. Then, seeing the look on Mother's face: "I didn't mean that, Nan. They're all fine, charming ladies, every blessed one of them. I love 'em, damn 'em, but confound it all—"

"You needn't try the sideboard," Mother snapped. "It's empty."

"Don't tell me it's empty," Father shouted. "Don't I know?"

It couldn't last. Something was bound to pop wide open soon. It took all of Mother's special tenderness to calm Father down for the final campaign rally, the night before Election Day.

"Just keep your dignity," she begged.

Father just glared. "Know what they're calling me? Petticoat John!"

"It's a tribute," Mother snapped. "I'm telling you, you've won. You'll be elected tomorrow."

I don't know what she was afraid Father would do. But he was mad clean through, and jittery. All that day, downtown, men had been pouring in and out of Uncle Ned's room at the Kenaston. They were a rowdy lot, hilarious over something. And Uncle Ned, popping out on the balcony to beat his drum and shower dodgers on the street, kept snickering.

"The only time I ever saw him snicker," Father gloomed, "was when he caught me sneaking a chew of his twist tobacco. . . ."

"Don't be ridiculous," she said, fussing with his tie. "There now—you look grand."

I guess he did look grand, certainly to all those ladies, when he marched into the auditorium. They stood and cheered the way that ladies cheer, a kind of shrill soprano scream that sent chills marching up our spines. If there had been just one deep bass yell in that crowd—but all of it was ladies, bosomy and fluttering, with placards on them saying: "A Vote for Williard is a Vote for Home."

Father turned pale. From where we boys were sitting, near the front, it looked as if his face was glistening with sweat.

"Ladies," he said, and gulped.

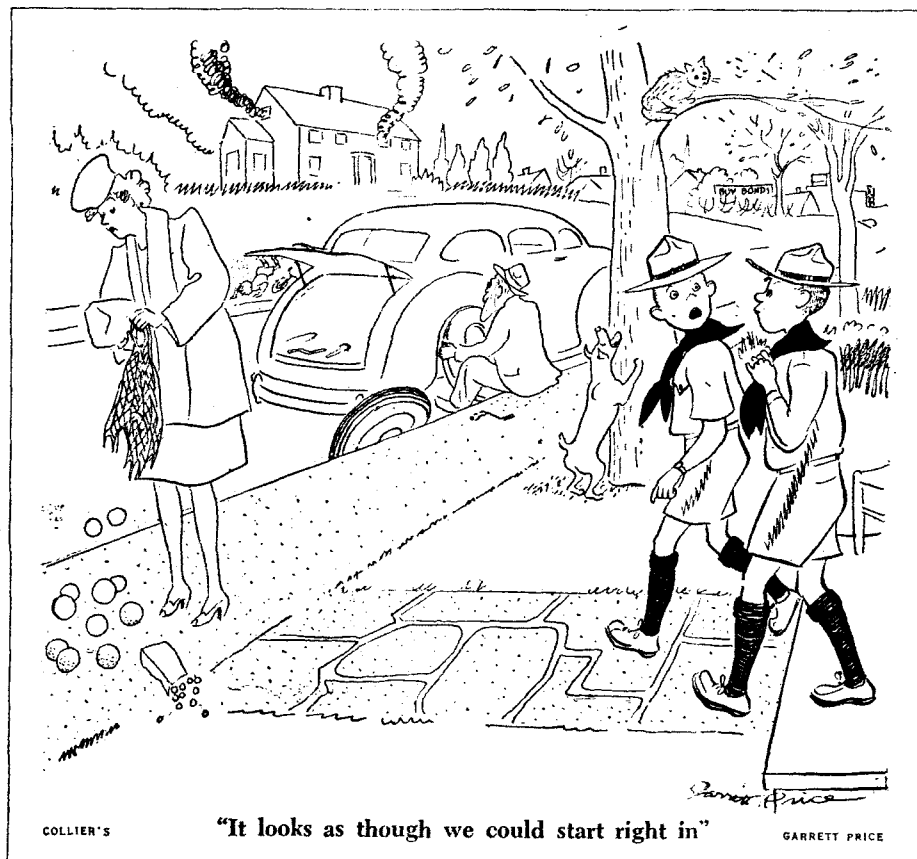
Somewhere, we heard a drum, and Father cringed.

"Ladies," he tried again.

A door burst open at the back, another at the side. In came a shuffling mob of men, lining themselves along the walls, then standing silently, while outside somewhere was that rolling of a drum.

"Ladies," said Father, dripping wet, "and gentlemen—"

Then Uncle Ned came marching in. His



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- makes your skin look years younger
- also use it all over body after bathing

Mennen Skin Balm, an after-shave preparation in cream form, quickly soothes irritated skin. Cooling and non-greasy. Use for sunburn, windburn...chapped hands...hot, tired feet.



All I know is, he asked for whiskey and White Rock and I said "Yes Sir, whiskey and soda"... and then it happened.



Can't blame the chap for getting violent. You simply expect people to *know* there is no substitute for White Rock.

This famous mixer improves the flavor of rye, scotch and bourbon. Adds supercharged sparkle to all tall drinks. Helps you feel chipper next day.

White Rock
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

gray Confederate campaign hat was pushed far down across his eyes. That drum was dangling from his neck and he was working over it, easy, jaunty as sin. A bottle's neck stuck out of his pants pocket.

"Ladies," yelled Father, "gentlemen, and you, confound you, Uncle Ned—"

I guess that what broke then was pandemonium. There was a terrific roar, hoots and jeers and screams. Those men along the walls went surging up the aisles. Ladies came swarming angrily out of their seats, waving their placards, swinging with their pocket-books, shrieking and shoving all around the auditorium. And Uncle Ned, as spry as any man of seventy could possibly be, bounced up onto the stage, waving a bottle.

"You, John!" he shrieked. "Look at this golden elixir, this noble juice! Distilled with loving hands! Aged ten long years in ancient oak! You'd let these petticoats, these pesky females..."

Then we heard Mother's warning voice: "John! John!"

Father reached out. He grabbed the bottle, pulled the cork, waved it defiantly around, and then, as silence came, he took a mighty swallow.

SOMEONE screamed. But it was not my mother. She just stood there, staring.

"Yee-oooww!" That came from Uncle Ned, blasting the cover off his drum. Father stalked majestically across the stage and out... alone.

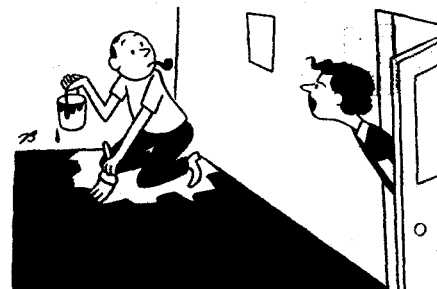
Things were a little confusing after that. Mother got us home and marched us up to bed, and though we lay awake and listened, we didn't hear Father come in.

Mother looked very taut when we got up next day. She spoke to us in a low voice, the way people speak at funerals, and then, soon after noon, she put on her hat and went out. That was when Father came downstairs.

He didn't really look bad. His eyes were a little puffy, and he kept licking his lips, and after he'd had coffee he just sat around, watching the front door.

When finally it opened, he started up, but then he sagged back. It was Uncle Ned.

"Well, boy," said Uncle Ned, "I just came from the polls."



"Get Out and Vote!"

"The polls?" said Father listlessly. "Oh, that?"

"Hell, boy!" yelled Uncle Ned. "You're alderman! The females had no other choice. And then that hooker you swallowed—" He winked. "A man-sized snort, a *man-sized* snort!"

Father looked sad. Uncle Ned edged closer. Then, whispering it: "How's Nan?"

"She's—out."

"You mean she's left?" Uncle Ned's eyes filled suddenly with tears. His old hands shook. "Why, John—why, boy—why, dang my soul—"

"You're a soulless, wicked old hypocrite!" cried someone from the hall. Mother was coming in. Father jumped up. Uncle Ned backed hurriedly away. "I've never seen two such—" she began, and then, amazingly, she burst out laughing.

She turned toward the kitchen. When she came back, she had two glasses in her hands, with lots of ice in them, and something else. Not much, but it was nice and golden brown. "Elixir," she said. "Noble juice!"

My father's hand shook, but his face lighted up like sunrise.

"It's nice to see you smile again," she said. "Maybe all's been for the best."

Uncle Ned tossed his off in a gulp, and grinned like a cat with feathers on its lips. "Yee-oooww," he said, whispering it. And he went for his chair and drum.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

WHILE minding his own business, driving through Wyoming, Mr. James B. Pyene stopped for lunch at a roadhouse near Laramie. There were several signs on the wall but Mr. Pyene was particularly interested in this one: "This place will be open on V-Day if possible but it won't be open that day or no other day to..." And then followed the names of a dozen ladies and gentlemen who, Mr. Pyene was told, had been celebrating something or other in that place a couple of nights before.

DURING the past year, we have received sixty-two crushing books and pamphlets written by guys who are not quite sure what's going to happen to the world after the war but who tell therein exactly what to do about it. Even if we understood what these prophets are talking about, we'd bet that nobody is going to pay any attention to them no matter what happens. We get letters, too. Here, for example: "I have a big improvement on the Townsend Plan. If I had thought of this before the war started, and if my plan had been adopted, there wouldn't be any war. I will send you a copy. I guess by now you are pretty tired of this letter, so I will close, yours truly, Mergin Toppe, P. O. Box applied for, Little Rock, Arkansas. P.S. Destroy this letter."

WE'VE had quite a few letters, too, from women who seem to be wondering whether real peace can be written by men alone. One of these women adds something new: "I suppose that we shall have a form of compulsory military training. My son who will be seventeen in two years may have to give a year to learning how to die to uphold peace-preserving formulas written by men old enough to

be his grandfather. What do the youth of America, Britain and Russia think? Why not let them sit down together in secret session? Let their discussions of how peace is to be preserved be recorded. Then, when finally the decisions of their elders—the decisions these youths will be trained to uphold—are published, let the deliberations of youth be given to the public. After all, it is to be their world long after the Roosevelts, the Churchills and the Stalins have gone."

WE'VE heard, read and expressed much worse ideas than that. Of course, the kids would be somewhat shy on experience. But we're not so sure that experience is wisdom. We suspect that there are a lot of old guys who have nothing except experience. About all that wisdom has taught such sires is timidity. It wasn't long ago that we got to talking to one such on his seventieth or eightieth birthday, we forget which. "I'm an old man," he said, "and very wise as the result of many harrowing experiences which never happened."

A CHICAGO UNIVERSITY student was asked why he chose a certain ponderous columnist as his favorite. "Because," said he, "a writer must be awfully smart to be that dull."

AND if you've noticed lately any funny little rusty-hinge noises, don't be unduly alarmed. Mrs. Lydia B. Duncan of Carbondale, Pennsylvania, assures us that they are only the final squeals of candidates for office trying to be heard above the clamor of war. "Some of it, too," she adds, "may be the voices of radio commentators and column prophets trying to justify bum predictions..."

W. D.

Army in the Sky

Continued from page 19

"come along with the rest of these nailheads."
A brawny redhead, cleaning his fingernails with one of his four commando knives, wants to know, "Are you going with us this morning?"

When you tell him yes, he asks in which ship, and you point to the gun-bristling Fortress warming up near by.

"Whose crate is that?" he asks.

You tell him it is General Brereton's.

"Say, you ain't kiddin'? You mean the Number One Brass is flying with us?"

You assure him the general is going to lead the operation to the drop zone and observe its conduct for himself.

Redhead is impressed and relays this information to his mates, and they hash it over with lively if somewhat irreverent approval. Plainly it gives their morale a boost.

The officers consult their synchronized watches. It's time to get aboard. Hundreds of kids stand up and help one another secure gear and tighten strap buckles. They are so nonchalant, you wonder if they realize what they are going into. They must, for many are veterans of the Normandy drops.

The general is back, and we hurry to the side of the main strip to watch the carriers go. The big C-47s rumble onto the runway in pairs, forming a majestic double queue—so many of them you give up counting—and begin to take off alternately at 45-second intervals. In the air they form by threes and swarm toward a rendezvous point on which many such columns will be converging. In our faster ship we go last. It is a day of lumpish, broken clouds, and wherever we look up the gray, pillowed ravines, we see moving formations which have not yet taken pattern.

We reach the Channel. Down there on its pewter surface are scores of gleaming arrowheads pointed toward the Continent. They are made by the wakes of the speedy Air-Sea Rescue launches going out in readiness to help any airman who might have to ditch. Our plane is a little ahead of time, and we bank toward England. The waist gunner yells, "Here they come." Breaking from the clouds over the foreshore, the spearhead of the airborne armada emerges in close-packed, unwavering, relentless immensity. The power and meaning and grandeur of the sight rings bells in your spine.

Before we cross the Belgian coast and its wantonly flooded inshore, our protecting fighters appear out of nowhere, above, below and around us. They are from the R.A.F. and the Eighth and Ninth U.S. Air Forces. There are Spits and Typhoons, Mustangs and Lightnings and Thunderbolts by the hundreds. They weave a huge three-dimensional funnel of safety around us. Storied towns move underneath like woodcut illustrations out of old books—Ostend,

Bruges, Saint-Nicolas, Antwerp—but the sky is so full and solid with planes that you have the illusion it is only we that are motionless and substantial, and the earth that is transitory.

Eastward from Antwerp, we fly along the Albert Canal, splitting the battle front. To the south, the Belgian land seems peaceful and unharmed. Allied road traffic is abundant and free in testimony of the absence of the Luftwaffe. To the north, the scene is quite different—forn and lifeless, punctuated by spoutings of tan and yellow dirt from Allied shell hits.

Within the Passaic Warrior, there is a businesslike tension. In the floor amidships, the rounded top of the underhung ball turret moves restlessly as its gunner scans the air and ground. Looking back through the narrowing fuselage, as through the big end of a telescope, you make out a little airman alert on his jockey seat at the tail guns. When you go forward to join the general in the nose, you have to sidle across a tiny, slippery catwalk in the bomb bay and then crawl between the legs of the top-turret gunner. Forts are for killing, not for comfort.

Protected from Ambush

To starboard the sun is behind high, misty cloud wrack, through which it filters in a blindingly diffused glare. It's a proper "Jerry breeder"—an ideal ambush out of which bandits can dive on us with the dazzle at their backs. Our fighters, aware of this, are thickest on that side, and the eyes of our waist gunner, cunning with the wisdom of many raids, never leave that bad spot in the sun.

Our Fortress begins to move around the sky lanes passing up and down and alongside one formation after another. The general is carrying out an aerial review of his command. His small figure is perched solemnly on the bombardier's seat in the Plexiglas nose of the ship, and there is nothing to impede his view of the wide heavens and the hostile earth. Certainly this is the first time in history that a commanding general has carried out such an inspection on such a scale and in such circumstances—of a battle-bound force hundreds of miles long.

Nothing is missed by those large, unblinking dark eyes behind the sunglasses. His lips are the only index to his displeasure or satisfaction. If a shadow of constriction passes over them, it signifies that a group is perhaps not quite as tight as it should be. But the proximity of the general's plane has a quick effect. Diagonally through the doorless gap in the side of each transport, you glimpse the kids sitting inside—waiting to pour from those holes with their battle cry of "Geronimo," and their chutes blizzarding groundward like giant varicolored snowflakes.

On the ground just ahead, we espy secret and brightly colored signals. This is the 42d Street and Fifth Avenue of the expedition. This is where we turn north. We put on our parachutes. The pageant is over and the real

You can't have Everything!



Blackie: "This is good food, Whitey, but I prefer the kind we used to get."

Whitey: "So do I, Blackie, but these days we sometimes have to forget our preferences."



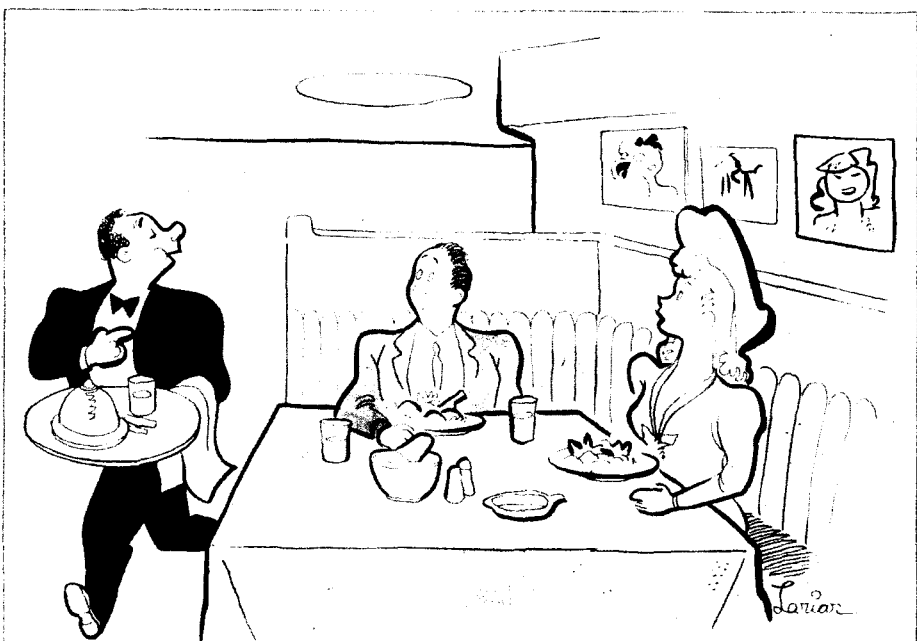
You're right, Whitey—especially when it comes to Scotch Whisky! Although BLACK & WHITE is imported in quantities equal to other Scotches, the demand is so great that occasionally you may find it difficult to get a bottle. If so, may we suggest that you try one of the other brands. The makers of BLACK & WHITE are confident you'll come back when there's enough for all.

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

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COLLIER'S

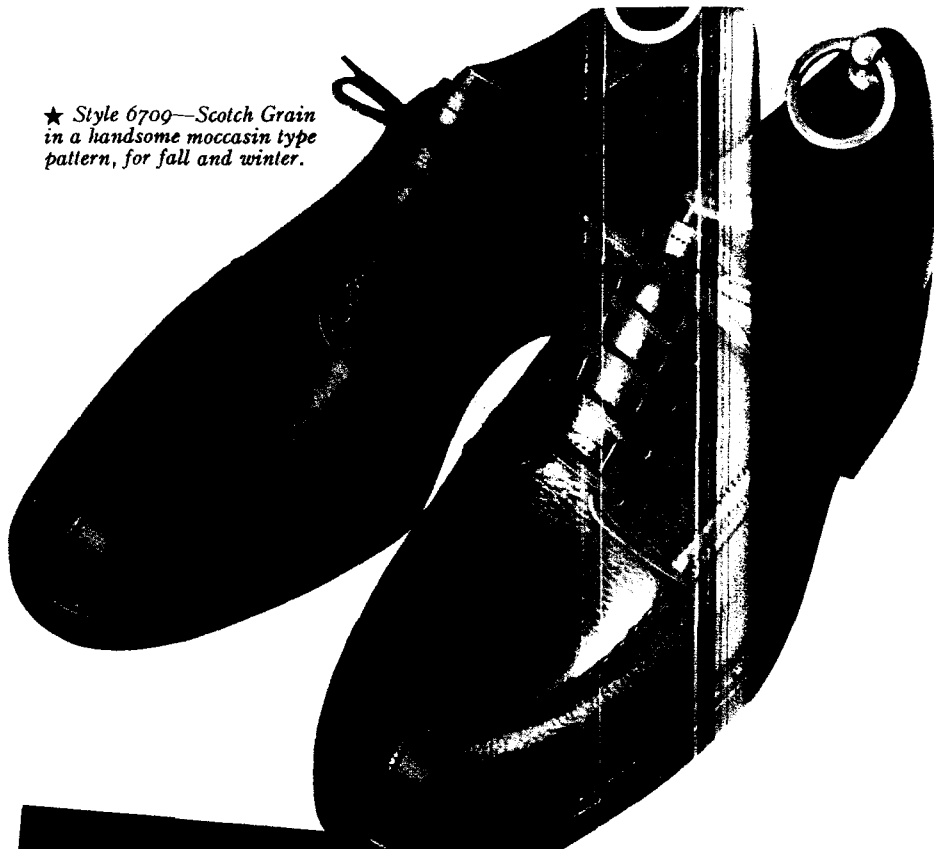
"If you need anything else, just wave a dollar bill!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

Collier's for November 11, 1944

77

★ Style 6709—Scotch Grain in a handsome moccasin type pattern, for fall and winter.



FORTUNE

Shoes for Men

FAVORITE OF MILLIONS OF AMERICAN MEN

When you wear Fortune Shoes than any other brand in this price range.

When you step into a Fortune, you'll discover why so many men consider Fortune the best dollar-for-dollar buy in shoes. You will find the snug fitting comfort, the fine leathers, the authentic styling that make Fortune the really fine shoe in its price field.

At the first step, you'll know that this is the shoe for your money. When you next wear shoes, remember Fortune's sensible style. See the newest styles at your Fortune dealer's; try on a pair. You'll see the reason of American men who have already found Fortune the most reliable and smart appearance of Fortune shoes.

Richland, Tenn. Gen. Div. General Shoe Corp., Nashville 1, Tenn.

Stop here! AMERICAN LEADING BRAND AT \$5 TO \$5.50



★ Style 6113—Straight tip brogue that's always good for town and business wear.

shooting begins. Anything can happen now, for we are flying above enemy territory. On the flak map, it is marked by circles of deepest red—meaning toughest concentrations.

We are beside one of the towing groups as it turns the corner. The nylon ropes catch the fitful sun and glisten across the width of the column like a spider web on a June hedge. Suddenly the towline of the glider nearest us snaps. The broken ends of the line rear up, and there is a frozen moment like an arrested motion picture while they face one another in mid-air like snakes in a fight. Then they coil and writhe away. The glider slides downward, and you think at first that the pilot has it under control and will manage a landing. Abruptly the glide becomes a dive.

"Goddam!" our waist gunner yells. "The cargo's shifted."

The glider flips over on its back, lurches right side up once more and finally plunges like a shot arrow to the ground. It hits nose first in a field beside a road, losing all definition in a sickening eruption of dirt and fragments. Its C-47 tow plane peels out of formation and returns to circle the spot, like an eagle mourning a broken fledgling. The dust cloud slowly blows away, and you can see there will be no one to save from that crash and nothing for anyone to do but carry on.

Over the First Assault Zone

Eindhoven, site of the Dutch radio industry, a vital city to Germany and bitterly held, comes into sight with its big enemy airfield near by. The first of our drop zones is already showering paratroopers onto it. Eindhoven is in the southern part of the Netherlands, just across the Belgian border. Other landings of American chutists were made near Nijmegen, northeast of Eindhoven.

Flak comes up densely. The sky is spotted with its vicious yellow-black ulcers. We make a pretty big target at this altitude, and you hang on as the pilot throws the Passaic Warrior through violent evasive action. Our fighters press in, watching for the gun winks on the ground, so that they can strafe them. A pair of Lightnings, guns blazing, dive past our steeply banked wing tip so close that we toss in their prop wash.

There is a sound as of countless metal fingers tapping the underside of our plane. You think this is caused by firing from our belly gunner whose turret whirls madly. No doubt he is having a happy field day, shooting at land guns from this altitude, an experience not often vouchsafed Fort crews. Not until you return to England—and this is just as well—do you discover that the Passaic Warrior's fuselage is peppered with flak holes.

Already there is a two-way traffic of carrier and tow planes. The lead formations, having done their jobs, are homewarding even before the last have left England. After

a while—too long for you—we join the return flow because there is nothing else we can do here. The blow has been struck and its fortunes passed to the ground.

Over the Channel, we relax for coffee and sandwiches and some grandstand quarter-backing. The general is happy and relieved, for it is apparent that the airborne part of the operation proceeded very well.

Landing after seven hours in the air, you go with the general into his headquarters. Already radio flashes are coming into the Ops room from Holland, confirming what our own observations had given us good reason to believe: the drops and landings were within a point or two of being one hundred per cent right, surprise was complete, aircraft and personnel losses very low.

Now the play changes hands. Under the rules of this co-operative warfare, once the airborne units have landed, they are under the control of the ground commander. The work of the airborne commander is finished, except for reinforcements and supplies, until such time as they are overtaken or "retrieved" by the land forces, released from the fighting and sent back to be reorganized.

You leave the general now. He will be sitting there all night with his maps and reports and his weary staff. Presently you are back in the quiet of your London flat. The Sunday newspapers you wanted so badly are there; but you can't bring yourself to read them.

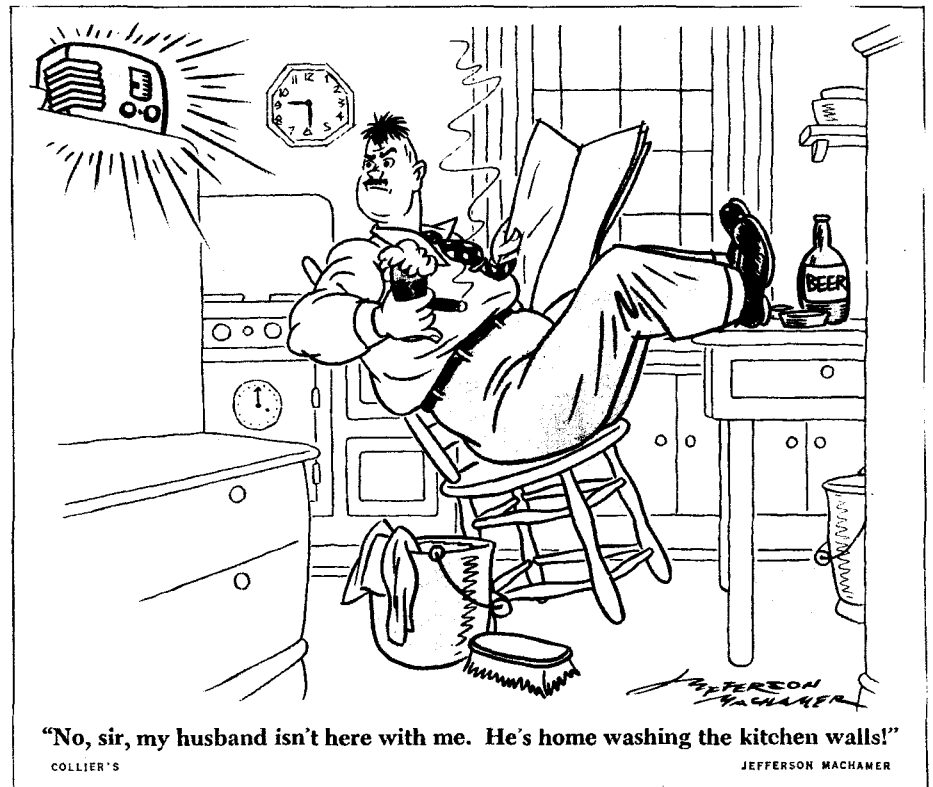
The air-raid siren blows, so you put out the lights and open your windows. A lone flying bomb comes sputtering through the drizzly night like an incandescent lizard. Instead of ducking, you find yourself staring at this one with contemptuous detachment. It is such puny retaliation for the mammoth punch the Allies hit Germany today.

You wonder how the kids you bantered with in the peaceful morning are faring now in the embattled night. How is it with the big redhead and his four knives? Or the gay youngster whose return is awaited by fifty pounds' worth of Scotch whisky and a bride? They and their Yank and British and Polish mates are writing new pages in those annals which little, unnamed men have been writing in blood, in hunger, in thirst, in pain, in killing, in being killed, ever since human courage became a reasonable thing.

You turn and, for the first time in your remembered life, shove the Sunday newspapers into the wastebasket, unread.

In view of the importance of what those young skymen have done today and will do in the days immediately to follow, those newspapers might as well be the stone tablets of ancient Babylon. At any rate, now you know how your boys set forth bravely to erect a new milestone in aviation; and what it is like to live through a historic day beside the man they affectionately call their "Number One Brass."

THE END



"No, sir, my husband isn't here with me. He's home washing the kitchen walls!"

COLLIER'S

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Enchanting the Widow

Continued from page 20

life. That's why marriage is like prison to some people."

I started to speak, but he waved his hand at me. "Now listen, Anita," he said. "You must chart your future husband's ancestry carefully, so you will know what kind of a throwback to expect. I throw back to the Spanish conquerors who beat the million-strong Aztec kingdom with two hundred men, a dozen horses, and a couple of blunderbusses. I also throw back, and often, to the Aztecs, who couldn't always fight because they would get to laughing. I throw back to them when everything around me is precise and conventional and dull and smug . . . like you just now, darling."

Well, I can dish it out, but also I can take it. I saw the application, so I shut up, and watched him smile knowingly.

WE TOOK a train out to see the widow the next morning. Well, really, she was something. I don't know how they ever kept her out of the movies. I've always had an eye for beauty, and after all, Mother is a dream of gold hair, and golden eyes, and gold skin, but this little widow was something special. She had satiny black hair, and tanned skin with apricot lights in it, and the loveliest pale gray eyes I ever saw. She was sweet and young, and not a bit coy. Right then I began to feel sorry for Mother.

"Did you bring swimming things, dear?" the widow asked me. She was driving a love of a Packard roadster. "I have rather a sweet pool . . ."

"Father didn't say how long—" I began, but she interrupted right away.

"Oh, until after Christmas! Your father wants to see what he can do with a black piano in the snow. . . ."

"Wonderful!" murmured Father. "With you beside it, playing a black mandolin."

"Will I be upside down, as I was in the last picture?"

"Can't say," murmured Father again. He seemed to be thinking of something else.

Father is really a wonderful painter. He can paint anything, divinely. His canvases are clean as a shell—and light shines right through them—but he always has the weirdest ideas about subject matter. The critics call him a surrealist, but he isn't really. It's just his sense of humor, and the throwback in him. Anyway, it has made him famous. Well, I may be Dutch, but even I could see that it might be fun to paint somebody upside down for once.

The drive wasn't long and the countryside was heavenly. Father began to sing Mexican songs, and the widow chimed in, in a sweet soprano.

Suddenly she swerved over beside a big gate in a stone wall and honked the horn three times. The gates opened slowly, and she drove in. We passed a pond and a little winding stream and we were at least fifteen minutes getting to the house. Gorgeous great trees everywhere, square rose gardens, patches of lawn looking like velvet in the sunlight. The house was perfect too, not too big, but long and lazy, made of gray stone, with many mullioned windows. Poor Mother. I thought again. This little widow certainly has plenty of everything.

We went inside the house, and you could see at once that everything was in order, that she lived in the midst of perfect service. There was a delightful luncheon ready, and the room she took me to was something to dream about.

"Will you like this, Anita?" she asked a little wistfully.

"It's super," I said. "But could you tell me your name? Father never bothered to introduce us, as I suppose you noticed."

"Mrs. Arthur," she answered. And then: "But you must call me Chelo. I am Mexican, like your father."

"Have you any children?" I asked. She shook her head, and I said, "Aren't you lonely here?"

"Sometimes. Just now my aunt is visiting me. She speaks only Spanish, but that is no difficulty for you, is it? Daughter of a Mexican?"

I hated to admit that Mother had sort of opposed my being much of a Mexican; she even insisted on calling me Ann instead of Anita.

Later I saw Chelo and my father walk out, hand in hand, across the lawn to the trees. Father looked very happy, and I felt queer. I wrote a letter to Mother, but somehow I couldn't bring myself to tell her about Chelo.

About four, someone knocked and said Mrs. Arthur wondered if I would like a swim before tea. I went down and found Mrs. Arthur and Father on the terrace. He was lolling in an old paint-stained sweat shirt and flannels, but she had on a white silk bathing suit and was ready to go swimming with me. Well, if you could have seen her! Poor Mother, I thought. Why must she be slightly knock-kneed? Chelo was perfect. But by Vargas. Worse yet, she could swim.

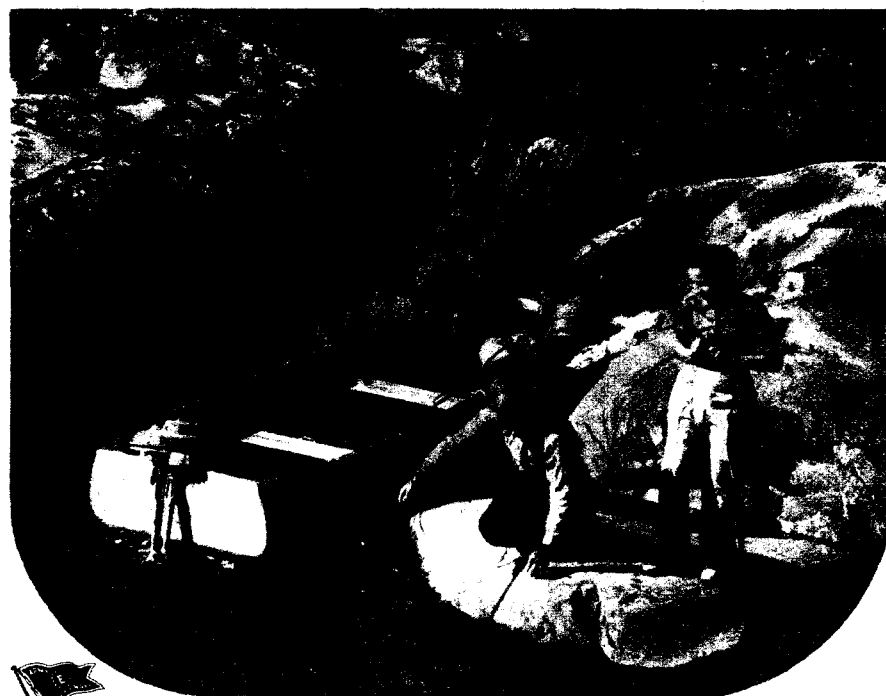
After our swim, she came into my room, in a robe, rubbing her hair dry with a towel. Her eyelashes were all stuck together in points from the water, and sprayed out around her eyes like the petals of a daisy, and she seemed awfully excited about something.

"Wear a pretty frock this evening, Anita,"

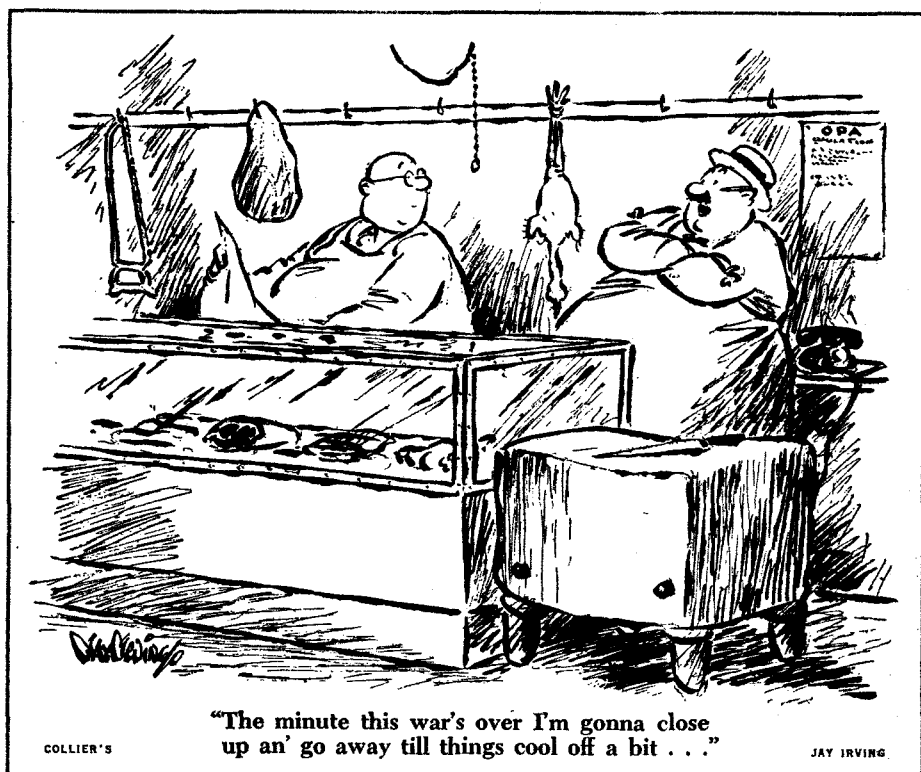


BY CONTRAST they seem worlds apart . . . the spectacular Evinrude "quads" that drive these swift assault craft . . . and the peaceful "fishing" Evinrudes that every sportsman knows. But the big motors in olive drab owe much of their great performance to the peacetime Evinrudes that came before . . . to more than 30 years of concentration on building *pleasure motors* better and better . . . lighter and more powerful . . . ruggedly reliable and trustworthy. In stepped-up measure these qualities are built into the Evinrudes that serve on battle fronts today. After Victory they will again be yours . . . in new Evinrudes designed for your greater enjoyment of every hour you spend on the water! *Evinrude Motors, Milwaukee 9, Wisconsin.*

EVINRUDE OUTBOARD MOTORS

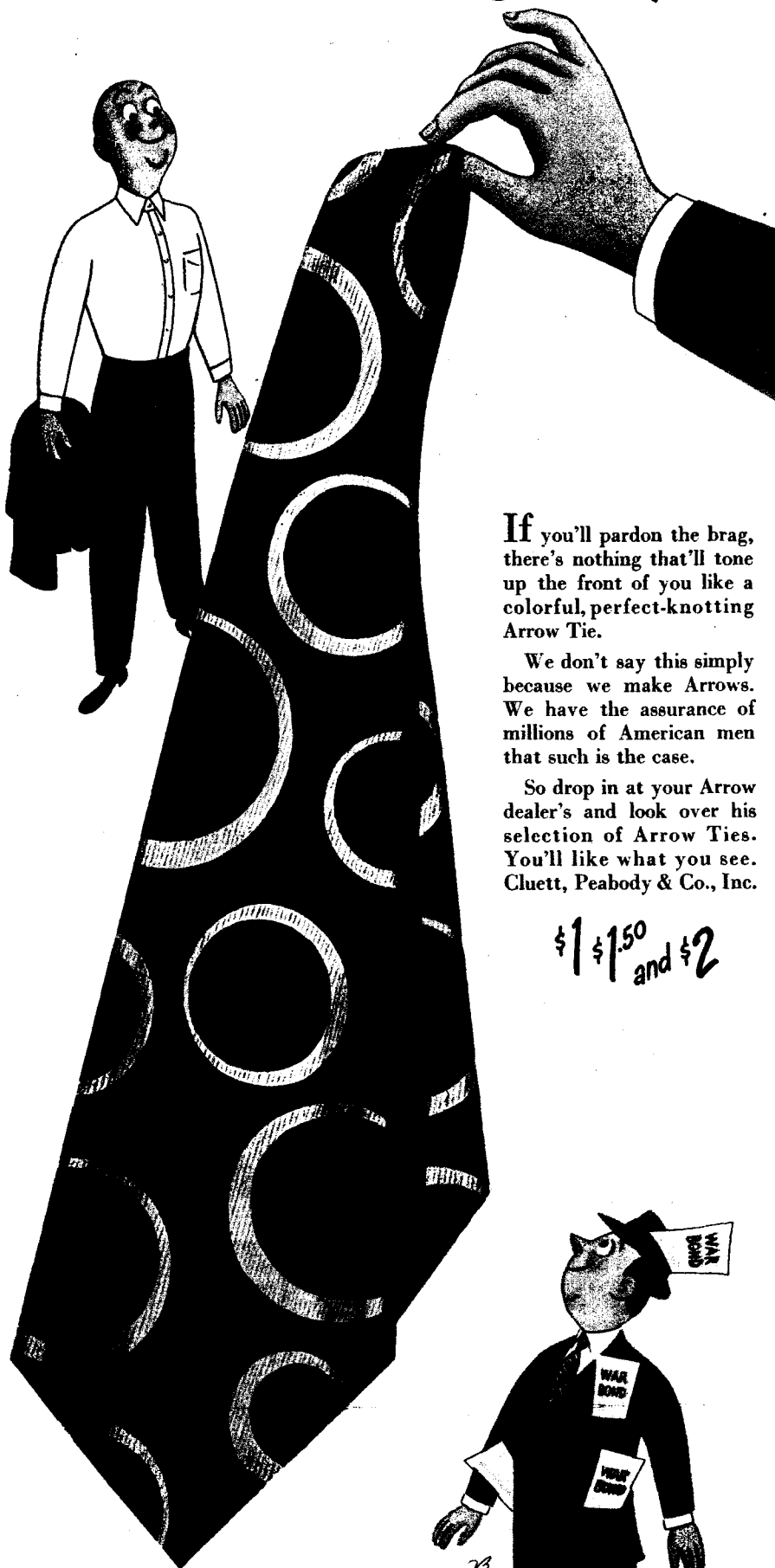


BUY MORE WAR BONDS . . . HOLD WHAT YOU HAVE



Collier's for November 11, 1944

Here's something we'd like to hold against you



If you'll pardon the brag, there's nothing that'll tone up the front of you like a colorful, perfect-knotting Arrow Tie.

We don't say this simply because we make Arrows. We have the assurance of millions of American men that such is the case.

So drop in at your Arrow dealer's and look over his selection of Arrow Ties. You'll like what you see. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

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...but don't have this held against you!

The American civilian's duty is to buy and buy War Bonds ... more—yes, more—than he can afford! Don't shirk your duty. Buy Bonds till it hurts!

ARROW TIES

SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, HANDKERCHIEFS

she said. "The lawyer who manages my husband's estate is coming to dinner and I have been very bad and extravagant and careless with my money. I know I shall be scolded, so we must try to take his mind off business."

I did my best. I put on a violet crepe dress and stuck a couple of yellow roses in my hair. The widow was gorgeous in a silvery gown that looked as though she must have paid a million for it. I wondered why she had put it on, if she knew she was going to be scolded for extravagance. I would have crept down to dinner in an old Mother Hubbard.

The auntie was a love—one of those fat middle-aged Mexican ladies who see romance in everything, and who coquet whenever they have a chance. She had on a great many rings, and too much rouge, and her shoes were at least a size too small on her already tiny feet. She kissed me, first on one cheek and then the other, Mexican fashion, and tore off several yards of compliments. She and Father got started on Mexico, and each took up when the other couldn't go on for laughing at their own stories. We were having a swell time.

But then Mr. Albertson was announced, and a deadly hush settled over us all. Chelo was quite pale. I didn't think he seemed so bad, when he walked in, though. Very tall with rough brown hair and a quizzical look. You could see at once that he was all for dogs and pipes and open fires. I saw him sort of gulp when he looked at Chelo, and then he couldn't seem to let go of her hand. Auntie sputtered something in Spanish, then burst into a loud giggle, and Chelo snatched her hand away. After that, rather quietly, we filed in to dinner.

Father told about bullfighting over the soup, and he was still going strong by the time dessert came. Mr. Albertson had opened his mouth several times, but Father had slipped in conversation like a gag, and poor Mr. Albertson finally got in only by main force during our dessert.

"I understand you are going to do a sort of redecorating job on the estate," he began. "I thought you were a painter, or perhaps I'm a bit confused."

"That's all right," said Father magnanimously. "No offense."

"But," pursued Mr. Albertson, getting out a pipe, and tamping it with tobacco from a little leather sack, "would you mind telling me how you propose to do any landscaping?"

FATHER looked dreamily at the ceiling and blew a series of little rings.

"I think the pond should have a sunken harp in it," he said, "just faintly glittering under the water. With a few strings broken, you know. And I do want a piano—a black piano—upside down over by that little slope of lawn behind the elms. It will look wonderful when the snow flies."

"But—" began Mr. Albertson.

"I imagine I can pick up a secondhand harp for about five hundred," said Chelo. "And the piano won't be a problem. I'll just put the old grand from the music room out there. I want a new one, anyhow."

"A new grand piano will cost at least two thousand," said Albertson sternly. "And what . . . if I may ask, will this job of redecorating cost, aside from the pianos and harps and other incidental expense?"

"Not redecorating," said Father. "Enchanting. I shall enchant the estate for only thirty thousand. It will be finished by Christmas. Not counting the paintings, of course."

Mr. Albertson turned pale. He rose from the table. "We'll have to talk this over, Chelo," he said. "Have you signed anything?"

We all rose from the table, and Mr. Albertson took her off to the den, walking slightly ahead, looking very formidable, with Chelo, small and dejected, following him. Just before she went in though, she turned round, and giving the queerest little smile, flashed Auntie a wink that spoke volumes.

"She's crazy," said Auntie, in Spanish. "Entirely crazy." And she laughed like mad. Father started to laugh, too, but she stopped him right away. "You also are crazy," said Auntie. "You are a fine pair."

We sat down companionably before the fire to finish our coffee and wait for the solemn session in the den to finish. But no

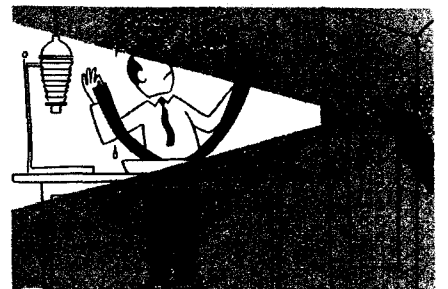
end came, and finally Father knocked and opened the door and went straight in.

"I have another wonderful idea, Chelo," we heard him say. "I will build a little gilded chicken house in the middle of the rose garden, slightly off center, and I shall make one of my famous limp watches for you. We can make it of tin or something, and gold-plate it later."

The door closed and then Auntie started laughing until she choked herself and I had to go get her a drink.

AFTER about a week, I really had to write to Mother. "Do you know this Mrs. Arthur?" I asked her. "She seems fabulously rich, and fabulously everything else. Father is taking her for a lot of dough, but she may end up by taking him. If you could manage a little visit to see me, say a Sunday or a week end, it might help."

Of course, I expected a few days to go by before I got an answer, but none came, and I went on having a good time. I swam, I rode. I made friends with the gardener, who looked with a fishy eye on the business of the chicken house in the rose garden. Father actually got a harp into the pool, and it did



"Get Out and Vote!"

look strange and lovely, although it interfered with my crawl. He was painting, too, an odd painting, beautiful as everything he does is—smooth as satin and bathed in ethereal sunlight. There was a limp watch in it, and a glove, and a view of distant peaks. Part of Chelo was there, too. I had no doubt Father would sell the painting for about ten thousand.

Mother didn't write at all. She just suddenly arrived, gold hair flying, gold eyes shooting sparks. Luckily I was alone when she got there, and we had a chance for a good talk.

I took Mother up to my room, and as soon as she had her hat off, she lit into me.

"Ann Sandoval," she hissed, "how dare you let your father get all mixed up with this . . . this . . . black widow?"

"But, Mother . . ."

"You know how innocent he is. He never did know how to behave among people of the world. . . ."

"He's doing all right," I muttered.

"Ann!" She flopped down and began to cry.

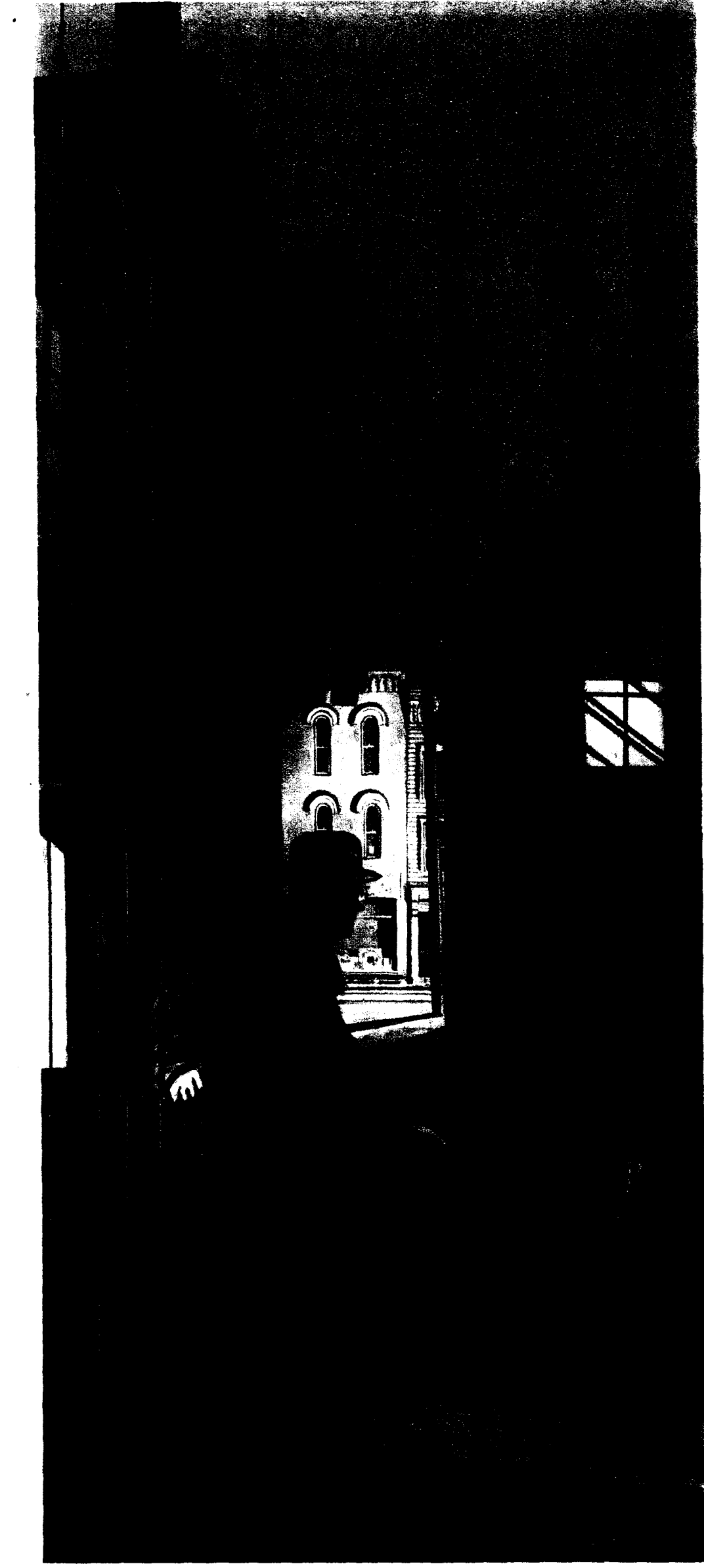
"Listen, Mother, if that's the way you feel, you better stick around," I said.

She sat up and wiped her eyes. "Stick around!" she gasped. "You needn't worry. They're sending my trunk up from the station today, and I'm going to save him if it's the last thing I do."

She certainly started out strong. It took her two hours to get ready for dinner that night, and most of the time she spent on her face. She wore a pale yellow chiffon dress that fitted like a dream, and in evening clothes Mother is pretty smooth. Her hair was done in a sort of swirl and she wore the topaz cross that Father's Mamacita had sent her from Mexico City.

"Go down and announce me," she ordered grimly, spraying herself with Father's favorite perfume . . . Mimosa.

I was a little stiff about Chelo. After all, the acting women have to do can be tough; having to pretend they adore each other when really they would just as soon kill anybody who tries to cut them out. And sometimes the Latin ladies won't act. They spit and glare, and nobody's in any doubt. But Chelo came up to Mother with shining eyes



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and the realest smile I have ever seen anywhere.

"I am so happy you are here, so happy to know you! You are so beautiful," she added wistfully, looking at Mother's gold hair.

Mother was pale with the effort, but she was a perfect lady. She made friends with Auntie, who kissed her and kept patting her with her little fat hand, and Mother brought out some of her cute Spanish, which sounds exactly like English.

Then Father came in. When he saw Mother, he stopped cold in the middle of the room and looked scared. But Mother's smile was sweet, and she held out both hands.

"Hello, dear!" she called. You could have knocked me down with a feather.

Father sprang toward her as if he had been stuck with a pin. He hesitated, almost shyly, and then he kissed her. I couldn't quite figure it out, but then Mr. Albertson arrived, and as soon as he was introduced began treating Mother like a poor, little misunderstood wife. It was quite obvious and it nearly killed Auntie. She kept drinking her soup and her wine the wrong way, then choking and holding her napkin over her mouth. I could see the most terrific mirth in her screwed-up eyes.

After dinner we discovered that poor Chelo and Mr. Albertson had to have another financial session in the study. The widow went in, after the liqueurs, looking like a little dog that knows it's going to be scolded.

Father and Mother seemed to be getting on awfully well though, and he told me he wanted to show Mother the estate by moonlight, particularly the spots where the Sandoval enchantment was already at work. They sent me up for her wrap, but when I got back down with it, they had forgotten, and had gone out without it.

"Never mind," giggled Auntie. "He will keep her warm. And after all," she went on smoothly, "they are married."

"Certainly not," I snapped. "They are divorced."

"But me," said Auntie, "I do not recognize the divorce. They are still married."

WELL. I must say, I sort of wished they had been, by the time the night was over, because they just didn't come back. I went to bed at eleven, but then woke up at two-thirty, and found Mother's bed still empty. I flew downstairs, and discovered Chelo on the big davenport in front of the fire, crying despondently into a tiny handkerchief. Albertson was there too, looking worried and angry and respectable by the fire.

"Mother—" I began.

Albertson harrumphed.

"Your mother and... er... father have not yet come in," he said. "We were wondering what to do."

"Oh, they often stay out all night," I answered, without thinking, and Chelo gave a whoop and buried her head in the pillows.

Albertson looked at her, and I've never seen such a sad expression. Then he walked over, and pulled her hands away. Her eyes didn't look as though she had been crying, although there were tears on her cheek.

The sight of these seemed to drive Albertson crazy. He took her in his arms and started murmuring things to her. "My precious! My sweet love! Don't cry one tear for that rotter. He only wants to get your money. Marry me, darling. Let me take care of you..."

I tiptoed through the door and then I heard Chelo whisper, "Yes, George—if you think I should."

I looked back and saw her hiding her face on his shoulder. Then she glanced up, caught my eye, and raising her hand a little, made the V for Victory.

"Don't stay up, Anita," she called. "I will wait here for them."

I went off to bed and to troubled dreams.

NEXT morning I was down at six. Chelo was asleep on the davenport, still in her evening dress, with Albertson's coat thrown over her. Albertson was slumped in a big easy chair. I woke them up, and Chelo gave me a strained look.

"They never came," she wailed. And just as she said it, in they strolled, looking absolutely wrecked.

Mother's dress was torn and plastered with mud around the hem, and she had on one of those big serapes Father always keeps in the car. He had one on, too, and they were both dirty and tousled and starry-eyed.

"What—" began Albertson sternly, and then to keep things straight, I guess, he went over and put his arm firmly around Chelo before going on. "What have you done, and where have you been?"

"First," said Father, "we went swimming in the enchanted pond, and then, because Elsa was pretty sure Auntie saw us out of the window, and our reputations were ruined, we went and got married." He kissed Mother with evident pleasure, and she burrowed against him murmuring, "Oh, Toots."

"Do you mind?" Father asked Chelo.

"Of course not, dear friends," answered Chelo. "I, too, will marry soon again. To dear George."

So that was that. I was a little confused about it all, though, until they had gone away to bed, and I talked it all over with Auntie.

"But of course," said Auntie, "I arrange. The Toots he was longing always for the golden Elsa, and Chelo knew not how to bring to the knees the stern George. I arrange Chelo shall frighten George with money-spending, with irresponsible people, for George is the man who must protect. For frightening with irresponsibility, there is no one better than your father. You were sure, of course, to write to the lovely mamma. All come out exactly as I plan in the mind. I," she added, taking several chocolates, "I am very clever for the plan."

"Auntie," I said, "could you dream up a beau for me?"

"Is coming tonight for supper," said Auntie. "Already, I fix. He is divine dancer, half Argentine, half American. I am his real Auntie. He is smart, like me." And she gave me two big chocolate-tasting kisses.

THE END

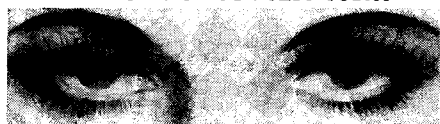


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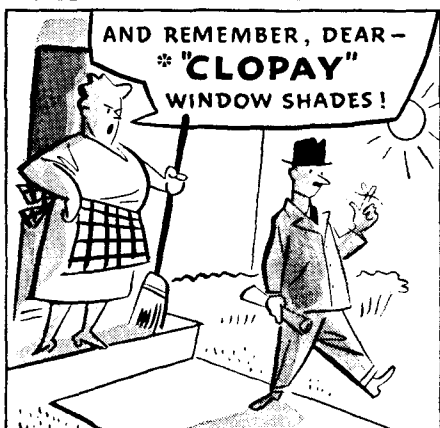


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Bazooka Boats

Continued from page 21

and bigger ships feared to tread to make short-range jabs at other points of resistance.

Mine sweepers brushed their way into Apra Harbor under escort of the ubiquitous gunboats, and the Elsie's smoke generators were constantly manned and ready to throw up a covering cloud over the other ships in the invasion fleet in the event of a Jap air attack. But most of the time the Elsie's seemed to be steaming boldly in column alongshore, exposing their thin sides to enemy gunfire. It was a nose-thumbing operation, obviously intended to tempt the Jap coastal batteries to open up and disclose their position so that our own naval big-caliber guns could locate and silence them permanently.

The lure served its purpose. Several of the Elsie's were fired upon during these maneuvers and there were plenty of casualties among their crews. Five men were killed aboard LCI 365, twenty-four were wounded including the division commander, Lieutenant Howard Rabenstein, who returned to duty a couple of days later aboard another ship in his group. LCI 469 was working in close to the beach when a Jap shore battery opened up on it. This fire was returned by the Elsie's forties and twenties. When the smoke had cleared away, thirteen of her crew, including the executive officer, had been hit.

Ironically the Elsie's were not designed originally for this type of combat. As their alphabetical name indicates, they were supposed to be used as landing craft for infantry. They could accommodate a full company of troops, and their shallow draft allowed them to run up on a sloping beach where the two bow ramps were lowered, and the passengers walked ashore.

There were thirty-six LCIs in the first convoy that sailed from New York a year ago last winter bound for Arzeu, Algeria. The crossing took a full month, during which the usual run of Atlantic winter weather was encountered—gales, blizzards and high seas that threatened to end each Elsie's war career before it had started. The thirty-six LCIs, somewhat battered, finally arrived in Arzeu, however, to start a period of strenuous training for landings in the invasion of Sicily. During that campaign they landed assault troops in the first waves and later ferried support troops ashore.

LCIs Prove Themselves Adaptable

The first use of LCIs in the Pacific war came during the follow-up operations in the Solomons when Army replacements took over from the Marines on Guadalcanal. Then, in the fall of 1943, they were given a new assignment. The Navy wanted a shallow-draft boat, with fair stability, to get close in-shore and knock out shore batteries and mortars during landing operations. A three-inch gun was mounted on the bows of several LCIs, and the new gunboats were tried out at the invasion of the Treasury Islands. They came through beautifully, knocking out enemy mortars, so they were used again and just as successfully in the Green Islands and Empress Augusta Bay campaigns.

Then the landing boat-gunboat-LCI entered another phase of its brief active life by sprouting rockets. These pyrotechnic weapons had been used to good effect in land warfare. Why couldn't they be fired at short range from landing craft to cover the movement of assault troops storming a beach? They could.

Again the Elsie's were converted—into rocket gunboats. This was a relatively simple operation. The two landing ramps were removed from the bow, and metal racks, called launchers, were installed in multiple banks on the well deck of the LCIs. The launchers, employing an extremely simple mechanism, were welded to the steel decks, an electrical firing system connecting with a control station on the bridge was installed, and the bazooka boats were ready for action. The entire conversion job required only a couple of days.

Japs defending the beaches at Kwajalein were knocked silly when our bazooka boats,

laid their first barrage of rockets at their feet just prior to the landing. The concussion of the exploding rockets near a pillbox or dugout was so great it stunned the occupants.

Only a small number of LCIs were tried out at Kwajalein and later at Eniwetok, but the tidy way they swept the beaches of Jap resistance clearly indicated that this new broom would be standard equipment in future landing operations.

At four o'clock one morning, two days after the original landings on Saipan, a flotilla of small boats was seen stealing out of Tanapag Harbor apparently loaded with Jap troops. They probably were going to reinforce another part of the beleaguered island but they never reached it, for an alert LCI skipper saw them first and, with a group of Elsie's, closed in on them with guns blazing. Eleven Jap boats were sunk within a few minutes.

Another morning, at daybreak, four Jap soldiers in a catboat were intercepted by a patrolling LCI, as they were trying to cross over from Saipan to Tinian which was still in Jap hands. Taken aboard, they were relieved of the grenades they carried and now they're sitting out the war in a prison camp.

Likeness to Fowl Symbolic

The day the Elsie's arrived off Guam to do their stuff, the column of squat fat ships looked like a row of iron ducks marching on an endless chain across a shooting gallery backdrop. And there was more than symbolism in the resemblance, for during the entire Guam operation, the Elsie's were shot at more than any other units in the invasion fleet.

To get a closer view of the Elsie's, I reported aboard one some days after the original landings on Guam. On Number 466, I met the group commander, Lieutenant Commander William R. McCaleb. He wasn't in a very happy mood. Hobbling around his tiny cabin on a broomstick cane, he told us, between cusses, why. "Slipped off a ladder and sprained my fool ankle. Slows me down and we still have plenty of work to do here."

Lieutenant (jg) James J. Horowitz, skipper of the 466, came into the Navy and LCIs via Boston Latin School and Harvard. Practically all the Elsie skippers are reserve officers. Their training is brief, intensive. A few weeks of indoctrination school, a midshipman's cruise with an experienced LCI skipper, and they get a command of their own.

Two other Elsie's came alongside and tied up to 466 for a skippers' conference. From the open bridge of the 473, Charlie Fisher called that he would be over in a minute. Late in 1942, Charlie closed his desk in the St. Petersburg law office, where he had practiced for sixteen years, to go to sea, and now he has a division of LCIs.

Fisher, dynamic and loquacious, hadn't been aboard the LCI flagship five minutes before he was talking about the third skipper, Ed Taub, another jg.

"Do you know what that guy Taub did?" Fisher asked. "A few days before the landings here, his ship lost a screw and shaft. That cut his speed down to about five knots, and there wasn't a chance of getting repairs around here. He was worried—worried that he wouldn't be able to take her in with the rest of us the morning of W-Day."

"So what does he do?" He sits down and writes out a message to Admiral Conolly asking permission to take the 467 in, anyway. He made it real pleading; said his men had been counting on this for weeks and it would be a great blow to their morale if they didn't get to go. Yessir, Captain Taub laid it on thick and it worked. The 467 went in with us to the point of departure that morning—on the end of a towline. They cast her off then because she would have to slow down anyway to launch her rockets and, after the shooting, she went out under her own power. Damnedest thing I ever saw. Probably the first time a ship has ever been towed into battle."

Captain Taub didn't affirm or deny any of it. He was too anxious to tell us about his gunners. "If the ammunition would hold out, those boys would shoot until they

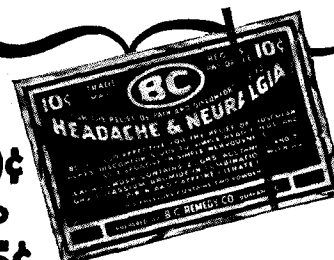


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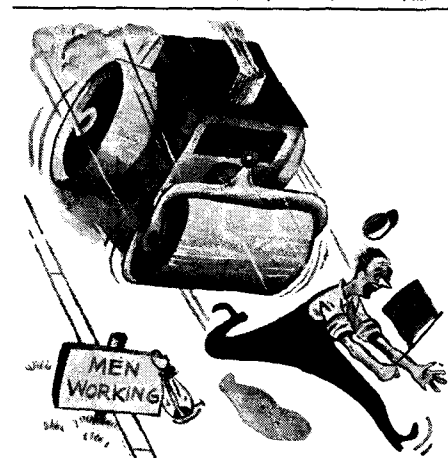
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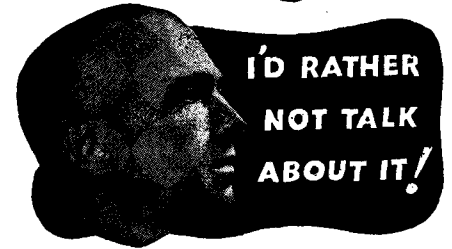
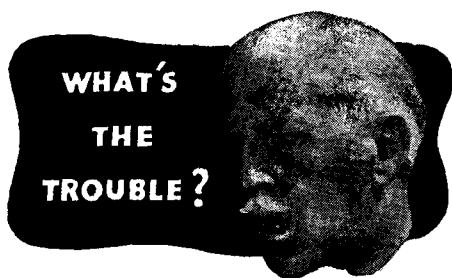
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dropped from sheer exhaustion," he declared, referring to the crews on the 20- and 40-millimeter mounts. "After so many rounds of rapid fire, you're supposed to let your guns cool off. But they don't shoot according to the book. They just keep blasting away as long as they have a target in their sights until the barrels are white hot. We're on our third set of barrels right now."

As the doughty skipper talked, you realized the end of the war would be somewhat of a letdown for him if he decided then to go back to his peacetime job. He used to merchandise ladies' ready-to-wear for a chain of department stores in Detroit.

The Elsie skippers now got down to the business of the night. There would be the usual all-night patrol along the reef at Asan Bay. Then, just after dawn, a division of Elsies would close in for a rocket attack on a water-front area immediately north of Agaña, Guam's capital city. Third Division Marines had planned an early morning advance upon the capital, and although Agaña was believed to have been abandoned by the Japs, enemy troops might try a counterattack from the outskirts. The Elsies' assignment was to pour rockets and gunfire into that area to discourage such a move.

It was Captain Taub's turn to lead the Elsies in for the morning attack and already his ship was "loaded for Jap." The banks of launchers on the 467's well deck were filled with rockets, their fuses protected by safety wires which would be pulled out just before zero hour. The steel frames of the launchers might be mistaken for bicycle parking racks, their design is that simple. A slotted space on one side of each launcher holds a dozen rockets which drop down, one by one, of their own gravity, into an inclined trough. Juice applied to a pair of electrical contacts at the bottom of the trough starts the rocket's "motor" and sends it scooting.

"There's no sight-setting or training to be figured out," Lieutenant (jg) Edward Kase, gunnery officer, explained. "We aim the

rockets by aiming the bow of the ship at the target."

Rocket firing is time- and laborsaving. No long drilling of gun crews in precision and teamwork is required. Two men load the racks, and the gunnery officer unloads them at the target by pressing a button.

Don't expect miracles of the Elsies and their rockets; the Navy doesn't. The new weapon fits a definite purpose, but it has its limitations. The LCI rocket's range is limited. There can be no precise aiming of rockets, and some of them prove erratic in flight, so they are fired in quantity to cover an area rather than a specific target. Finally, they can't begin to match the penetrating power of a shell or an aerial bomb, so they are used primarily as antipersonnel weapons.

A Bombardment in Relays

The performance they put on early the next morning was just as convincing. Shortly after six o'clock we moved up to the firing range. Captain Taub, leading the column, brought his ship into position near the reef, and a few seconds later we saw his first range rockets dart out to measure the distance to the Jap target. Then the entire forward half of the LCI spewed rockets, and the target area ashore writhed under a man-made storm of thunder and lightning that repeated itself every few minutes for, as Taub's ship withdrew, its rockets expended, the others following in column moved up in turn to take over.

If any enemy troops were massed in that area, they were by now a large Jap omelet.

As we steamed back south parallel to the coast, we could see our troops ashore closing in on Agaña. Before the sun had climbed very high, they were moving freely along the road leading into the heart of the capital. The LCIs steamed on toward their rendezvous point. They had accomplished their mission—a successful mission.

THE END



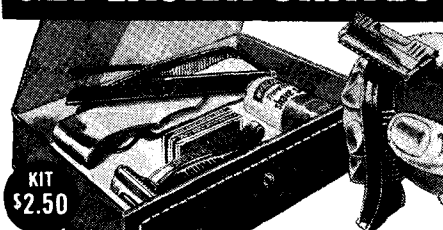
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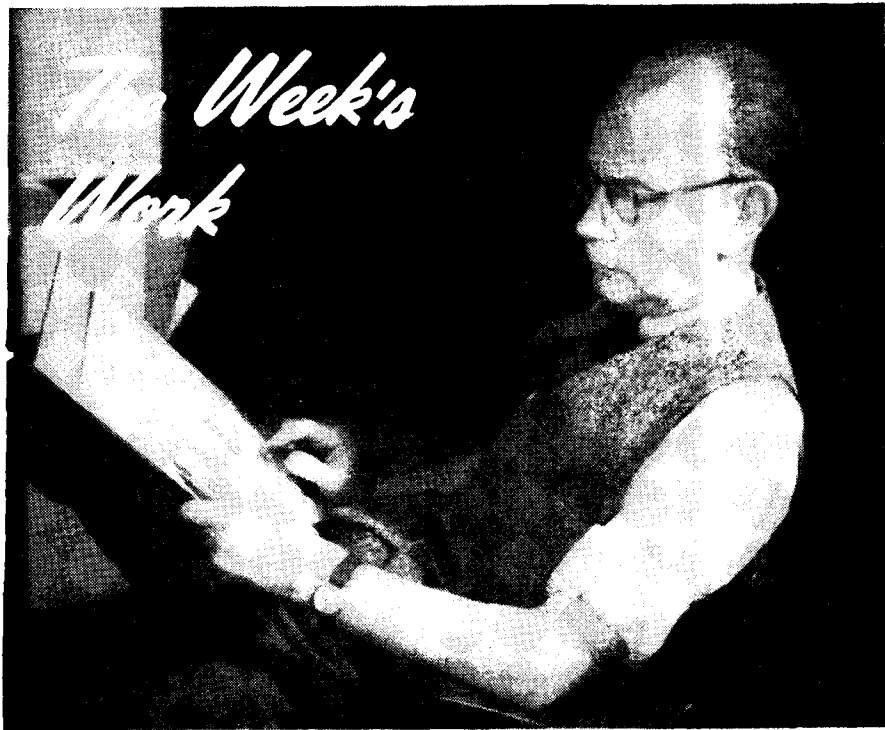
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AFTER being editorial cartoonist for Collier's since 1925, and for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch since 1913, D. R. (Daniel Robert) Fitzpatrick complains, "The trouble with my job is I have no friends."

In his more than 10,000 cartoons, liberal-minded Fitzpatrick has indeed angered many people—crooked politicians, racketeers, dictators, war profiteers and others whom he considered bad for the country.

Fitzpatrick's strong, outspoken work has won him world-wide notice. Museums and libraries in many countries own original Fitzpatricks—and so does Franklin D. Roosevelt. The Museum of Western Art in Moscow has eight of his works on display.

Of a show of his work, in New York, one critic said: "Fitzpatrick's muscular draftsmanship and Doré-like spaciousness are, if not art, something very close to it."

He always wanted to be a cartoonist, and he was pleased when the high school in his home town, Superior, Wisconsin, kicked him out because he spent his time drawing instead of studying. He attended the Chicago Art Institute for a while, and in 1911 got his first job drawing comics for the Chicago Daily News. Two years later, when he was 22, he accepted the job he now holds, as editorial cartoonist for the Post-Dispatch.

He has participated in crusades against Hitler, war, holding companies, antiunionists. He was jailed for contempt of court in 1940 following his attack on lawlessness and injustice in Missouri. Libel suits against him started reform movements and helped to clean up the rackets he exposed.

One of his most widely reproduced cartoons appeared the day prohibition went into effect. It showed the Statue of Liberty diving into the Atlantic. For years he pointed up Collier's antiprohibition campaign with vigorous, hard-hitting cartoons.

W. E. Farbstein



Fortunately, Fitzpatrick and Collier's generally see eye to eye editorially, for Fitzpatrick will not work against his convictions.

THE author of Enchanting the Widow, p. 20, Elizabeth Borton de Trevino, tells us that she has been encouraged in her literary efforts by the conviction that whereas ten million people start novels every year, only about ten thousand finish novels every year. "I resolved to be one of the ten thousand," she says; "since I believe in luck and lotteries, it seemed to me someday I might hit the lucky number." (She has hit it with several books, including her popular About Bellamy.)

"My husband—a Mexican who feels that woman's place is in the home—has always benignly agreed that, while in the home, the little woman might as well be tinkling typewriter keys as operating knitting needles.

"My two little boys, Luis Federico and Enrique Ricardo (known to my gringo family as Looie and Hank), look for Mamma at the typewriter, by the violin case, or in the kitchen, where she sometimes fixes up something fattening for dessert.

"I have been married nine years, all nine spent in Mexico. I now bridle with pleasure at tourists who say to me wistfully, 'My, you speak lovely English!'"

THE world appears even curiously than you suspected it was after you read one of W. E. Farbstein's amazing collections of strange but true happenings (see his latest on page 52).

Doctor Farbstein, a Pittsburgh osteopathic physician, started clipping odd items out of newspapers years ago, just for the fun of it. In 1928, on an off chance, he strung a few of these items together and sent them to the New Yorker, which startled him by buying. Since then, he has sold thousands of "shorts," in verse or prose, to many publications, with Collier's as a steady customer.

Doctor Farbstein patiently reads at least five newspapers a day to get material. He reads every word and no skipping, paying particular attention to two- and three-line items which may record such world-shaking bits as the fact that Mrs. So-and-so bought eleven umbrellas for her own use, or that such and such a hospital requires expectant mothers to reserve hospital rooms eleven months ahead. He has a complicated filing system, with folders labeled "Hope," "Pessimism," "Ingenuity," and many cross references.

Doctor Farbstein's ménage includes wife, 11-year-old redheaded son, married daughter, son-in-law, two grandchildren. Of these "the redheaded son is the kindest critic." . . . A. P.



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Admiral George Dewey, commanding a squadron of American warships, engaged the enemy. Manoeuvring under cover of darkness, the American fleet took the enemy by surprise and struck boldly and was rewarded by overwhelming victory. Admiral Dewey is to be commended for his boldness and was rewarded by overwhelming victory.

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• In 1898, when Admiral Dewey won the Battle of Manila, Smith Brothers Cough Drops were already an American institution. Through 5 wars and 3 generations, Smith Brothers Cough Drops have brought soothing relief from coughs due to colds.



Don't Forget the Japs

THE OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION (OWI) has started a publicity campaign to persuade Americans not to let down after the Allies beat Germany. There will still be the Japs to lick, and it won't be a week-end job.

We doubt that any American having a son, husband, brother, or sweetheart in the Pacific war theater will let down after the Germans are defeated—or any American who remembers the grisly story of the Death March from Bataan.

But as a stimulus of the national will to win both these wars, this OWI campaign should be useful. One worth-while purpose it can serve is to make clear just how far we really are from victory over Japan.

The fact is that we have only well begun the job of smashing Jap war-making power. For all the brilliant achievements of MacArthur, Nimitz, Halsey, Mitscher, Spruill, Chennault and their dapper, less men, these deeds have been accomplished only on various edges of the Japanese Empire.

Meanwhile, the Japs have greatly strengthened their position in China and, of course, have had

years to rig up war factories and build stock piles in Manchukuo and Korea.

It would not be surprising if the Japanese government, bombed out of its home islands by our B-29s—we hope—should retreat to the Asian mainland and get set for a last-ditch suicide war there. The terrain in that part of the world, and the Allied shipping problem, would give the Japs excellent prospects for a long fight—prospects which they can be expected to capitalize to the utmost in the hope of war-weariness as late a state-made peace agreement. If Russia stays out of the Japanese war to the end, the American-British job will be that much tougher.

So when Germany goes down, have yourself a good time, but don't make it last too long. Get back on your war-essential job if you have one, and stay on it as long as you're needed. Build up resistance toward less necessary even if better paid or more attractive jobs.

The fighting that needed for the Japanese war won't be able to taper off or exchange their jobs for pleasanter ones.

Fast Work on War Criminals

GEORGE CREEL closed his year-long Collier's series on The Guilty with an article on how the Allied leadership plans to go about giving the war criminals—Hitler, Mussolini, Tojo, Himmler, Goering and their principal stooges—what is coming to them.

The nub of the plan, reports Mr. Creel, is to try these persons in military courts—to give them fair trials, of course, with competent defense counsel, but to leave out the delays and technicalities typical of civilian courts.

Whatever else is done about the war criminals, we'd say this determination to try them in military courts had better be kept.

Imagine Hitler coming up for trial in an American-style civilian criminal court. His attorneys would get delays and postponements and continuances. Picking a jury would eat up a lot of time. The trial itself would take still more time. Though everybody knows Hitler is guilty, the cards would be largely stacked in favor of Hitler and against the prosecution. These difficulties would be multiplied as we got down to subordinates, who could claim that they had only taken orders from above and that their hearts never were in their dirty work.

Our French friends handle these matters about as sentimentally and melodramatically as we do. The British handle them a good deal better and more expeditiously than either the French or ourselves. The Russians don't have what we would call real criminal courts or impartial trials.

Altogether, the military court plan looks indispensable in the cases of the war criminals. Fair and fast trials alone can satisfy the public opinion which will be clamoring for justice for these persons, at least for a time after the war. If we let them slip through our fingers as their predecessors did after the first World War, we'll fail once more to make some examples calculated to frighten future potential warmakers; and we'll condone such crimes as Lidice, Lublin, Maidanek, and a thousand or so others.

Understanding the Veteran

STAFF SERGEANT ROBERT K. YANDELL of Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington, delivered himself recently of some advice about maimed veterans, which we hope a lot of civilians will take to heart.

These men minus arms or legs or hands, says Yandell, are often embarrassed or made to feel inferior by people who stare at them or ask them how they "had it," how the artificial leg or arm works, and so on and so forth.

Sergeant Yandell's advice to civilians is: Don't! Ignore the injury, at least outwardly. Don't offer pity or sympathy unasked. Don't show curiosity. You wouldn't be thoughtless about that clubfooted or hunchbacked friend you've known for years. Be equally considerate toward maimed veterans.

This advice is no more than common sense, but apparently a lot of people need to have it called to their attention.

On this whole subject of understanding the veteran—of getting reacquainted with him when he comes back, of finding out what makes him act strangely or distantly or ill-temperedly, as many veterans will be doing—we'd like to recommend what seems to us a valuable new book. It is entitled *The Veteran Comes Back*, by Willard Waller; Dryden Press, New York, 1944, 308 pp., \$2.75.

Mr. Waller served in the first World War and is now an associate professor at Columbia. He is a long-time student of soldier and veteran mental processes, into which he goes exhaustively in this book. He doesn't sob or wring his hands or rail. He does analyze, coolly and scientifically, the things that regimentation and battle experience do to a normal man's mind and outlook on life, and he does suggest ways in which a veteran's family and friends can conserve their own peace of mind and help make his readjustment to civil life easier.

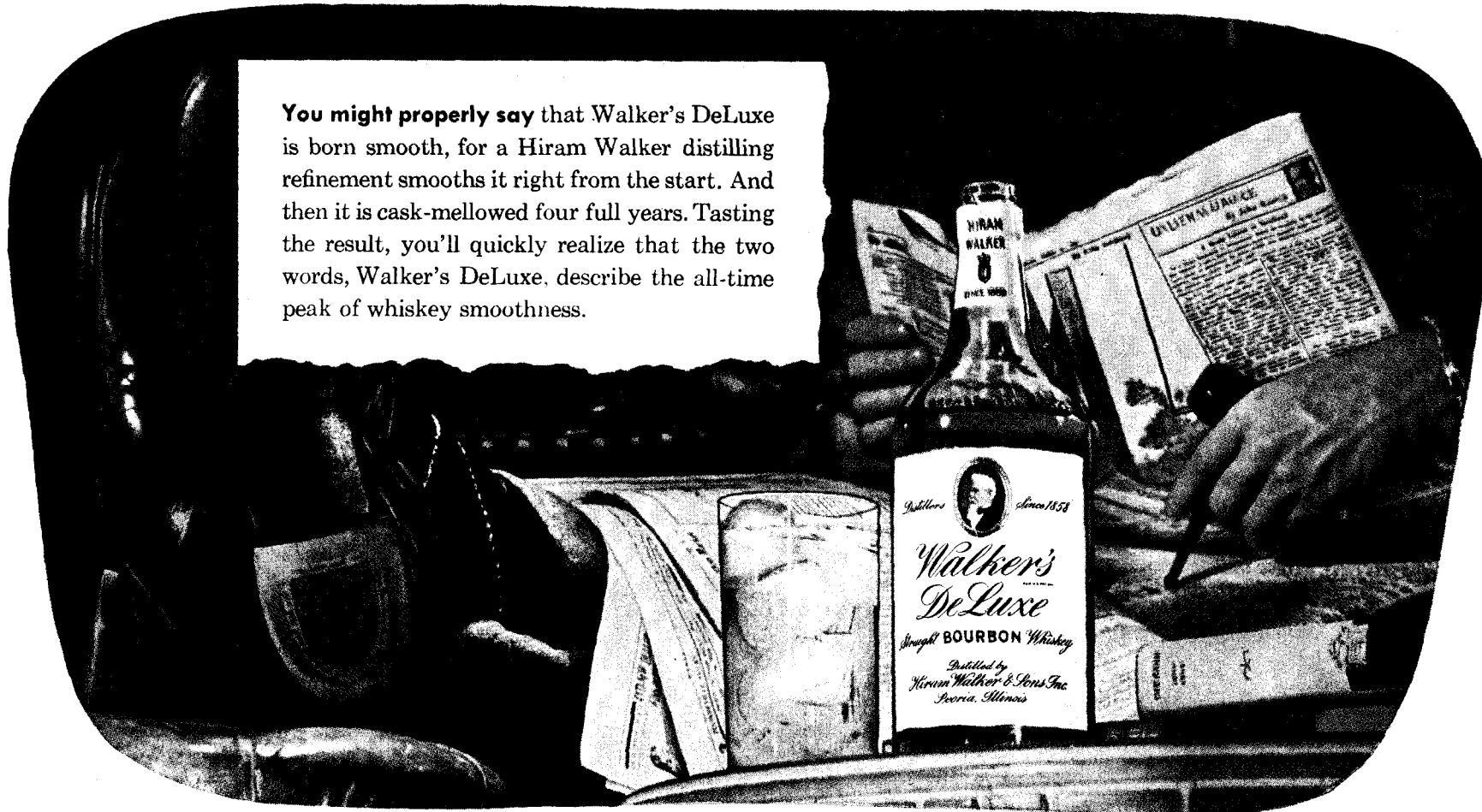
For a long time after this war, we'll have somewhere around 12,000,000 of these men with us, to understand as best we may. This book, therefore, needs to be widely read—and hustled into a cheap edition so that it may be.

"Old Timers" – 2 words that mean golden memories



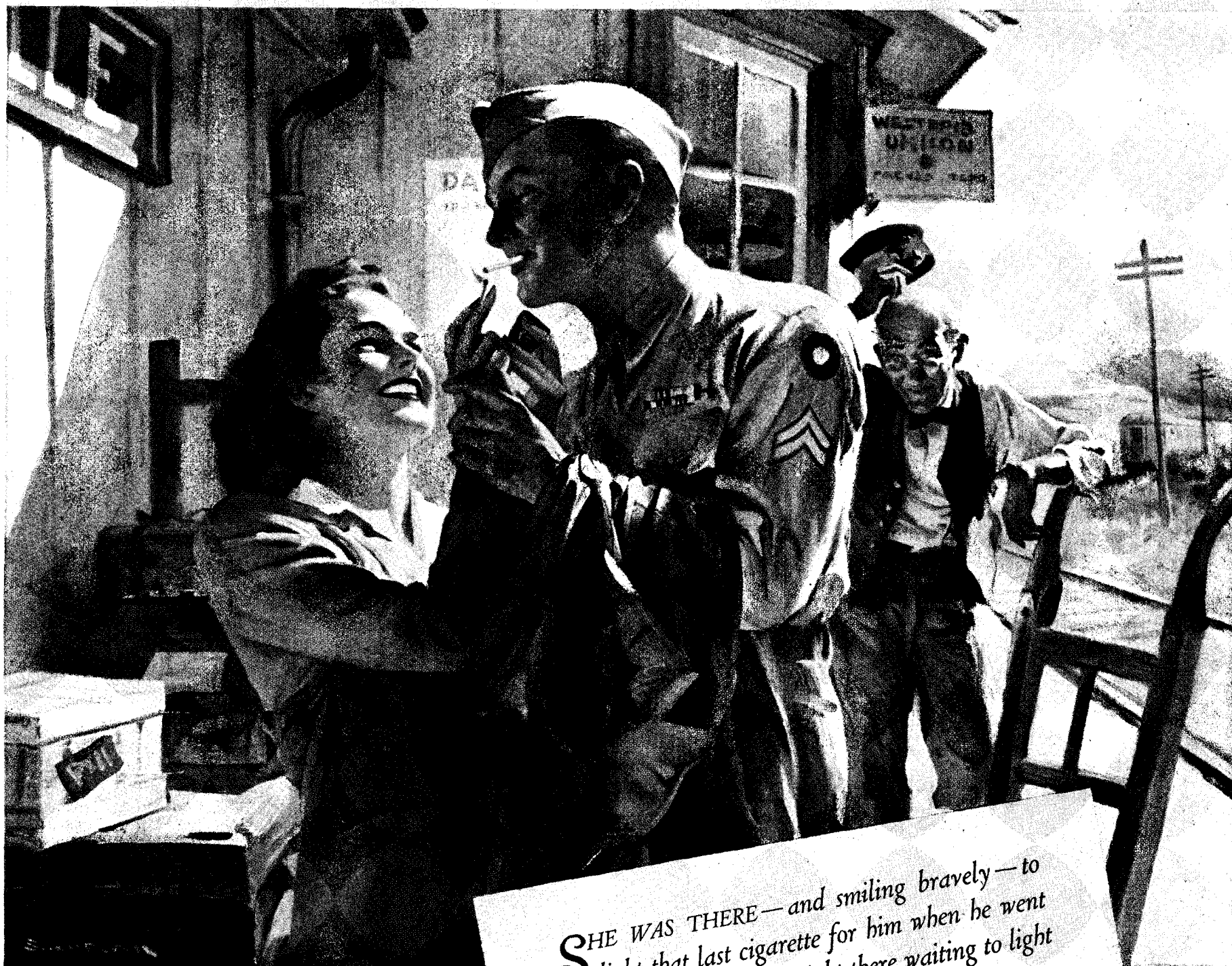
2 words that mean smooth whiskey – "Walker's DeLuxe"

You might properly say that Walker's DeLuxe is born smooth, for a Hiram Walker distilling refinement smooths it right from the start. And then it is cask-mellowed four full years. Tasting the result, you'll quickly realize that the two words, Walker's DeLuxe, describe the all-time peak of whiskey smoothness.



Straight bourbon whiskey, 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

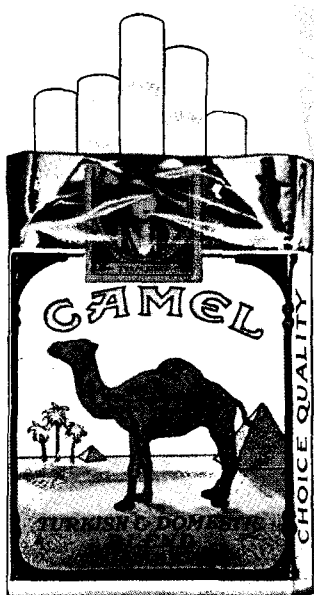
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